

Can Lidstone, James T. S.

T

THE ONE HUNDREDTH

LONDONIAD

(COMPLETE IN ITSELF):

GIVING A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THOSE

PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENTS

IN THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND

WHICH ARE THE MOST SUITABLE FOR CANADA, &c.

BEING THE CONTINUATION OF AN UNIVERSITY

GREAT PRIZE POEM ON THE ARTS,

ALSO CONTAINING PIECES ON

CELEBRATED PERSONAGES

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND IN CANADA,

FORMING ALTOGETHER EPISODES IN A GRAND

National Poem on the Arts.

BY JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

OF TORQUAY, DEVON, LATE OF TORONTO AND OTTAWA, UPPER CANADA,

Author of the "Conquest of Canada," "Ancient America," "Pictorial Description of the British Provinces in North America," "Geological Survey of Lake Superior," "The Elysium of Art," "Limbo of Science," "Men of the Time," "Canada as a Field for Enterprise," &c., &c., &c.

"Dulcique animos novitate tenebo."—OVID.

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INDEX.

| | | | |
|--|-----|---|-----|
| Academy Centenary, Royal | 86 | Bouffler, Thomas, Esq. | 103 |
| Albert, Prince | 18 | Boulton, W. H., Esq., M.P. | 21 |
| Albon, G. | 18 | Boydell, Flowers, Hooper, Genth | 108 |
| Alessandre, Prince | 16 | Brazil, Emperor and Em- press of | 1 |
| Allen, Castell & Brown | 113 | Briggs, Governor | 45 |
| Amphlett, Mr. Justice | 51 | Brown and Child | 113 |
| Anti-Annexation | 29 | Brown, J. Gordon, Esq. | 9 |
| Anti-Yankee Letters 74-5-6 | 6 | Brown, Sir John | 33 |
| Appold, Dixon Tyler, Tylor | 53 | Buchanan, O. R., Esq. | 9 |
| Archbishops of Canterbury and York | 82 | Buckland, Frank | 84 |
| Arnold & Vuillamy | 97 | Buckland, George, Esq. | 9 |
| Arnott, Dr. | 40 | Bush, Ald. Myron | 22 |
| Art Journal | 112 | Busk, Hans | 55 |
| Ashburner, Mr. | 105 | Boon, Col. | 76 |
| Aston, Alderman | 98 | Boston, Mass., Corporation of | 83 |
| Aston, Thomas & Sons | 98 | Bowes, Mayor, J. G. | 21 |
| AsennasecamohT, Chief | 16 | Boyle, Patrick, Esq. | 9 |
| AtoharishonacnarF, Chief | 16 | Brannon's Patent | 103 |
| "A Tale of other Days" | 67 | Brigat's, John, Great Speech Paraphrased | 72 |
| Attorney-General | 77 | Brock, Sir Isaac | 72 |
| Aylmer, Terbolton, Pem- broke | 85 | Caledonia Springs | 68 |
| Belgians, Leopold, King of | 18 | Cameron, Hon. Malcolm | 82 |
| Baron Griffiths | 34 | Cameron, Hon., M.C. | 24 |
| Barrett, Michael, Esq. | 9 | Canada Arms | 48 |
| Bartlett, Wm. R., Esq. | 9 | Canada, The Colonial Hymn of | 30 |
| Battle of Life | 86 | Canada, The Heroic Age of Upper | 98 |
| Bavaria, Louis, King of | 18 | Canada, Invasion (P) of | 48 |
| Beak Bayley, Jas. Cowen, Esq. | 109 | Canada Revisited | 105 |
| Beaty, James, M.P. | 113 | Canada, 7 vols. Elephant Folio | 53 |
| Bedford, Francis | 56 | Cape Breton | 68 |
| Belford, Charles, Esq. | 9 | Caplin, Dr. | 98 |
| Bell, Charles, Esq., M.P. | 27 | Carden, Alderman Sir W. | 27 |
| Bencough, Southgate, Mil- lard, Lake, Day | 10 | Carlisle & Clegg | 45 |
| Bingham and Froud | 35 | Caron, Lieut.-Governor. Hon. René E. | 24 |
| Besley, S., Stone, B., Cotton, C. M. | 109 | Caron, Hon. M ^{rs} . | 24 |
| Bessemer, Henry | 33 | Carroll, Henry, Esq. | 9 |
| Bethune, Bishop | 9 | Cartier, Sir George | 74 |
| Birley, Mr. M. P. | 113 | Catlin, George (Artist) | 26 |
| Black Adam | 56 | Chambers, Robert & Wm. | 84 |
| Blades, Mr. | 52 | Chandler, Congress-man | 86 |
| Bouz, Ruth, Flora | 109 | Chandler, "The Dockter" | 28 |
| Bouchette, Hon. Mr. | 58 | Cheere, Robert, Esq. | 9 |
| Brewster, Sir David | 42 | Cherriman, Professor J. B. | |
| British manufactures into Canada | 86 | | |
| Brooks, R. | 102 | | |

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Choate, George C. S. | 85 | Flint, Hon. Bills | 71 |
| Christie, D., Esq. | 9 | Fordran, Tracy Staight .. | 113 |
| Christmas Day in a Foreign Land | 78 | Fortescue, McAlpin, and Desmond | 6 |
| Christys' Hatters | 105 | Fort William, Fort Carry. | 69 |
| Clare, Mr. | 107 | Foster, J. R. and Co. | 100 |
| Clements, Deputy | 112 | Foster, Le Neve | 96 |
| Clifford & Fouldings | 60 | Fowler, Shuttleworth, Howard | 113 |
| Clinton, De Wit | 27 | Frankland, Dr. | 49 |
| Clinton, Hon. Judge | 21 | Friendships of the Classic Ages | 111 |
| Cobden, Richard | 65 | Frodsham, Charles | 97 |
| Cocks, Bauerrichter & Co. | 118 | Fulton, John, Esq. | 9 |
| Colborne, Sir John | 42 | Gale, Dr. and Hazards .. | 109 |
| Cole, Mr., M.P. | 77 | Gall, Sir A. T. | 24 |
| Coleridge, Chief Justice .. | 28 | Gardner, ex-Governor. | 83 |
| Colonial, The Club | 123 | Garrard, H. | 60 |
| Connon, E. W., Esq. | 9 | Gate, the Poem. | 38 |
| Corporation Couplet | 90 | Gatineau, Bonchere, Madawaska | 85 |
| Corporation Note | 67 | Gerhardt, M. | 62 |
| County Court | 77 | Gilbert and Rivington. | 108 |
| Cox, Peto Duncombe | 51 | Gillett and Bland | 97 |
| Crenivirem, Head Sachem .. | 15 | Gilpin, Mr., M.P. | 49 |
| Crosnier, Mr. | 105 | Gladstone, Mr. | 93 |
| Cumming & Spurgeon | 89 | Gloucester, Bishop of | 122 |
| Dafforne, James, Esq. | 104 | Gore, The Men of | 98 |
| Dale, Herbert | 58 | Granville, Earl | 98 |
| Dallas, Duncan C. | 119 | Grant, General | 90 |
| Davis, President Jefferson .. | 19 | Gray, Messrs. | 100 |
| Daw, George H. | 98 | Gray, Mr. Phillip. | 100 |
| Dawson, Squire | 58 | Gregory, Mr., M.P. | 77 |
| Deity, The. | 124 | Griffiths' Iron Exchange .. | 112 |
| Dent & Alloroff | 45 | Grutch, Schwartz, & Gonley .. | 49 |
| Derbshire, Stewart, Esq. | 20 | Grutch, Van Ager | 64 |
| Dewart, Edward H., Rev. | 9 | Gunter, Richard | 94 |
| Disrealian a Mystery | 73 | Gurnett, Mayor | 17 |
| Dudley, Earl | 33 | Gurney, Sir Goldsworthy .. | 41 |
| Dufferin, Earl of | 19 | Halford, Josiah, Esq. | 86 |
| Dunlop, Dr., M.P.P. | 31 | Haliburton, Judge | 112 |
| Eagles, Thomas D. | 51 | Hall, Samuel Carter, Esq. | 38 |
| Eastlake, Sir Charles | 96 | Harrison, Hotten, Roberts .. | 109 |
| Eastern, The Question. | 65 | Harrowby, Earl of | 122 |
| Egleton, T. H. V. | 56 | Hatfield, Messrs. | 86 |
| Eisert, F. | 54 | Haye, de la, M. | 104 |
| Ellis, John C., Esq. | 9 | Head, Sir Edmund | 26 |
| Embroidery, Wonderful Canada | 59 | Henderson, A. L. | 62 |
| Emmanuel, H. | 8 | Hieronimus, W. | 59 |
| Emperor, The | 18 | Hill, Ald. M. W. | 22 |
| Empress, The | 18 | Hill and Jones | 94 |
| Eric, Huron, Michigan, Superior | 68 | Hillard, Hon. George S. | 83 |
| Fitzwilliam, Earl | 117 | | |

| | | | |
|----------------------------|---------|-------------------------------|------------|
| Hilton, John, Esq. | 71 | Londoniad— <i>Continued.</i> | |
| Hincks, Professor William | 9 | Critiques on ditto 20, 21, 22 | |
| Hincks, Sir Francis | 26 | Author of and his | |
| Hoare, Lady and Miss.... | 108 | Printers | 27 |
| Hodgins, George, Esq. .. | 9 | Brougham, Lord, and do. | 29 |
| Holborn Viaduct Statue .. | 16 | 100th, note on | 29 |
| Holderness, Rev. Wm. .. | 70 | Prose, extra with | 29 |
| Horril, Captain | 47 | Letter from our Native | |
| Horticultural Buildings | | Prince to the Author | |
| Poem | 32 | of | 102 to 113 |
| Howe, Lieut.-Governor, Sir | | Ditto from his Cousin .. | 114 |
| Joseph | 85 | Being translated or | |
| Howland, Ex-Lieut.-Go- | | going through the | |
| vernor | 20 | Press | 124 |
| Hubbard, Ald. George L. | 22 | Lidstone, J. T. S. | 1 |
| Hurran, Commodore | 45 | „ (Catalogue of Works) 2, 19 | |
| Hutchinson, D. Falloon, | | Lidstone, J. | 3 |
| Esq. | 69 | Lidstone, Reuben, Esq. .. | 114 |
| Inscription for Enterprise | 31 | Lidstone and Ludstone .. | 70 |
| Intemperance and Tempe- | | London Warming and Ven- | |
| rance (a Vision) | 71 | tilating Co. | 40 |
| International Railway.... | 24 | Lake of the Woods, Rainy | |
| Iriahman, The, and Yankee | 64 | River | 69 |
| Iron, The Poem | 33 | Lament, A, for Sappho .. | 119 |
| Iroquois, 7 Chiefs | 16 | Land Reclamation of Eng- | |
| Isca Foundry | 105 | land! | 122 |
| Italy, King of, Napoleon | | Lander and Co. | 63 |
| III., Emperor | | Landseer, Sir Edwin | 119 |
| Jacques and Hay | 101-113 | Lansdowne, Lord | 17 |
| Jaques, H. G. | 61 | Larard & Co., F. | 60 |
| Johnson Brothers & Co. .. | 37 | Larence, H. | 52 |
| Jones, Owen | 45 | Laviellet-Dupont, Cheva- | |
| Julius, M. | 47 | lier | 3 |
| Kenealy, Dr. | 106 | Lawson, Sir Wilfrid | 82 |
| Kershaw, Ald. James, M.P. | 45 | Layard, Right Hon. A. H. | 84 |
| Kingston, J. T. Esq. | 9 | Le Symphytum Asperrium | 105 |
| Kemp, Thomas and Sons.. | 97 | Lead, Plumbago, St. Mary | |
| Kentarontiehpeso J, Grand | | Axe Co. | 103 |
| Chief | 16 | Leighton, Luke Limner .. | 96 |
| King, Squire | 84 | Leslie, Hon. James | 24 |
| Kingston, Belleville, Mon- | | Letter from our Native | |
| treal | 68 | Prince | 102 to 113 |
| Kingston, Queen's College, | | Lewis, D. F. | 103 |
| Robert Burns' Bust for | 17 | Lewis, Sir Geo. Cornwall | 26 |
| Konquawis Grand Saga- | | Libraries, Colonial | 108 |
| more | 16 | Lichfield, Earl of | 33 |
| Krutze, Grinling Hollar.. | 44 | Lifeboat Poem | 33 |
| Londoniad, The | 1 | Lloyd, Mr. M., M.P. | 77 |
| Prizes awarded to | 2 | Linnell, John, Esq. | 66 |
| Bishop of Toronto and | | London School Board | 90 |
| its Author | 20 | Longmans | 56 |
| Letters of Introduction | | Lublinaki, Fentum | 113 |

INDEX.

v

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|---------|-------------------------------|-------|
| Lynch, Archbishop | 9 | Osceola Chief | 116 |
| Loughlin, Sir C. O' | 77 | Panizzi Catalogues | 108 |
| Macdonald, Sir John A. .. | 22 | Park, Ald. Harrison | 22 |
| Macdonald, Hon. John .. | | Parnet, Emile, Professor .. | 9 |
| Sandfield | 22 | Peacock and Buchan | 91 |
| McCaul, Rev. Dr. John .. | 29 | Peacock, Captain R.N. .. | 91 |
| McDaid, James | 44 | Pease, Henry | 42 |
| Mc Gee, Hon. T. D'Aroy .. | 22 | Pellatt, Apaley | 96 |
| McKay, Ald. A. | 22 | Pellatt and Co. | 96 |
| MacKinnon, Chief | 27 | Pemberton, Mr., Hon. | 112 |
| McNab, Sir Allen | 7 | Peruvian Government | 112 |
| McOssian, Captain | 68 | Pierce, Ald. C. S. | 22 |
| Madonna of the Rosary .. | 107 | Plimmsoll, Mr. | 77 |
| Malloch, Edward, M.P. .. | 17 | Poem by General Wolfe .. | 120 |
| Malloch, Judge | 17 | Poole, Stultz | 106 |
| Master Malloch | 17 | Potters of the Londoniad .. | 77 |
| Manitoba (A Poem) | 89 | Pratt, Hodgson, Esq. | 84 |
| Martin, Mr. | 16 | Prayer of Socrates | 32 |
| Matiewabaie, King | 15 | Prince Edward | 68 |
| Mellor, Mr., M.P. | 77 | Prince, Hon. Colonel | 76 |
| Merryweather and Sons .. | 35 | Pushman, Joseph | 63 |
| Messiah, "The Prophet" .. | 16 | Putnam, N. Y. P. | 59 |
| Mitchell, George | 63 | Proudfoot, Mrs. and Lady .. | |
| Montcalm, Marquis De .. | 72 | Elgin | 111 |
| Moodie, High Sheriff and .. | | Queenstown Heights | 173 |
| Mrs. | 21 | Rabbits, William | 90 |
| Morby, Joseph | 38 | Ransome, Frederick | 49 |
| Morley, I. & J. | 45 | Rawlings, H. | 49 |
| Morris, Lieut.-Govr., Hon. .. | | Redjacket, Aboriginal Hero .. | 110 |
| Alexander | 68 | Reviere, R. | 56 |
| Morris, Hon. Mrs. | 68 | Reward, 250 guineas | 83 |
| Mother, To My | 78-9-80 | Rhetjeen, Vian | 112 |
| " My Voice | | Rickman, James Pellatt .. | 96 |
| " Written in America .. | | Roberts, Ald. Paul | 22 |
| " Written in England .. | | Robinson, Sir J. B., Bart. .. | 24 |
| " Upon her Birthday .. | | Rogers, Geo. Alf. | 118 |
| Muirhead, James | 38 | Robinson, Sir J. L., Bart. .. | |
| Museum, British | 84 | Ross, Hon. John | 7-25 |
| Museum, Kensington | 115 | Rose, Samuel, Esq. | 9 |
| Natali, Sage, Drew | 60 | Rowan, Major-General .. | 69 |
| Needham Brothers | 98 | Rowe, William, Esq. | 9 |
| Northcote, Sir Stafford .. | 109 | Russell, James and Sons .. | 87 |
| Northumberland, Duke of .. | 33 | Rylestone, Lord | 109 |
| Norwood, Mr., M.P. | 77 | Sakoriatak8anitraM, Chief .. | 16 |
| Number 5, New Song | 122 | SatekaientonsiuoL, Chief .. | 16 |
| Ontario, The Maid of | 31 | St. James' Hall Meeting .. | 77 |
| Orator of the West, On- .. | | St. Tammanund's Cathedral .. | 32 |
| slaught on Yankees | 90 | SS. Tammanund & Sebas- .. | |
| Orillia, Bell Ewart, Barrie, .. | | tian | 107 |
| Lake Simcoe | 61 | Sandford, Ven. Archden. | 21-70 |
| Oronhyatekha, Dr. | 25 | Sangster, Herbert, Esq. | 9 |
| Orridge, Councillor | 67 | Scott, Sir Gilbert | 32 |

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|----------------------------|-------|
| Seller, M. H. | 101 | Toronto, John, 1st Lord | |
| Sherwood, Ald. Samuel .. | 25 | Bishop | 4-30 |
| Sherwood, Hon. Henry .. | 17 | Toronto, Marble Bust in | |
| Sherwood, Hon. Judge .. | 24 | City Hall | 17 |
| Sholl, Thomas | 49 | Toronto, Three Statues for | 17 |
| Shuttleworth, E. B., Esq. | 9 | Trent, the Affair | 30 |
| Simpson, Sir George | 73 | Torquay, to the Inhabi- | |
| Smith, H. K., Mayor | 22 | tants of | 81 |
| Smith, Hon. H. K. | 89 | Trevelyan's, Sir Walter C. | |
| Smithers, Mr. John W. ... | 57 | Letter | 70 |
| Southby's Patents | 41 | Tullyarde, Chief | 105 |
| Sparks, Charles | 46 | Tyler & Tylor | 104 |
| Stanley, Dean | 65 | United Empire Loyalists.. | 105 |
| Stanley, Wm. F. | 42 | Vivisection, Note on | 122 |
| Stassen, J. & Son | 99 | Wadsworth, James, Mayor | 22 |
| Steer, W. & Co. | 101 | Walsh, Alderman John .. | 22 |
| Stewart, William, Esq. .. | 9 | Waring, Colnaghi | 108-9 |
| Stimson, Elam R., Rev. ... | 9 | Warner, John, and Sons.. | 109 |
| Sumner, Archbishop | 25 | Warren, Mr. Albert H. ... | 50 |
| Swartz, Ald. A. S. | 22 | Waterlow | 106 |
| TaioronhiotehpesoJ | | Watkins, Sir Charles and | |
| Ta-pa-ta-mee, Queen | 15 | Lady | 81 |
| Taylor, Rev. Dr. Lachlan | 9 | Weatherly, Volckman | 113 |
| Tecumseh, The Great | 64 | Webster, Daniel, and Henry | |
| Tegg, Deputy | 46 | Clay | 3 |
| Temperance Aboriginal | | Westminster, Marquis of.. | 17 |
| Heroes | 25 | Westcott, J. K. | 93 |
| Temperance Large Hotel | 123 | Weston and Atkins, late | |
| Temple of Pallas, Red Hill, | | Winfield | 109 |
| Kent | 111 | Whalley, Mr., M.P. | 77 |
| Tesel-Tecumseh, Shawnee | | Wheelhouse, Mr., M.P. ... | 77 |
| Sagamore | 110 | White, Peter, Esq. | 109 |
| T F J M L S A A K S S T T | 73 | Wilkinson, Squire | 68 |
| Thompson, G., ex-M.P. ... | 29 | Wilks, Washington | 29 |
| Tiffany, Mayor, L. F. | 22 | Wilmot, S. E. | 77 |
| Tilley, The Hon. Lieut.- | | Wilson, T. L., Esq. | 82 |
| Gov. | 82 | Winchester, Bishop of ... | 112 |
| TiorakaronsiuoL, Chief .. | 16 | Wiseman, Cardinal | 26 |
| Tom O'Co(O)mb | 114 | Wolfe, General James | 72 |
| Toronto, Author of the | | Woodcock, Mr. | 40 |
| Londoniad in | 9 | Workman, Thomas, Mayor | 28 |
| Toronto, Business Person- | | Worrall, John H. | 94 |
| ages in, nearly 1,000 | | Yardley, Drew | 111 |
| 9-10-11-12-13-14-15 | | Yankee She, Described .. | 61 |
| Toronto Described | | Yates', Mayor, Memorial.. | 98 |
| 4-5-6-7-8 | | Young Men's Home | 123 |
| Toronto, Great Exhibition | 9 | Zimdars, C. E. | 47 |
| Toronto, Halifax, Montreal, | | | |
| Ottawa | 6 | | |

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THE LONDONIAD FOR 1877-8-9.

BY
JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,
Canadian Finance Delegate to England.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

Winner of Seven University Scholarships (there were no more to win), and more than Five Hundred First Prizes, and over Three Thousand Testimonials; Author of the "Conquest of Canada," "Ancient America," "Pictorial Description of the British Provinces in North America," "Geological Survey of Lake Superior," "The Migration of Niagara," "The Future of Erie," "The Course of the Ottawa in Past Ages," "The Elysium of Art," "Limbo of Science," "Men of the Time," "Dictionary of all the Proper Names mentioned by the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland," "The Messiah and the Prophet," "Benevolence of Deity," "Canada as a Field for Enterprise," "A Paraphrase of the Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles from their Original," "A Paraphrase of Alcoran from the Original Arabic, with New Notes," "The Vedas, (in progress) a Translation," "La Henriade, a Translation in Prose, Blank Verse and Rhyme," "Arts and Artists in Classic and in Mediæval Times and in the Renaissance Period," "History of the French Kings, a Poem," "A Poetical History of Canada," "Contemplations in Canada, a Poem," "Canada in the Next Millennial Age," "Calvary, a Sacred Poem," "The Genius of Devon (an Oration), Devon, Historical and Descriptive," "The History and Genius of Scotland" (an Oration), "The History and Genius of Ireland" (an Oration), "The Resurrection of Poland" (An Oration), "The Landed Tenure of England (in the Druidical Cycle, through the Roman Epoch, &c., into the Saxon Period, until the Era of the Norman Invasion), a Poem; that pertaining to later times is now in progress, "The Land Reclamation of England," a Poem, Ditto, an Oration, "The Causes of the Rise, Decline, and Fall of Nations" (a Temperance Oration), "Hope and Memory" (An Oration), "The Mutations of Science" (upwards of 70,000 Illustrative Notes), "Noah's Descent from Mount Ararat" a novel Exemplification of Natural History, a Poem, "Joshua in Ajalon," an Astronomical Poem, "Creation! the Myriad Age; or the Seven Days' Wonder," "Aboriginal Legends" (American Indian), "A Walk along the Slopes and Plains of (under) the Northern Atlantic" (a Mental Survey), "A (n ideal) Battle between Niagara Falls and Mount Vesuvius (a Geological Conflict)," "Life of Mahomet," a Satirical Biography, "The Messiah," "Fairy Land," "Notes on Milton," a Review of His more Eminent Commentators from Richardson, Sire and Son, to Sir Egerton Brydges, "The Women of Shakespeare" (a Poem), "Flowers of the Wilderness (a Series of Poems), "Speeches" (prepared in early youth for pioneer candidates), "The Student in the Forest," "Literary Adventurer," "The United Empire Loyalists of UPPER CANADA" (a Series of Biographies), "Eminent Vegetarians from the Hippemolgi and Pythagoras, to Wesley and Shelley" ("before and after"), "Shelley in Spirit Land" (a Poem), "The New Alastor, or the Spirit of Enterprise" (a Poem), "To Thanatopsis" (a Poem), "The Albertiad" (a Poem), "Friendships of the Classic Ages" (a Poem), "The Dark Wave of Futurity," an Epic Poem, "Indian Legends," "Celebrated British American Indians," "Pioneer Families in Ottawa," "The Inedited Poems of Sir Isaac Brock," Hero of UPPER CANADA, and of General James Wolfe" (the Taker of Quebec), "Memoirs of the Montcalm Family" (never before published), "The Descendants of the Lords of the Isles (Scotland) in the New World," "Specimens of 1000 Poets, Orators, and General Writers in the New Dominion" (CANADA), "Contrasts of Character," 3000 from the Earliest Ages to Washington and Bonaparte (Napoleon the First), "The Babylonian," "The Modern Sir Bevis," "DISEASE OF THE LONDONIAD (a Satire on Rogues and Impertinents, in which all the names, however unpronounceable many of them might appear to be in prose, will still be made to rhyme—in progress. Herein are immortalized all the characters introduced with their names in full). "A Satire on 'the Press' and its Minions," "Vampyrria, or a Plea for Establishing Courts of Arbitration," "The Mental Zodiac traversed" (a Flight through the Universe of Mind), "Reciprocity" (non-political!), a Satire upon

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May, 1877.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD instead of publishing a long array of introductory letters from those eminent, it may be, and honoured in the Colonies (albeit, many will appear in the Work about to be issued), but whose names may as yet be unknown to the general public of the mother country, prefers laying before them the following:—

From the well-known BUILDER; first printed May, 1858.

The bearer of this note is a nephew of mine, who left London at a very early age, and proceeded to Canada, where he remained for upwards of twenty years.

By his exertions he bore himself through King's College, Toronto University, and became afterwards a member of the Provincial Parliament. His business habits, intelligence, and amiable deportment, will soon render him familiar to those gentlemen who will find pleasure in conversing with a young Englishman just returned to his native country after a long absence.

July, 1855.

J. LIDSTONE,

(Copy.) 50, Old Bailey, and Dartmouth Park, Kent.
(The Original is in possession of Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P.)

And yet another, from one whom, in the language of Milton,

Not to know him argues—ourselves unknown.

The following is one of the 750 Letters, and Testimonials to the Author of the LONDONIAD, which are published in pamphlet form:—

FROM THE GREAT FINANCIER, THE CHEVALIER LAVEILLET-DUPONT.

No one knows the wants of this colony better than Mr. Lidstone. As an art student and writer upon general manufactures he is without a rival; he is the best art student that ever Canada reared. During his residence as Finance

Delegate in England, he will publish an account of those manufactories whose productions are required by us, and will give his friends in London the names of substantial parties in the New Dominion with whom they may desire to correspond.

Canada is under many and great obligations to Mr. Lidstone. He took our debentures when few were willing, and fewer still were able, and as the interest became due he would only accept such again in debentures. He has by his wisdom and energy caused our Colonial debentures to be more eagerly sought after than any other paper issue on this Continent. He it was who first caused an impetus to be given, whereby were established our monetary triumphs in the mother country. He stood our friend in the dark time, and we greatly welcome him in this our day of comparative opulence and prosperity.

I inscribe the ONE HUNDREDTH LONDONIAD to the friends of my early years in Toronto: I have not forgotten them. Many may have passed away to other regions and states of being; yet will I hope to catalogue their names. "Soft be their rest, children of streamy Lotha! I will remember them with tears; and my secret song shall rise in the groves of Tor."—Ossian, *Curric-Thura*.

TORONTO was styled by Captain Marryat even in his time the most English city in America. I call it the model city—in mural language, a diadem on the brow of the universe. Nor is there any city in the Western Hemisphere that can in any way compare with it, considering the amount of its population, for the magnificence of its buildings. Of the intelligence of its inhabitants I have spoken elsewhere, and hope soon to lay before the Imperial metropolis of the mother country the names and businesses of more than one thousand of its inhabitants, here the old chiefs of races, many of whom are now no more, assembled around their council fires ages beyond remembrance, ay! long before the pale-face had crossed the Great Salt Lake. The City of Toronto was not settled by Beggars as was many another town and city through the West. They were gentlemen in Britain in the days of the Charles', and long before. The Robinsons are the descendants of the old Kings of Mercia, and the Sherwoods from the Imperial Bretwaldas. They were the first men of the mother country even before under the tyrants of the Lower Empire, the States of modern Europe were formed. Here flourished in our day the greatest and the best that ever from these Islands of Septentrional Ocean, passed over the North Atlantic's submerged slopes and plains, who sought to extend the power of his clime, and rear the standard of salvation in that giant land of the setting sun—John, the first Lord Bishop of Toronto. Here are the Head-quarters of the United Empire Loyalists, those Unconquered Saviours of the West, who have rendered Classic that which was always Sacred, the Soil of UPPER CANADA.

"With her tiara of proud towers,"

she sits by the upland ocean in latitude 43° 39' 4" N.; long. 79° 21' 5" W., or 5 h. 17 m. 26 s. Greenwich *tempus tardus*, still more developed in her loveliness than in the hour of inspiration when the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, the great Irish orator and poet, addressed—

"Thou Queen of the West."

and lower down in the ages, Samuel Taylor Coleridge—

"Queen of the West,"

and still nearer our own times, Professor Longfellow—

"The Queen of the West."

Adieu! (I quote Ellen's quotation in "*The Lady of the Lake*")

"If not on earth, we meet in heaven."

"We'll sit and sing in glory of the ages long ago,
When we together wander'd by loved Ontario."

(CANADA. A Poem by the Author of the LONDONIAD.)

We will not say while expatiating upon the beauty of Toronto, with a certain wight, when he looked upon Florence from amid the Appenines, "It is a sight too lovely to behold except upon holidays," although my life in the dawn of manhood and while a dweller therein was one continuing holiday, and I should like to look upon that seat of the Council Fires often with the visual eye, even as I do always keep it and am continually surveying it in mental vision. I would say to our British Manufacturers at home, in these Islands of a Northern Sea, Toronto is the best city upon the American Continent wherein to erect branch establishments, while in regard to personages anxious for retirement, to heads of families of independent means seeking safe investment for their capital, and the means of rearing such families in comparative affluence upon one third that it would cost in England, and who may be desirous of opening up for their descendants a wider arena for action than might be supposed even to loom forth to the most sanguine expectation

"In that proud old world beyond the flood" (WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT).
And of rearing residence "in City or in Suburb," which might vie in loveliness with that part of Philistia in a pre-Israelite time,

Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.

JOHN MILTON's first bk. *Paradise Lost*.

That might rival all that we know of the Sabine Farms and Tuscan Villas of classical antiquity, not

Cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

Macbeth, Act iii., Scene 4th.

As when their lives were cast in insular position erst, and in the Home Islands of the Imperial Mother Country, but in a streamy land, boundless, if not interminable as the expansion of time, and yet that glorious region is but the Stoke, to use a Cerdio-Saxon phrase (an outlying district) of the manor home-stand of their sires. Toronto is no Nephelococcygia (*vide* the "*Birds*" of Aristophanes, the *Vera Historia* of Lucian, and the *Don Quixote De La Mancha* of Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, O Spirit of Logan!) I remember the roseate hour "twas on a summer's evening" that I landed; an optical phenomena, Toronto appeared to me, sailing on the oceanic lake in those early days of my life—twas the fairy land of my pilgrimage. We had not to ascend thro' atmospheric realm toward the Cirra looking down upon lower clouds, the Cumuli floated and appeared to me then like serialized prophets speaking in bland breezes of fine weather prevailing and to come. No Nuvoloso Geografico

Draperied in Cataracts like Granada,
Least like Murano floating on th' floods roseate this Pride of CANADA.
Nor yet like Mexico oft lost in yon etherial blue,
Nor peak'd 'mongst stars like Guanica Velica in Peru,
Nor like Quito in Colombia high aye girded by th' snow,
Nor Madrid in Old Spain on elevated desert plain,
Nor Geneva in Switzer Alps, where icy breezes blow,
The site of Toronto, as all the nations know,
Is almost upon a level with Lake Ontario.

The meaning of which word in the resonant, resilient vocal resenti of our Aboriginies is "the Beautiful Lake," with a gradual accent in the back ground; it would seem that a Beneficent Creator had early pre-ordained its shores whereon to raise adorned with statues of Men and fanes of Gods—that which might vie with

City of old or Modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest Empire.—MILTON.

Accessible to the white winged armaments of Peace, Steamers at all seasons of the year ply by and unload at its quays and wharfs; this were but

"Damn(ing) with faint praise."—Pope.

(No offence is here intended to Mrs. Jellyby—I always spell my wicked words).

But please see the Author of the LONDONIAD's poem ONTARIO.

All these things I have mentally ruminated o'er,

Though the same words were never spoken by me before.

The Artist traveller Catlin said that Lima was the most beautiful city in the world, but this was before his advent in Toronto, before he had, like Aeneas wooing his Dido, thrown himself into the arms of the Upland Ocean Queen; he had fled from the Cyprian charms of Nature arrayed in her meridional gaudiness and disease, he now breathed in the bland, health-giving, spirit-inspiring airs that surround, I may say hablimate Toronto. Then it was that the geniality and Intelligence of its People and the Aiden Tempé-like beauty of its situation led him to exclaim "What a Theme might this not be for a Poet! when your ONTARIO shall be neatly ready, I will prepare to paint you a picture of Toronto!"—

"All right, Great George," I replied,

"Pictoribus atque poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.—Hor.

"You always say something consolatory, Mr. Lidstone," said the artist, "This, then, goes to prove that however much I may appreciate your famous work sent to me by you from the Rio Grande, I at least am not inclined to "shut my mouth," wherewith he laughed heartily.

This picture I took to Samuel Cousins, the Prince of Engravers, in the summer of 1876 . . . It will appear in the 1st part of CANADA, Seven Vols Elephant folio. A certain eminent personage, the Greatest Art Treasure Proprietor in England or in Europe, about 3 years ago spake unto me concerning the more suitable place for a Museum or an Exhibition. I answered him by immediately mentioning the name of Toronto, and I gave unto him at the same time my reasons for doing this; he seemed to be satisfied, and pleased and said that he had often heard of Toronto and would like to see it.

The following notice is now being circulated in London (Eng.)

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF BRITISH AMERICA, 1879.

I have suggested that the same be held, not at Halifax, Montreal, nor Ottawa, but in the City of Toronto, and in the year of 1879; I will in due course cause a Prospectus to be issued, embodying the names and residences of the Members of the Committee, and containing such special information as I may have reason to think will be welcomed by my friends.

P.S.—Instead of Medals, the Golden Maple Leaf, the emblem of CANADA, will be awarded.

Hic patet ingenis campus : certusque merenti
Stat favor : ornatur propriis industria donis.

CLAUDIAN.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE,
Canada Finance Delegate to
England.

Fortescue, McAlpin and Desmond, Printers to the Queen's Excellent Majesty, and to the Canada Finance Delegation in England.

Halifax is at one angle of the Continent, and on the coast line of Ocean. Nova Scotia, of which it is deservedly the capital, with its famous harbour, the rendezvous of nations, from its position, might be properly called the principal Cyclades of the Occidental Main. Upon its morning shores—for a hop-step-and-a-jump across its narrowest point would take us from the Bay of Fundy to Northumberland Strait—while the region round about might well be called the Archipelago of the Atlantic border, if not quite the Laurentian Archipelago. Before Halifax extends—

— the sea, that desert desolate."—H. W. Longfellow.

While the tide of humanity surges back altogether from our Colonial Pireus. I remember saying something like this on that evening when a conversation was held by Sir Allan McNab and the Hon. John Ross, at 9, Bennett Street, St. James's, London (Eng.), when

"A captain bold, of a' ilfax, who lived in country quarters"

advanced with a considerable degree of ardour towards me, his physical frame all tremulous, as if his veins were rolling, what shall I say!—weltering waves after a storm—for he had been listening with suppressed but ill-disguised emotion, "I don't know where (whether) to be angry or no (not with you)—give me your hand—come on a voyage with me * * *. Mont-real like water, and genius, hath at length found its level; no longer the entrepo of the Upper Province; it hath sunk down into the mere market town of a district. Like Richard the Second seated on the grassy mound, you may hear "woeful tales" concerning moral deflection in financial affairs through those who inhabit that which T. D. McGee in his poem calls

"the city of churches,"

any day in London (Eng.), as you

"—— through the City take your dirty rounds."

James Thomson, "Castle of Indolence."

Now, without giving the quotation from Defoe, illustrative of the Evil One always rearing an habitation near a house of prayer, I would fain go to Milton, higher source, and look to Thee

O Spirit, that dost prefer

Before all temples, the upright heart and pure.

But here we do not altogether blame the residuary colonists at "Mount Royal," so that there are as many nationalities represented therein as met with one accord on the day of Pentecost—Vide 2nd chap. Acts of the Apostles. OTTAWA was graced by the presence of Minerva before Polyhymnia adventured to

"The frontiers of that shadowy land."

Let Thomas Moore's Canadian Boat Song attest in

"Utwa's tide,"

This region could boast a literature even in its pre-historic time. Ottawa, so called because long before the last earthquake, which caused so many abrupts in its course had caused it to be confined to its present (and that were wide in the eyes of many people inhabiting other countries) comparatively narrow, but deep and rapid bounds, the waves rose up like Orators to greet the early voyageurs. This is the Oratorial River, upon its banks towering into mid air and skyward behold the Capital of the New Dominion; but capitals in America are not like Capitals in Europe, which are generally the larger Cities. In the New World, so-called, they are established merely as central meeting places for Legislative purposes; the politician's career partakes of the migratory, the burden of his song "at business close," being that of Allan Cunningham.

Hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie.

I remember the City of Ottawa as Bytown and I have already said, that it then held within its precincts a greater number of highly intellectual persons than any other town of an equal population in America. But there are Vandals in Ottawa, and I would fain believe that the hitherto undiscovered sin against the Holy Ghost is Vandalism—the destruction of Works of Art and Literature. With more of the spirit of truthfulness than was displayed by Auld Reekie regarding its worthy member I would

"Whip the offending Adam out of her."

In Toronto they are Gentlemen, each Lady and Gentleman will volunteer as Guard to any and every Work of Art sent to, "the most English City in America."

So far as may be, emulating

"Pastum roses and their double spring"

Shall glow revealed to other times a classic age

Of or Grecia or Roma upon the already classic soil of UPPER CANADA, instead of Medals, as in other Exhibitions and in other countries, being given as Prizes, we will award as such the emblem of our delightful land, the Maple Leaf. I remember the Maple as alluded to in *Spenser's* "Faery Queene" (his catalogue of trees)—and if you so decide its distinctive symbol, the Beaver, in whatever metal shall best besem us. A new feature I would introduce into the Universal Exhibition of the New Dominion—namely, a prize that might be held in long-enduring remembrance by that mother nation whose gifted son should bear the same away for Literature, he not being a publisher nor a periodicalist, and for this special object I will begin by giving the Morven Gem (there are only 3 known to exist; H. Emmanuel, of Bond Street, Author of "The History of Precious Stones," says that he never saw but one), towards a Pallasan Crown (diadem) to for ever remain in its City Hall, under the guardianship of the Toronto Corporation, thus the recipient thereof will continue to be in full possession of all the fame attendant thereon without any risk of its ever falling into the hands of others, or of being lost amid the vicissitudes of families, or the conflict of ages. Besides this, I will give towards the same object a certain sum of money.

The Earth for us in Toronto is not cast in a post-tertiary period hibernating in aphelion; the bright days of winter in CANADA are the theme of all languages. I remember the time, about three years ago, during the week of the Cattle Show at ye Bucolic Manse in "Merrie Islington," past which site in a pre-Cowperian age Johannes Gilpin rode skimmington, if not quite in the Irish Pooka fashion, must at least remind us of the everlasting Meg of Tam o' Shanter. Dark was that day, and fatal, it would seem that Erebus, Cimmeria, and Egyptus'

"Darkness more dread than night was poured upon the ground."

P. B. Shelley, "Revolt of Islam."

I recalled to memory the words of Byron's dramatic hero, and held his *Night* too in mental vision

"Methinks that we had lived in some other world,
And that this is H—."

Here, too, as in a wet blanket the cockney atmosphere enfolds us. Nor is ours in CANADA and summer time

"The hot and copper sky"

of the *Ancient Mariner*. But of this, more anon. Here we have our grateful showers, and oft times it "rains in a business-like manner," so that we have to ask Jupiter Pluvius to be kindly pleased to fibulo; unlike that city of the sunny south and magnificent lateral extension, the mention of which in the early part of my speech occasioned the comparison; we are not placed at the mercy of a capricious climate for any degree of humidity required for vegetation or other to moisture brought

"————— from the Atlantic Main" (Xth "Lusiad")

by the equatorial venti

Sounding other than notes Pandæan,
And intercepted by planet propping ridge Andæsan.

No earthquake (or waterquake) ever lifted Enceladus-like the happy region of ONTARIO only to engulf a fair city, so that none in after times may be heard enquiring concerning the Queen of the West as J. George Hodgins does in his lovely Poem "ONTARIO" in regard to the glorious old chief of other days,

And where is proud Toronto gone?"

TORONTO.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
FOR BRITISH AMERICA.

THE NAMES OF PERSONAGES PRACTICALLY CONNECTED WITH
THE ARTS IN TORONTO. Chosen for the ONE HUNDREETH
LONDONIAD by its Author, JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.
Canada Finance Delegate (Copyright).

LITERARY GENTLEMEN IN TORONTO.

"Those were the prime in order and in might."

John Milton.

Here are Bishops, Archbishops, D.D.'s, M.D.'s, and LL.D.'s, Doctors of the soul and Doctors of the body, Professors and Governmental Officials, all Mental Illuminators, but I have left out ye prefixes and adjuncts, as I desire that no invidious comparison be made between those personages whom I have the peculiar happiness of here and now introducing into the 100th LONDONIAD, and whose names for the greater part will be readily recognised in Britain, and our day as they will be most certainly, by the whole world in the after-time. I am, however, relieved from all sensitiveness in this matter when I consider that neither Shakespeare nor Milton had any titles "before or after" their names.

BARRETT, MICHAEL, BARTLETT, WM. R., BELFORD, CHARLES, BETHUNE, A. N., BOYLE, PATRICK, BROWN, J. GORDON, BUCHANNAN, O. R., BUCKLAND, GEORGE, CARROLL, HENRY, CHERRIMAN, J. B., CHRISTIE, D., CONNON, C. W., DEWART, EDWARD H., ELLIS, JOHN C., FULTON, JOHN, HINCKS, WILLIAM, HODGINS, J. GEORGE, HUTCHINSON, D. FALLOON, LYNCH, JOHN J., McCAUL, JOHN, KINGSTON, J. T., PERNET, EMILE, ROSE, SAMUEL, ROWE, WILLIAM, SANGSTER, JON. HERBERT, STEWART, WILLIAM, SHUTTLEWORTH, EDWARD B., STIMSON, ELAM R., TAYLOR, LACHLAN, and the AUTHOR of the LONDONIAD in former times.

"All these were honoured in their generation, and were the glory of their time."—Ecc. xlv. 7.

A.

Adair, John, Coach Builder. Adams, D. S. and B., Wholesale Manufacturers of Ties, Scarfs, Shirts, Collars, &c. Adams, James, Sailmaker and Military Flag Manufacturer. Adamson, Robert, Machinist. Aikens, Robert, Wheelwright. Aintzewish, H., Civil Engineer. Alexander, Francis W., Patternmaker. Anderson, Thomas, Optician. Armstrong, J. R., and Co., Stove Founders. Ashfield, James S., Chief Fire Brigade.

B.

Bach, Edward, Saddler. Baker, Nathaniel, Carriage Trimmer. Baldwin, Close, Engineer. Baley, John C., Engineer. Ballantyne, Robert, Builder. Bank of British North America, Samuel Taylor, Manager. Bank of Montreal, George W. Yarker, Manager. Bank of Toronto, William Gooderham President; George Hague, Cashier. Banks, Charles, Civil Engineer. Barber, Alfred, Brass Finisher. Barber, Charles, Potash Maker. Barber, George, Secretary Board of School Trustees. Barcher and Elder, Builders, &c. Barclay, John, Boilermaker. Barker, George, and Co., Manufacturers of Straw Goods. Barnes, Thomas, Picture Framemaker. Barnhart, Noah, Miller. Barr, James, Upholsterer. Basso, Antonio, Brushmaker. Baxter, James, House Decorator. Beale, Henry B., Wood Carver. Beard Brothers and Co., Ironfounders, Stove and Hollow Ware Manufacturers. Beardmore, Bain, and Co., Tanners. Beatty, Adam, Waggonmaker. Beatty, James, M.P., Proprietor and Printer of the "Leader." Beatty, R., and Co.,

Bankers, Brokers, and Exchange Office. Beaumont, John, Engineer. Beaver Drug Mills and Laboratory, Lyman Brothers, and Co., Proprietors. Beckett, Edward, Globe Foundry. Beckman, Robert, Accountant. Beeten, William, Packing-Casemaker. Behan, David, Saddler. Bell, William, Engineer. Bemister, George, Engineer. Bender, Charles, Piano Manufacturer. Bennet, James, Machinist. Berkinshaw, Thomas, Confectioner. Berry, William, Contractor. Berthon, George T., Artist. Birch, Edward, Gunsmith. Birch, William W., Veterinary Surgeon. Bishop Strachan School, Beverley Jones, Bursar. Blackhall Brothers, Bookbinders and Paper Rulers. Blogg, William, Shoemaker. Boeckh, Charles, Brush Factor. Bolster, Lancelot S., Superintendent Toronto Waterworks. Booth, George, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter. Booth, William, Sign and Decorative Painter. Bosworth, Edwin, Sailmaker. Bothwell, Robert C., Fancy Goods. Bourasse, Frederick, Broommaker. Bowes, John G., Accountant. Boxall, John, Manufacturer of Railroad Lamps. Boyce, Edward, Pocket Book Manufacturer. Brain, A. W., Practical Machinist. Branton, Henry, Foundryman. Branton, Thomas, Brickmaker. Briggs and Campbell, Gunsmiths. Brimstin and Brother, Hardware. Broadman, Charles, Waggonmaker. Bronsdon and Paton, Paints. Brooks, John, Turner. Brown, William, Dealer in Carriage Hardware, Fellows, Spokes, Felloes, Enamelled Top and Dash Leather, Enamelled Cloth, Springs, Axles, &c. Brown, William G., Gilder of China. Bryan, Thomas, Locksmith. Buck, Jeremiah, Saddler. Buntin Brother and Co., Wholesale Stationers, Paper, Envelope, and Blank Book Manufacturer. Burns, A. and W., Soda Water Manufacturers. Butt, Ephraim, Waggonmaker. Byford, George, Bookbinder.

C.

Caiger, Robert, Brass Finisher. Caldwell Hugh, Hatter and Furrier. Campbell, Gilbert L., Silver Plater. Campbell, James, and Son, Wholesale Stationers, Booksellers, and Publishers. Canada Company, Hon. W. B. Robinson and Hon. G. W. Allan, Commissioners. Canada Paper Box Factory, McAdams, Stuart, and Co. Canada Patent Agency, Ridout and Howard. Capreol, F. C., President Huron and Ontario Ship Canal Company. Carlaw, John A., Cashier Grand Trunk Railway Carling, Hon. John, Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works. Carter, John B., Map Mounter. Carty, James, and Co., Soap Manufactory. Casci, Vincent, Statuary. Champ, J. S., and Co., Manufacturers of Roofing Materials and Varnish. Chapman and Appleton, Draughtsmen and Engravers on Wood and Metal. Chapman, William, Gunmaker. Charlton, Abraham, Boilermaker. Charlton, George, Wool Buyer. Childs and Hamilton, Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturers. Clapson, Marmaduke R., Wood Carver. Clare, I., Furrier. Clark Brothers, Carriage Builders. Clarke, Henry E., Trunk Manufacturer. Clarkson's Elevator, Thomas Clarkson and Co. Cleverdon and Coombe, China and Earthenware. Codd, D., and Co., Patent Agents. Codville, Benjamin, Picture Framemaker. Coghill, Robert, Carriagemaker. Cole, Edward, Founder. Cole, John, Clockmaker. Coleman and Co., Furriers. Collins, John, Steam Gauge and Brass Works. Collins, John S., Photographer. Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works. Commissioner of Crown Lands. Conlin, James, Rolling Mill. Cooper, T., Gymnasium. Copp, Clark, and Co., Publishers, Booksellers, &c. Cornell, William, Watchmaker and Jeweller. Council of Public Instruction for Ontario. Cowen, Henry, Glass Stainer. Cox, John, Optician. Craddock, Charles, Fancy Goods. Crane, James, Varnisher. Crapper, James, Jun., Plumber and Gasfitter. Crapper, James, Sen., Steamfitter. Crawford, D. and Co., Soap and Candle, Lard and Lubricating Oil Manufacturers. Croft, William, and Co., Fishing Tackle. Crouden, William, Wood Turner. Crozier, William, Builder. Cull, Thomas, Wood Turner. Cumberland, F. W., M.P.P., Managing Director Northern Railway. Cummings and Wells, Plumbers and Gasfitters. Cunningham, James, Millwright. Currie, James, Boilermaker. Currie, Neil, Boilermaker, Iron Ship and Bridge Yard, Manufactory for Oil Stills, Tanks, Agitators, &c.

D.

Daek, Edward, Bootmaker. Dalton, R. H., Melodeon and Organ Manufacturer. Damoreau and Ellis, Designers and Engravers on Wood. Darby, Thomas, Sign Writer. Darlington, William D., Patent Felt Roof. Davids, Joseph, Chemist and Druggist. Davidson, John, Boilermaker. Davidson, Thomas, Boilermaker. Davidson, William and Son, Saddlery and Hardware. Davidson, David, Boilermaker. Dawson, S. J., Civil Engineer. Dean and Scott, Iron and Brass Founders. Dennis, Richard, Builder. Devine, Thomas, Head of Survey Crown Lands Department. Dick, Captain Thomas, Proprietor Queen's Hotel. Dickey, Neill and Co., Soho Foundry. Diver, George H., Blind Manufacturer. Dixon, Brothers, Carriage Builders. Dobbie, W. Peyton, Bi-sulphate of Lime Maker. Dodson, John, Stove Fitter. Dodson, W. E., Wood, Hides, &c. Dollery, William, Soapmaker. Donaldson, John E., Brushmaker. Dosser, Wilson R., Manufacturer of Machine Oil and Grease. Downey, James, House Mover. Dredge, A., and Co., Bookbinders. Due, T., Photographer. Duffin and Ferguson, Sailmakers. Duncan, John, Puddler. Duncan, Ralph F., Brass Finisher. (Dunlop, William, Hardware. Dunphey, Martin, Plumber. Durnin, George, Lighthouse. Dye, William, Lithographer.

E.

Eagle, Wm., Waggonmaker. Eaton, T., and Co., Canadian Textile Manufacturers. Educational Museum, Victoria-square. Edwards, John, Paper Hangings. Ellam, Jos., Gunmaker. Elliot and Co., Wholesale Druggists. Elliott, John, Marble Polisher. Elliott, Patrick J., Hide Dresser. Elliott, William, Fresco Painter. Ellis, George, Spring Mattress Maker. Ellis, James K., and Co., Watchmakers and Jewellers. Embrough, Stephen, Brickmaker. Evans, J. Ick, and Co., Shirt Makers and Manufacturers of Ladies' and Children's Under Clothing. Ewing and Co., Photographic Stock.

F.

Firstbrook and Symon, Lumberers. Firstbrook, Thomas, Gas Meters. Firstbrook, William, Planing Mill. Fisher, William, Fanner. Fitzgerald, Richard, Frizzing, Machine Moulding and Fret Sawing. Fitzsimons, George J., Manufacturing Jeweller. Fletcher, Hugh R., Mining Engineer. Forbes, Duncan, Cement Roofing Manufacturer. Forbes, George H., Brass-finisher. Forbes, John, Artist. Forbes, John, Marble Cutter. Forsyth, Robert, Hydraulic and Granite Works. Foster, James, Telegraph Instrument Maker. Foster, James, and Son, General Hardware. Foulds, Hodgson, and Boyd, Cutlery. Fraser and Young, Painters and Paper Hangings. Freeman, Thomas, Bookbinder.

G.

Gagen, Robert, Artist. Garden, David, Coppersmith. Gartshore, John, Manager Car Wheel Co. Gaston, Thomas, Wire Worker. Gater, W. G., and Co., Sewing Machine Manufacturers. Gates, Joseph, Miller. Gibson, Joseph G., Marble Works. Gibson, William J., Brass Finisher. Fiersch, Ernest, Diamond Setter. Gilbert, George A., Artist. Gillespie, J., and Co., Manufacturers of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Gloves, Mitts, &c. Girdwood, Alexander, Photographer. Gleeson, P., Oil Refiner. Goldsmith, Alfred Ward, Cabinet Turner. Gossage, Wagner, and Miles, Provincial Land Surveyors, Valuers, Civil Engineers, and Architects. Graham, Henry, and Co., Oil Cloths. Graham, Taverner, Elocutionist. Grand, James, Architect, Civil Engineer, Building Surveyor, and Valuator. Grand Trunk Railway, C. J. Brydges, Managing Director. Grantham, Elwood, Painter. Gray, John, Wire Maker. Greenwood, Christopher, Paper Stainer. Greenwood, Daniel, Weaver. Gregory, Arthur T., Picture Frame Maker. Gregory, J., and Co., Soap and Candle Manufacturers. Grossmith, Charles W., Wholesale Perfumers, Manufacturer of Improved Essences, &c., &c. Gurnett and Turner, Leather. Gurney, E. and C., Phoenix Foundry and Stove Works. Gustin, A. J., Rolling Mills. Gsowski and Co., Railroad Contractors and Rolling Mills.

H.

Hahendorf, William, Carver. Haight, Thomas L., Trunkmaker. Halbhaus, Theodore, Furrier. Halford, Joseph, Artist. Hall, Richard, and Co., Hardware, wholesale. Hall, Robert, Spinner. Hallam and Hudson, Leather. Hallam, John, Sheep Skins, Cod Oil, and Wool. Hallatt, George, Saw Maker. Halley, William, Polisher. Halse, Mrs. Isabella, Ladies Clothing. Hamilton, Alexander, Paints, Glass, Putty, Oils. Hamilton, William, and Son, St. Lawrence Foundry. Harley, T. H., City Baths. Harper and Son, Architects. Harrison, Glover, Glassware. Hart, John, Founder. Harte and McKillop, Machinist and Iron Founders. Hasson and Guy, Waggon Makers. Hastings and Peterkin, Wood Turners, &c. Hatch, James, Tinplate Worker. Haywood, Alfred, Artist. Heintzman and Co., Pianoforte Manufacturers. Henderson and Bostwick, Straw Goods Manufacturers. Henderson, William K., Millwright. Hendley and Bennett, Wholesale Fancy Stationers. Herring, Samuel, Taxidermist. Hessin, William, Wholesale Confectioner. Hewitt, William and Co., Hardware. Hickey, William, Stove Mounter. Hill, T., and Son, Manufacturers of Parchment, Paper Address Labels. Hinman and Muir, Canada Cloth Cap Manufactory. Hirstwood, Thomas, Tilemaker. Holland, Ralph B., Axes and Springs. Holmes, Richard, Glass Stainer. Holwell, William, Military Stores. Hook, Robert, Pianoforte Maker. Hope, A. and O. J., and Co., Heavy Hardware. Hope, Smedley, and Robinson, Box Makers. Hopkins, William, Agricultural Implements. Howell, John, Silk Manufacturer. Howland Brothers, Mill Owners. Hubbard, Charles H., Manufacturers of Gold and Silver Leaf. Hughes, John, Hairdresser. Humphrey, Alexander, Photographer. Hunter, Rose, and Co., Publishers. Hurd, Leigh, and Co., Ceramic, Wholesale.

I.

Irving, Andrew S., Wholesale and Retail Stationer.

J.

Jackson, John, Stoves and Tinware. Jacques and Hay, Furniture Manufacturers. James, Silas, Provincial Land Surveyor. Johnson, Harlow D., Bleacher. Johnson, Thomas B., Carriagemaker. Jones, Benjamin, Safemaker. Joselin, James, Engraver. Judge, Michael, Engraver.

K.

Kane, Paul, Portrait Painter. Kauffmann, William, Architect. Keith, George, Seedsman. Ker, J. and H., Bobbin. Kerry, Crathern and Co., wholesale Druggist, Druggists' Sundries. Killigan, James, Brass Founder. Kinney, Israel, Manufacturer, experimental machinery made to order. Kirkpatrick, Andrew, saddle and harnessmaker. Kirkpatrick, G. B., Draughtsman, Crown Lands Department. Knox, T. D., and Co., House Furnishing Hardware.

L.

Lamb, Peter R. and Co., Glue and Blacking. Lamb's Knitting Machines. Langley, Henry, Architect and Civil Engineer. Latch, William, Lumber. Lawson, Edward, Manufacturer of Biscuits and Confectionery. Leadley, E., Wool, Hides, Wool Puller. Leavesley, James W., Brassfinisher. Lockie, John, Fishing Twines, Sail Canvas, Tarred and Manilla Cordage, &c., &c. Leek, William, Lumber. Lefter, Charles, Portrait Painter. Leonard, Joseph, Outler. Leonard, Henry James, Leather Cutter. Leslie, and Garden, Wood Turners. Levey, Charles and Co., Engineers, Iron Founders. Lewis, Henry, Lock. Lewis, Rice and Son, Iron, Steel, and General Hardware. Long, William, Lithographer. Lovatt, Benjamin, Carriage Painter. Loveys, S., Boat Builder. Lugsdin, J. and J., Hatters and Furriers. Lye, Edward, Organ Builder. Lyman Brothers and Co., Wholesale Druggists.

M.

Mace, G. and Son, Builders. McAdams, Stuart and Co., Cards, Glazed Paper, &c. McArthur Brothers, Lumber. McCan, Thomas, Wellmaker. McCausland, Joseph, Canada Stained Glass Works. McClelland, Edward W., Stencil Cutter. McCulloch, David, Carver. McDonald and Whitten, tinware. McDougall, John, Room Paper Print. McDunnough and James, Carpets and Curtains. McIntosh, Andrew, Boilermaker. McIntosh, Jas., Boilermaker. McIntosh, John, Stoves and Agricultural Implements. McIntyre, James, Upholsterer. McMullen, John, Millwright. McQueen, John, Machinist. McQuinn, James, Machinist. McQuinn, James F., Carriagemaker. McRea, Andrew, Engineer. Manager, William R., Japanner. Manley, John, Lacemaker. Manning, Alex., Financial Negotiator. Martin, Thomas M., Artist. Matthews, H. J., and Brother, Carvers and Gilders. May, Thomas, and Co., Fancy Goods, Wholesale. Mead, John, General Hardware. Meehan and Doust, Late G. B. Ware, Lithographers. Michael, George, Optician. Miller Brothers, Hardware. Miller, Adam, Publisher. Miller, Hugh, and Co., Chemists and Druggists. Moffat, James, Hides and Wool. Moore, George, and Co., Pickles and Sauces. Moore, James, Upholsterer. Moore, John W., Mattress Maker. Moran, Thomas, Iron Moulder. Morison, Farquhar, Outfitter. Morris, George, Paper Stainer. Morrison, Angus, of Morrison and Wells, President Toronto Rowing Club. Morrison, James, Steam Gauge and Brass Works. Morrison and McGuire, Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, Brass Founders. Mullins, William, Carriage Maker. Murphy, Joseph, Brush Maker. Murray, James, Weaver. Myers, Frank G., Glass Stainer.

N.

Nanz, Anthony, Vinegar Maker. Nasmith, John D. Biscuit Baker. Nelson Wood and Co., Wholesale Brooms, Wooden Ware. Newton, Lewis, Marble Polisher. Nightingale, Thomas, White Brick Sewer, Pipe and Drain Tile Manufacturer. Nixon, Thomas, and Son, Wool, Hides and Grain; Wool Pullers, &c. Nordheimer, A. and S., Pianos, Church, and Parlour Organs, Musical Instruments. Norman, Robert, Carver. Norman, Thos., Patternmaker. Northern Railway of Canada, F. W. Cumberland. Notman and Fraser, Photographers. Noverre, Frank A., Boat Builder.

O.

Oahl, Philip, Marblecutter. Oakley, George, Gunsmith. Oates, Richard H., Mill Stone Manufacturer. Oliver, Robert, Steam Gauge Maker. Ontario Veterinary College, Andrew Smith, V.S., Principal.

P.

Page and Pannell, Canadian Manufactures. Paisley, Edward, and Paisley, Robert, Weavers. Palmer, Eli J. Manufacturer, Photographic Materials of every description. Pape, Joseph, Florist. Parisot, Alfred, Working Jeweller. Park, William W., Vinegar Manufacturer. Parmenter, W. E., Morocco Leather and Glove Manufacturer. Parsan Bros., Manufacturers of Oils. Patterson, George C., Ornamental Printer. Patton and Co., China and Glass. Peach, A. E., and Co., Lace. Pears, George, Spice Mills. Pears, Leonard, Beickmaker. Pearsall, Benj., Jeweller. Pearsoll, George, Hardware. Pearson, Arthur, Gentleman's Furnishing Goods. Perkins, John, Boilermaker. Perkins, Joseph, Moulder. Pernet, Emile, Lecturer French, University College. Peterkin, James F., Hat and Cap Block Maker. Philipps and Oliver, Wholesale Manufacturers of Picture Frames. Phillips, Frank, Planing Mills. Phoenix Foundary, E. and C. Gurney. Piper, H., and Co., House Furnishing Hardware. Plant, Herbert, China Decorator. Plenderleith, John, Sash Factory. Plews, David, Pumpmaker. Pocorny, Francis G., Marbleizer. Potter, Charles, Optician and Mathematical Instrument Maker. Price, Thomas, Japanner.

Quigley, William, Papermaker.

Q.

R.

Ramsay, Alex., Currier. Rear, Bernard, Japanner. Redwin, George, Melodeon Maker. Reed, Thomas, Stove Mounter. Ridout, Alkenhead, and Crombie, Hardware. Ridout and Howard, Mechanical Engineers, Canadian and Foreign Patents. Riley and May, Manufacturers of Billiard Tables. Risch, Viscont, Organ Builder. Ritchie, John, Practical Plumber, Brass Founder, Steam and Gasfitter. Roberts, David, Architect. Robinson, Charles, Paper Box Maker. Robinson, George, Coppersmith. Rockwell, Mrs., Portrait Painter. Rockwood, Cassius, Boilermaker. Rogers, Charles, Jun., Wood Carver. Rogers, Charles K., Hatter and Furrier. Rolph, Frank, Engraver. Rolph, Joseph T., Engraver and Lithographer. Rowat, Jas., Boxmaker. Rowell, John, Dyer. Rowsell, Henry, Bookseller, Stationer, and Book and Job Printer. Russell, Alex., Gilder. Ryan and Oliver, Hardware.

S.

Salt, Edward, Shirtmaker. Sanderson and Co., Manufacturers of Children's Boots and Shoes. Searth, W. B., Ship Owner. Scott, James D., Heraldic Artist, Die Stamp and Seal Engraver. Scott, Peter A., Lumberman. Scott, William R., Melodeon Maker. Searight, James, millwr. Secord, E. W., Patentee. Shanley, Francis, Civil Engineer. Sharp, William, and Son, Plumemakers. Sheppard, George, brickmaker. Sheppard, Robert, Marble Works. Sheppard, William H., Marble Works. Shields, James and Co., Manufacturers of Biscuits and Confectionery. Simmers, Joseph A., Importer and Grower, Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds. Simpson, Joseph, Knitting and Yarn Factory. Simpson, Patrick, Railroader. Smith, Andrew, Veterinary Surgeon. Smith, Gemmel, Architects. Smith, H. T., Brassfounder. Smith, H. T., Soda Water Manufacturer. Smith, Joseph, Pattern Making, Wood Turning, and Model Making. Sorley and Howe, Leather, Hides. Sparrow, William H., House Furnishing Hardware. St. Lawrence Foundry, William Hamilton and Son. Stagg, William Hamilton and Son. Stagg, William, Tanner. Stanton, Moses, Room Paper Manufacturers. Steggall, E. H., Gentlemen's Furnishings. Stirling, John R., Machinist. Stock, David, Boilermaker. Stone, William, Potashmaker. Sudborough, Joseph, Straw Worker. Summers, George, Melodeon Maker. Swinbourn, George H., Mathematical Instrument Maker. Symons, John, Secretary Canada Landed Credit Co.

T.

Tasker, Henry, Cutler. Tatler, Elijah, China Painter. Taylor, J. and J., Manufacturers of Fire and Burglar Proof Safes. Taylor, John, and Brothers, Paper Manufacturers. Taylor, Peter A., Marble Cutter. Taylor, Richard, Manufacturer of Tinware, Japanned Goods, &c. Thackeray, George, Lithographer. Thomas, John, Pianoforte Maker. Thompson, Alexander, Boatbuilder. Thompson, Joseph, Founder. Thomson and Burns, Earthenware. Tilt, George, Marble Cutter. Timpson, Thomas B., Mathematical Instrument Maker. Tollis, Henry, Gardener and Florist. Tomney, William, Machinist. Toole, Albert, Optician. Toronto and Nipissing Railway Co.; John Shedden, president. Toronto Board of Trade; William Elliott, President. Toronto Cart Wheel Co.; John Gartshore, Manager. "Toronto Leader," J. Beaty, M.P., Proprietor and Printer. Toronto Patent Pump Works; D. Plews, Proprietor. Toronto Scale Manufactory; C. Wilson. Touzeau, William, Engraver. Townley, William C. Brick Machine Maker. Trees, S., and Co., Carriage and Saddlery Hardware. Tully, Kivas, Engineer and Architect. Tuttle, Date, and Rodden, Manufacturers of agricultural implements.

V.

Vauburen Orland, Brushmaker. Vance, Samuel, Machinist. Vincent, Fred., Pianoforte Maker.

W.

Wanzer, R. M., and Co., Sewing Machine Makers. Warren, C., Artificial Flower Maker. Warrington, William, Leather Cutter. Wasdell, Joseph, Tinplate Worker. Watson, James, Coffee and Spice Mills. Wardby, Henry, Artificial Stone Cutter. Webb, Thomas, Confectioner. Weber and Co., Pianoforte Manufacturers, Kingston, Ont., C. Hooper, representative. Westman, Elijah, Umbrella and Parasol Maker. Westman, Joseph, Bellowsmaker. Wheeler and Bain, Stoves and Tinware. Whitcombe, William, Cane Worker. White, George, Tassel Maker. White, James, Millwright. White, Joseph, Labourer. White, Joseph, Pianoforte Maker. White, Thomas, Working Jeweller. Wilby, Edwin, Manufacturer of Carriages, Sleighs, &c., &c. Wilkinson and Co., Diamonds. Willard, William, Boat Builder. Williams, B. S., and Co., Maledonian Manufactory. Williams, William H., Organ Maker. Wills, Alexander, Biscuit Baker. Wills, G. S. and A., Biscuit Manufacturers. Wills and Watson, Coffee Mill. Wilson, Benjamin, Wool. Wilson, Christopher, Toronto, Scale Manufactory. Wilson, James, Car Builder. Winans, Butler and Co., Domestic Wools. Workman, Benjamin, M.D. Woodward, H., Electrician. Worrell, George, Brickmaker. Wright, H. C., and Co., Paper Bag Makers.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD

was addressed a beautiful letter (which appears in a former number of that work) by

TA-PA-TA-MEE,

aged 101, the glory of Upper Canada: the only American-Indian Queen on the Western Continent; whose nation is civilized, temperate, and devoted to the Arts.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD

was transmitted a speech on New Year's Day, 1874, by MATIEWABAIE, aged 113, Great Sigonah, aboriginal King in CANADA.

I have lately received from the Warrior Orator a long speech which may be looked upon as a species of Occidental Aboriginal Autobiography. It will be published in extenso at an early prospective period. This Great British Indian fought in all the battles of 1812-15, and it was he who put an end to the War of those times.

"I went on the war-path in the waters (he either walked along the bottom of the lake or rode laterally through the flood), the fires (of the Yankees) glowed (in a reddening sky) above and around me. In the morning the Yankee beheld the British standard flying in the Passamaquoddy, Matiewabaie planted it there!" (he had taken it with him, wrapped in oil-skin, and when the Americans beheld it

"at dawn of day" (*Gray's Elegy*)

they thought themselves surrounded, and like Milton's Fiends,

"the Ranged Powers

Disband, and, wandering, each his several way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice

Leads him perplex'd,

and to sing upon the banjo

"Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall.")

A great part of the speech alluded to appears in a former LONDONIAD.

ORENEVIREM,

aged 96, Head Sachem, in a former LONDONIAD was printed my conversation with our conversable and highly intelligent Head Sachem, concerning the state of his Race.

E'er the pale-face crossed the waters of the Great Salt Lake.

KONQUAWIS,

aged 89, Grand Sagamore. Next to Sir William E. Logan, is the best geologist in CANADA; the reason that I have not hitherto caused to be printed any letter from our Beloved Chief, is this, that, like Mrs. Grundy's young-man lodger, "he has odd notions regarding theology," and expresses them in flush rhetoric. But in his last letter to me he acknowledges the beauty of the character of our Saviour, and denounces that of Mahomet, and gives praise to a Poem by the Author of the LONDONIAD, bearing the Heading, XPISTOZ, and entitled

THE MESSIAH AND "THE PROPHET."

Konquawis spake inspired by Manito, Nature was all attention, the umbrageous realm became a petrified forest, the waves of Erie revealed a granitic abrupt, alive with prismatic beams, for there Evening reclined in statu. Niagara was suspended, not emblemng a frozen cataract dead and chill, but glowing with emotion expressed in weird language of seeming blossoms, breathing flowers, and living gems, Heaven's constellations glowed arduous, yet ceased to chime for the first time since their flight of echoes was arrested by Joshua in Ajaion. His Manitoba Oration, the greatest ever delivered upon that continent, won all the Western tribes of his race over to the British power. The Author of the LONDONIAD will yet publish it.

Regarding the following I desire to commission some Sculptor of grace and genius to visit the NEW DOMINION.

In the Pronaos of Saint Tammanund I will caused to be placed in Marble, Sept foil alto relievo, commemorative of the Seven Chiefs against Thebes, the portraits of those descendants of the Mighty Iroquois, our friendly Councillors of Caughnawaga, to each of whom I herewith send something.

ASENNASESAMOHT, CHIEF; ATOHARISHONSIOGNARF, CHIEF; KENTARON-TIEHPESOJ, GRAND CHIEF; SAKORIATAKŠANITRAM, CHIEF; SATEKAIENTON-SIUOL, CHIEF; TAIORONHIOTEHPESOJ, TIOAKARONSIUOL, CHIEF.

"Seven chiefs of high command."—Æschylus.

A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

From KING ALESCANDRE II., aged 30, will appear in this the 100th LONDONIAD.

This young Prince, who is a Classical Scholar and speaks English like ourselves, and whose costume is of the same style as our own, will be remembered by many as being my mother's guest for nearly two months in the autumn of 1868, and who, in taking his exit from our midst reminded us of Rembrandt's Great Picture, as engraved by Malbête. "L'Ange Raphael quittant Tobie et sa Famille," a copy of which we caused to be framed and draped—memorial of the mournful event.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD

Acting on behalf of a company of ladies and gentlemen in the New Dominion of CANADA, was prepared to negotiate for a transcript copy of the equestrian statue at the Holborn Viaduct, London, England, had it proved to be a proper one, but whose chiseller must be nameless upon the same page with

PRINCE ALBERT.

* * He had done more for the expanding of the mind and enlightening of the world, than all that destiny ever placed near or on a throne in any other land, and more than all the Kings of England put together since the time of Saxon Alfred, and before him.

The Poems appear in various LONDONIADS.

"Albert, thou knowest with each grace and science blest."

Robert Falconer's "Shipwreck."

Mr. Martin's Book ought never to have been written, or, once written, ought never to have been published, but kept in MS. for private use. A wide field

was open here for An Art Biography, which might have taken rank in far prospective centuries with Asser's "Life of Alfred the Great," but the subject for a general Biography having been chosen, like Carlyle's *Frederick*, all should have appeared therein, then might mankind have drawn their own deduction, where as now doth verily appear in a peculiar light, emanating from a very peculiar cycle, many circumstances supposed attributive of Virtue, or they had not, as a matter of course, appeared under the immediate auspices of those nearest and dearest to him, but which by coming generations will not be considered as redounding to the fame of one whom we all delighted to honour. Well indeed might the spirit of Albert exclaim with the Highland chieftain, "Preserve me from my friends, my enemies, I can take care of myself."

I say these things with deep regret, for having compared Prince Albert with the Georgian race, I thought how Intellectually grand he might loom to after ages, a very Colossus in Aureola, above those dark souled Pigmies. It was not his station that made him great, he would have been greater than any mere prince whatever station of life he might have filled, but having said this, and I at least am no demagogue, let me say more, that although those boisterous spirits who inspired the People with the knowledge of an all powerful Truth may have been banished from their native home by that same system of violence which in a stormier age had sent their congeners to other realms of being! in a higher degree of refinement to a more determinate purpose is flying abroad in England.—I hear "the still small voice," more sublime in its causation and more wide-spread in its effectiveness than the mandates of princes and the roar of Armies; no Dynasty lasts for ever! the People are Eternal!

P.S.—My projected ALBERTIAD hath pass'd the Metempsychosis into the ALBERTIAD.

Enough! if they will not hear (listen to?) the voice of the charmer! then

Go Ifrion leo ma is maith leo.

James Torrington Spencer Lidstone.

The marble bust of the Prince of Wales, now in the Town Hall of Toronto, was presented by

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

(I should feel a peculiar happiness in sending thither marble busts of those great and good gentlemen, the most eminent in Canada, who placed their names at the head of my list in the following order:—Hon. Henry Sherwood; Chief Justice, afterwards Sir J. B. Robinson; President McCaul; Mayor Gurnett; and our beloved Bishop, who would have placed his name first thereon had he been in Toronto.) A copy of this bust is in the Temple Library, London (England). No one will attribute to me any special predilection for mere princes. I was desirous of leaving with Toronto some memento of my affection, and I accordingly commissioned a Marble Bust for its City Hall, leaving the subject to the great sculptor, who chose the Prince of Wales.

THREE STATUES FOR TORONTO.—I have a certain sum, the proceeds of a literary work, which I intend to devote towards the erection of statues, in Toronto, to three literary men, to represent England, Ireland, and Scotland. I should like Milton for England; and Dean Swift for Ireland; Milton being my favourite English writer, and Dean Swift "the true friend of Ireland." However, I will leave this to the community to decide, more especially as to the great Scot.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.—Beattie's original marble bust of Robert Burns, is destined for the above-mentioned seat of learning, to which I present it, and I desire that therewith be associated the name of a young friend, Master Malloch, son of Judge Malloch, county Lanark, and nephew of Edward Malloch, Esq., formerly member for the county of Carleton.

It is known that this famous bust was for many years in India. The Marquis of Westminster, and the late Marquis of Lansdowne were competitors at the

sale. The first-mentioned nobleman withdrew immediately that it was made known to him that the bust was intended for presentation to a public institution; and I have an excellent letter from the latter, connoisseur and dilettant, expressing his regret at having enhanced the price, and offering that which of course I could not accept, to pay a certain sum towards the same.

I have lately had prepared for this famous bust, a laurel represented in hammered silver work by our modern Quintin Matsys, G. Albon, which I will send with it.

Lent by J. T. S. LIDSTONE, Esq., author of "LONDONIAD," Beattie's original Bust of Robert Burns, the Scotch Poet, that great sculptor's *chef-d'œuvre*, concerning which so many strange legends are extant, and not the least interesting are those which tell of its being lost for more than twenty years, and turning up again in a port of the Mediterranean, probably conveyed thither by some Consul of H.B.M.; thence sailing the Indian Ocean, finding refuge near the person of some descendant of Timour; coming from the late Siege of Delhi with other spoils to England; and at length falling into the possession of Mr. Lidstone, who intends sending it to Upper Canada."—*Catalogue of North London Exhibition.*

THE EMPEROR.

The Author of the LONDONIAD was chosen by the inhabitants of Torquay to welcome Napoleon the Third upon his arrival at the QUEEN OF THE SOUTH. The Speech appears in a former LONDONIAD.

I did not wait for the advent of The Emperor to my Native Town in order that I might pay to Him the tribute, for in every LONDONIAD I have mentioned Him, and at no time, and in no place with greater pleasure than in those then present, and when all the world was declaring that the EMPEROR NAPOLEON alone must be of France *Ελευθεριος*.

In that speech occur the words, "while the Benevolent companion of your Majesty

THE EMPRESS,

attended through life, and for ever with the blessings of the poor and afflicted, the bright exemplar of crowned heads living, and yet to come, will be hailed as the (younger) Antitype of Helena the Great and Good Christian, the beloved Mother of Constantine. In the words of Berryer, "I almost hear the voice of posterity," in prophetic retrospective realisation—

"Empress, the way is ready, and not long."

("Paradise Lost, Bk. ix. l. 626.")

That Empress renowned for "pietie, vertue, and gratiovs government,
that Emperesse,

The world's glory and her sex's grace."

Edmund Spenser in Dedication of "Faëry Queene."

And the lay of triumph may yet be sounded for the PRINCE IMPERIAL when France in

"Immortal vigour

rising will appear

More glorious and more dread than from no fall."

"The happier reign the sooner it begins."

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF BRAZIL vide a former LONDONIAD.

Through Brandenburg the *Electorate* so ruthlessly ran over;
Destiny shall soon reinstate, George the Fifth of Hanover.

LEOPOLD THE 1st KING OF THE BELGIANS.

(Please see his poem in the 7th, and his letter to the Author in the 10th LONDONIAD.)

LOUIS, KING OF BAVARIA.

(Please see the poem and his letter in the 10th LONDONIAD).

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

On the Author of the LONDONIAD devolved the most pleasurable occupation of his existence, that of delivering the Oration of welcome, when thousands of glorious spirits thronged around in the hour of his advent to Canada, the illustrious, Enlightened, and Beloved Prince President, whom yet

"The Southern clime, her sole Lord shall style,
And all the North."—COWLEY, *The Davideis*, Book ii.

Though in numbers not one to five, the South was not defeated by the North for on every battle-field where ever engaged hand to hand the Sons of Southern Mothers chased the slinked skunks of Yankee hags "like chaff before the wind and the down of the thistle before the whirlwind," it was the off-scouring—the sewage of (in)humanity pour'd out by other nations that stified for a while the breath of the brave.

☛ The Oration appears in the Supplement in English, in French, in German, and in Italian.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL OF DUFFERIN.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

(Please see former LONDONIADS.)

Agus tha esan 'na uachdaran air na cinnich.

Salm le Daibhidh, xxii.

Agus isé is áachdarán a measc na ceineadhach.

Psalm Dháibhi, xxii.

When names were being given to certain districts in CANADA I said an error in early Colonial History, hath been the cognominal topography of many countries, let us call a portion of this mighty province by the name of the most Intellectual Governor that ever directed the destinies of British America. I know that it is the fashion to praise Governors-General while in office; I was happily out of the fashion here, for I never paid the tribute of excellence to any Excellency before now; I had found that personages who had spent their early days among the semi-serfs of India were sent in the decline of their being to govern the Free Men of the West, CANADA with "Concordia salus" upon her lips, had here to utter her complaint, alas, in undertone,

So not with boisterous shout, Witness the woes we suffer in',
When they pull one duffer out, They push the other duffer in.

I have just now (1st 2nd, '77) read his famous TORONTO speech, whether or not Heaven inspired.

We'll say with Pope it was "a lucky hit."

— Exemplification of Native wit,

Lapsus linguae (?) en-simileing ye grit,

"Take either way, Guv'nor" and may

"Heaven restore you when your toils are o'er,

Safe to the pleasures of your native shore."

P.S.—Our dangers and delights are near allies,

From the same stem the rose and prickly rose,

SAMUEL DANIEL, 1562—1619.

I cannot call to mind any occurrence since the demise of

A Prince ————— a founder of New Ages,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Albert his name —————

TEHUDI, Swiss Poet, 1687.

in which so much sympathy was expressed throughout England as in the time

that Lord Dufferin met with an accident in the early part of the year 1877 (from Autobiography of the Author of the 100 LONDONIADS.)

HIS EXCELLENCY EX-LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR HOWLAND,

Appears in several of the LONDONIADS.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

The Funeral Oration on the beloved Patron of my youth JOHN THE FIRST LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO, D.D., LL.D., the greatest Prelate of this or any age, appears in a former LONDONIAD. There are two Orations beside ready for the press, and a long poem upon the same subject. To the Memorial Church I will give a Stained Glass Window. The *vetro-archetypalgraphice* of which THE NATIVITY, AND THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, the Great Art Deed *par excellence* of our time, is now on a staircase of my Mother's place in London (England.)

"MOST noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bounty poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age
I now doe live."

EDMUND SPENSER'S SONNET.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.—When I first went into public life [those of later years will be published hereafter].

From the Attorney General of Upper Canada and Premier under the Conservative Administration.

HON. JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE is about to visit the city of * * in order to have some engravings executed and to commemorate in verse the rise and prosperity of that city. I know him to be a gentleman of more than ordinary talent, and I beg leave to introduce him to the attention of the citizens of that place.

HENRY SHERWOOD, M. P. P.

Any undertaking which Mr. LIDSTONE enters upon to carry out his object as above stated, I agree to pay towards it the sum of * * * * (this was kindness on the part of our Western Prince, but no sum was required). J. T. L.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

The following letter is from the truly princely English gentleman
STEWART DERBISHIRE, the first Member for OTTAWA.

Toronto, August 8th, 1851.

"I have known Mr. LIDSTONE from the earliest years of his infancy, and his family long before. He is not only eminent for his poetical and oratorical talents, but I know him to be a perfect gentleman, possessing a very great amount of general knowledge; energetic and enterprising, his unbounded generosity and amiable deportment have won him many warm-hearted and powerful friends throughout Eastern and Western CANADA; he has unbounded influence with a great portion of our people of CANADA, and has held high office in our country; he was elected at nineteen years of age, being the youngest member ever sent to Parliament for any place in any period of the history of the Provinces! * * * * I am prepared to give my bond for any engagement into which Mr. LIDSTONE may enter.

STEWART DERBISHIRE.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

Extract from a letter, accompanied with a poem written by Mrs. Moodie (wife of High Sheriff Moodie, County of Hastings), sister of the great female historian, Agnes Strickland, and herself the authoress of several popular works :

"You have within you all the elements of true greatness, noble mental powers, a splendid memory, a candid and unprejudiced spirit, above fear, and above envy, every thing to ensure success in life," &c.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

Extract from the Venerable Archdeacon Sandford's Speech at the Arundel Rooms, London (England).

At the last Auxiliary SOIREE, I sat beside one of the noblest specimens of human nature that ever I had the happiness of conversing with in my life, while next to him sat a very charming lady. It turned out that the lady was the gentleman's mother, who had been a Total Abstainer for thirty-five years, and who is present to-night a living testimony to the fact that abstinence preserves the beauty of youth.

J. T. S. L.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

From the six-times elected Mayor and late Member of Parliament for Toronto.

Toronto, January 29, 1852

The bearer, Hon. J. Spencer Lidstone, Bard of U. C., wishes an introduction from me to some of the literary gentlemen of . . . not having such acquaintance in . . . I can only state in a general way that Mr. Lidstone is a favourite in Toronto. He purposes writing a Poem on . . . during his visit to that city.

J. G. Bowes, Mayor.

The principal reason of his visit . . . is to have prepared some engravings for a grand pictorial work for British America, and to negotiate debentures.

J. G. B.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

From W. H. BOULTON, Esq., Member of Parliament for Toronto.

The bearer of this, Hon. JAMES T. SPENCER LIDSTONE, a gentleman possessing most singular powers as a Poet, and to so great an extent, that he has in consequence become a great favourite with a very large portion of our population.

He has numerous and warm friends and supporters, to whom much pleasure will be afforded as well as to myself, if in his anticipated visit to . . . , and other portions of . . . his peculiar talents and social qualities are appreciated to the same extent that they have been in CANADA.

July 3rd, 1852.

W. H. BOULTON, M.P.P. TORONTO.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

Private letter from the five times elected Mayor of Toronto.

Toronto, Sept. 2nd, 1851.

MY DEAR — The bearer, Hon. JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE, a gentleman of independent means, who has resided for many years in this city, is about to visit. . . . He has rendered himself very popular in Toronto, and is correct and honourable in all his transactions and has always maintained a good credit.

May I solicit your countenance, and that of my other friends in . . . to his undertaking?

Believe me, Yours faithfully, GEO. GURNETT.

This note was addressed to that famous Mayor of Buffalo and renowned Orator, H. K. Smith, who in his letter to me when leaving the shores of Erie, will be published in extenso hereafter, the following is a quotation therefrom:—"The explanation of the terms given by you rendered the object so manifest to our minds that the settlement of affairs between the two cities (Buffalo and Toronto), which had been pending for upwards of two years, causing great weariness, loss of time, &c. (the "&c." alludes to the expense), were, by your activity and intelligence and proper understanding of circumstances, brought to a close, pleasing all parties (and I hope, indeed I know you must have pleased yourself), in less than twenty minutes."

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

BUFFALO, Nov. 25th, 1851.

To Honourable JAMES T. SPENCER LIDSTONE.

SIR,—We, the Corporation of Buffalo, understanding that it is your intention soon to leave our city in order to proceed to those of Toronto and other places, cannot allow you to depart without expressing our warm approbation of your high, honourable and gentlemanly deportment, during all the period of time in which you resided amongst us. Wishing you success in all your literary undertakings, we remain with great respect and esteem,

L. F. TIFFANY, Mayor, *pro tem.*
[Banker].

MYRON P. BUSH [Currier].

PAUL ROBERTS [Clothier].

C. S. PIERCE [Lumberer].

JOHN WALSH [Broker].

GEORGE L. HUBBARD [Plumber].

A. MCKAY [Upholsterer].

HARRISON PARK [Artist].

M. W. HILL, M.D.

A. S. SWARTZ [Railway Car Maker].

The Mayor of that day, JAMES WADSWORTH, was absent from Buffalo, but his letter to me has been already printed. The above formed the entire corporation of Buffalo, there were no councilmen as with us; Lucius F. Tiffany, Esq., was Mayor afterwards. There is a poem in the 12th LONDONIAD which I wrote for my dear friend, that perfect gentleman, while he was yet alive; it appears too, in the QUEEN OF THE WEST, and I had a desire to incorporate it in the LONDONIAD.

The Inhabitants of Western New York, and who are our own nearest neighbours in the Northern States, must not be confounded with Yankees having their Head Quarters in Boston, who are altogether another sort of people, who render themselves still more odious to the rest of the world by the detestable, cowardly vice of hypocrisy, under the veil of which, mean villanies in every form are practised by them. With its inhabitants all the horrid monsters represented by Milton as guarding the ford of Lethe, may not be compared.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

HEAD OF THE CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA.

(The poem appears in the 13th LONDONIAD)

AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

*** I may as well mention here that the Hon. John A. Macdonald knew nothing of all those things herein alluded to. I was, however, perfectly conversant with so-called "State secrets." Sir John A. was to have secured a seat in some English constituency, during the first session of a following Parliament—then, receive a baronetcy, and return as Governor-General of Canada, and when the confederation had been firmly laid, to give up the reins of Government, to create a Viscount, and a Perpetual Vice-Royalty of the New Dominion be established in the person of one of Queen Victoria's sons and his descendants. A full account of this affair appears in the new 16th LONDONIAD. The idea passed away in regard to the latter part of the plan herein detailed after the "trick off" of Maximilian.

P.S.—The following letter although marked Private, need not now (that the occasion is passed) be so considered.

QUEBEC, July 17th, 1865.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter addressed to me at the Westminster Palace Hotel, arrived there after my departure for Canada.

I am much obliged to you for bringing my name forward as Member for Finsbury, but my lot is cast in CANADA, and I can give no divided allegiance, therefore I must decline having my name proposed as a Candidate for any constituency out of CANADA. With many thanks, I am, yours, faithfully,

J. LIDSTONE, Esq.,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

29, New Charles Street, London, E.C.

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

ORATOR, POET, STATESMAN, AUTHOR, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, AND MINISTER OF ARTS.—SHOT AT OTTAWA.

(A Song of OSSIAN, applicable to our hero, translated by the Author of the LONDONIAD, appears in a former edition of that Work.)

Where art Thou, Son of the Rulers of Old?
No more shalt Thou be seen among the Chiefs!
Thy Presence was a Day (of loveliness) in the Land,
Pleasant was thy Voice as the gales of Spring:

In the 11th and second 14th LONDONIAD are letters addressed to the above-named gentleman in his lifetime. I knew him before any of our public men in CANADA had become acquainted with him. I met him for the first time to speak to him in Boston, Massachusetts, here he was President of the Tom Moore Club, and editor and proprietor of the Celt Newspaper. It would not become me here, and now, to repeat what passed in casual conversation; as may be readily imagined, the character of the Yankee was held in the same degree of estimation by him as by others, the more enlightened of his countrymen—in utter detestation.

The following was a tribute paid by him to the

AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

* * * He said that he never met an English gentleman before who was at the same time a good Classical and Celtic scholar, and he said moreover that it was no wonder you won the affections of his people, you could speak to them in their own language and assimilate your ideas with their own, and that without your aid he had never been *qualified* for a seat in Parliament.

HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

PREMIER OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT, ONTARIO.

In the 1st 16th LONDONIAD is an article addressed to the genial and generous descendant of the patriarchal princes who were the Lords of the Isles, when the progenitors of so-called royal families in Europe were engaged in leading bands of spoilers against the domains of their too-confiding neighbours.

Three letters from him to

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

which have been translated into Gaelic and French, and often reprinted, appear in the 10th edition of that work.

The following alludes to what took place about the time of our Chief's appointment as Solicitor-General:—

To the Hon. James Spencer Lidstone:—

We, the undersigned Members of Parliament in United-Canada, aware of your high enterprise and literary attainments, respectfully request you to write a poem on Parliamentary Character, and we pledge ourselves to take the number of copies marked opposite our names.

(I need not, at this late period of time, cause the numbers to be printed, as all acted very liberally. I doubled the amount received, and founded therewith the first School of Design in CANADA. I was at that time in the University.)

I have much pleasure in adding my name to the above list for a poem on Parliamentary Character by the Hon. JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

(Hon.) RENE E. CARON, Speaker of the Legislative Council.

Now (1877) Lieutenant Governor of Lower Canada, called the Province of Quebec.

*** The tribute which I then paid to him and to certain members of his highly educated family hath passed into several languages. It is known that the Hon. Mrs. Caron, his wife (and I prefer that name to the Yankeeified appellation, *his lady*), in her origin sprung from the same family as Stephen, Count of Blois, King of England.

I am well acquainted with the signatures of the above gentlemen, and with great happiness I place my name thereon and in attestation.

(Hon.) JAMES LESLIE, Provincial Secretary.

SIR A. T. GALT.

HEAD OF THE COLONIAL RAILWAY.

The best known in Great Britain of our Colonial gentlemen. His father's name is renowned in many countries of Europe, for he wrote in more languages than one, and we call him the Great Galt. Please see former LONDONIADS.

The *Galtiad* contains about 3000 lines.

SIR J. L. ROBINSON, BART.

I, and hundreds of thousands more in Canada who trace their origin to other countries, as well as those who inhabit that blissful land of their birth, will, though in tears of affectionate remembrance, exult—

—to have known the days

Wherein your father flourished.—MILTON, 10th Sonnet.

I was a very young man in the day in which I first stood in the presence of the Prince of his race. He gave me his name then, and many a time after, and all, long before I could have had any idea of sending over the Atlantic from the banks of the English Thames, my blessing to your fine-hearted family.

HON. M. C. CAMERON.

MINISTER OF STATE IN ONTARIO.

During my progress through that University, acknowledged the Fairest Seat of Learning in the West, I resided at the Western Hotel, and here, side by side at the same table, was our chosen place for years. His conversation always unaffected and edifying, still echoes in mine ears, and the subjects thereof form visions to my mind in other countries.

HON. JUDGE SHERWOOD.

I sent you with a former LONDONIAD a copy of your Brother Henry's portrait taken in London (England). The original, which he himself gave unto me, I still hoped to have had engraved, but finally decided on having a Marble Bust executed for the Queen of the West, Toronto, of which he was the so-oft-returned member, and as we all know, Premier of Upper CANADA, under its Conservative administration. The Hon. John Ross, of Belleville, whom I met

at 9, Bennett-street, St. James's, London (England), first made known to me that he was no more. I should like to know through your Brother Samuel (the Alderman) how his descendants are situated. I take great interest in all that relates to the Robinson and Sherwood families, the heads of the U.E. Loyalists, the Princes of the West. I can never forget that they headed the list for my first work in the day of my Literary Pilgrimage.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS,

(Formerly Governor in the West Indies,)

FINANCE MINISTER.

Such a Minister as wind to fire,
That adds an accidental fierceness
To its natural fury.

Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I have a Biographical Sketch of your ex-Excellency in Hudibrastic verse, and which, but for the horror of correcting the proof, had been issued in the Seventh Edition with one of the many Supplements in the last LONDONIAD.

DR. ORONHYATEKHA (the Burning-Cloud), Representative of the Good Templars, a Temperance body numbering close upon 3,000,000 on the Western Continent, and 200,000 in CANADA. Your speech of February 24th, 1869, hath made you famous over Europe. My address to you appears in all the Languages of the West.

P.S.—It is known that a few years ago our highly educated and genial Hero, in competition bore off the Prize at Wimbledon.

The Dr. tells us here that his father used to Scalp the Yankees, bringing fire-water over to his people. The Author of the LONDONIAD will here explain; those Yankee wretches came over in former times, and after buying the rich furs of Indians for mere trifles, caused them to be intoxicated, and in playing some kind of dice, won back the amount given by them, thus leaving the Natives without anything to live upon either for their last year's enterprise or that which was to follow. The Doctor's father, and the other chiefs of their race were wont to go on Excursions, chaunting vengeance upon those infamous Yanks. Such we listen to now, and call them in the words of the poet,—

“The Hunting Songs of old felicities.”

I will in process of time re-publish the Doctor's Speech and my paraphrase of the same.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

At the approach of our Aboriginal Temperance Heroes, those spiritless ruffians, generally from Massachusetts, would fly to bush or underbrush, but in vain, for although

“_____ in shadiest covert hid.”

MILTON.

They were discovered in other guise than Satan, rising at the presence of Ithuriel's spear in Eden,

_____ seen in stacks of festering flesh,
Preserved in brandy, daily soaked afresh,
Perfumed with devils' incense, such as broke
From hell's first fire—Tobacco Smoke.

PHILIP FAD (American Poet).

☞ I ever hold in fond remembrance the Rev. LACHLAN TAYLOR, D.D., TORONTO. I knew him long and well. Please see former LONDONIADS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's (Sumner) Letter to the Author of the LONDONIAD appears in the 10th LONDONIAD.

TO HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, TORONTO. — When I hear people, talk in the words of Matthew Prior, "of this and that," I speak again unto them in this wise: When you can show me an Augustine, a C. Borromeus, or a Fenelon (all of whose lives I have either written, or translated or paraphrased), at any season that may be convenient to yourselves, I will speak with you. . . . In a future LONDONIAD I hope to inscribe to the people of CANADA, through your Grace, that poem in the 5th LONDONIAD, which early met approval from the Ecclesiastical Prince whose learning and love of Art were known over the world.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

London, March 28th, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you sincerely for the Poem which you have been good enough to write and to send me. It does great credit to you as a literary artist and a scholar, and will, I trust, be of service in your future career.

I am, ever yours faithfully,

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

To James T. S. Lidstone, Esq.

12, Lower Calthorpe Street, W.C.

(The Poem alluded to appears in the 5th LONDONIAD.)

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

(The following will not be confounded with "Notices of the Press," for upon such I look with supreme contempt.)

CRITIQUE ON THE LONDONIAD BY THE EMINENT AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS, WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

[EXTRACT.]

The ingenuity of his invocations is deserving of all praise. To him the very difficulties of the subject are not only grappled with, but made subservient to poetic ends. There is a grandeur of conception about him which exceeds the highest flight of Bon Gaultier's muse. We doubt whether any poet, British or foreign, has ever before gone so straight to the subject, and yet never omitted to mingle with it some element of the sublime, as Mr. Lidstone.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

FROM THE LATE ENGLISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

(In his correspondence with Sir Edmund Head—himself a well-known writer upon Art—Governor-General of Canada.)

[EXTRACT.]

No poet, ancient or modern, has ever shown himself to be so perfect a master of terms in art and technics of science; and although some of his productions may resemble Michael Angelo's Dream in the National Gallery, seeming confusedly thrown together, yet so perfect a literary artist is he, that all will be found equally perfect with that picture of the great Florentine. His prose articles, even to the foot-notes, when such appear, bespeak great energy of character, almost universality of knowledge, and are perfect orations. There is no single piece, either prose or poetry, in which some original idea or mode of expression peculiarly grand does not exhibit itself. I have not met with a false or hackneyed simile in the LONDONIAD, notwithstanding their profusion, while many of them are startling enough. He seems early to have established for himself a system of perfect rhyme, while his talent for quotation and powers of illustration show how deeply and extensively a sprightly mind may become imbued with classical and legendary lore, and at the same time be *au fait* in all that relates to practical science.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD

AND CHARLES BELL, ESQ., M.P., FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.

Who was't broke the Abracadabrean spell
That bound London! we know and love him well,
The Constitution's champion, hail Charles Bell.

It will be remembered in the *ambitus* of candidature, and at the great Conservative Meeting held in the large room at the Cannon Street Station (Sir W. Carden in the chair), that Mr. Bell paid a sterling tribute to CANADA, which the New Dominion will not forget. And at the same time congratulated the audience on the presence in their midst of the Author of the LONDONIAD. And said an example had been set to the Mayor of that day, who ought to have been present.

(It is something "to be praised by one himself deserving of praise," *laudari a viro laudato*.)

He, continuing, said, in regard to Mr. Lidstone:—"The City of London will here to-day show its appreciation of his intellectual excellence and moral worth. He seems gifted with ubiquity; wherever the claims of CANADA are to be defended or advanced, his never-failing eloquence is brought to bear. He has this day, in transactions of a monetary character, borne the triumph for three parts of a continent—CANADA and Mexico; but oratorical and financial opulence, though large, are still even amongst the very least of his merits, and I think it impossible, in the very nature of things, that a worthier representative should ever hail from our Sister in the West. Untiring and intrepid, his generosity and tact, if not altogether impossible to equal in, and vainly hoped for by other dependencies, would at least prove a great accession to any country, as it must and does to that great and streamy land which he so gloriously represents. I, therefore, propose three cheers for the Finance Delegate of a favourite and favoured colony.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD

AND THE MACKINNON, M.P., F.R.S.,

CHIEF OF CLAN FHP'NNON, &c., AUTHOR OF SEVERAL WORKS.

Chief McKinnon (please see 6th LONDONIAD) hath placed upon record the following observation:—"I never met with any gentleman whose reading was so extensive and varied, and whose knowledge of Art and Science was so general, of men and manners so acute. . . . That great Allen Street speech of Mr. Lidstone's did more to check emigration than all the proffered aid and force of Government could to advance it." The speech here alluded to appears in a former LONDONIAD.

HON. JUDGE CLINTON.

"Peto shall rob those men already way-laid."

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV*:

WHEN I was in Buffalo N.Y., I published a University 1st Prize Poem, entitled DEWIT CLINTON. I borrowed a part of the said Poem for a person named Peto, whose name appears in the third LONDONIAD. I regret this last-mentioned circumstance as much as you could possibly regret being his chairman in after-time. I send you a pamphlet illustrative of the whole affair.

I desire to be kindly remembered to all the members of your illustrious family.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM MY ENGLISH PRINTERS.

DEAR SIR,—Had the present edition of your work been placed in our hands two or three weeks ago, we should, without doubt, been able to have got it up in time. As we happen to know you have bound yourself to a given period in regard to the publishing of the same: therefore, we should not like to, and indeed we would not, disappoint you. We have done a great deal of printing for you during the many years in which we have been favoured with your confidence; and whatever may have been the amount of our accounts, it was all the same to you, and always paid with equal grace and alacrity. It must ever be a source of pleasurable remembrance to us, that we, at least in these times, have

experienced the wisdom and courtesy of an honourable and enlightened business gentleman. (Signed) ADAMS & KING, 7, Wilderness Row, London.

The only reason for printing the above letter in the 100th Londoniad is this:—Requiring a few extra copies, 6,000 in number, of a certain edition of the work named, I unhappily left the order with a character who was not a printer (this, of course, I did not know) and who farmed out the work—"the way he did it was a caution;" I could never get the work out of his hands; it was a loss, small indeed, but still a loss. I have not heard anything about the affair for three or four years or more, but when I do I will publish all his letters of excuses for the good of the public. The present Chief Justice of Common Pleas, while Solicitor General, was to have been retained at a fee of £300 per diem, provided by our Native Prince Alesandre (please see his letter to me in the present LONDONIAD), which sum is ready as a fee, refresher, inspirer, or whatever the technic may be, for the present Attorney-General on the first move being made by this *soi-disant* printer. I have driven him out of his former "place of business," and I will never leave him till I lay him prostrate in the dust. Please see my circular to "the trade." And I here say again, for the 100,000th time, that nothing so much tends to ease, comfort, and joy in life, as to be connected in business transactions with practical personages.

ROBERT CHEERE, ESQ.,

"Late Registrar of the Court."—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON on Gilbert Walmaley in Edmond Smith, *Lives of the Poets*.

"Time at last sets all things even."—BYRON.

The last time I saw him he congratulated me upon many things, I may not say with a heroine of Lalla Rookh—

"'Twas ever thus."

But here at least was an educated gentleman, and I have reason now to believe unprejudiced; he at least never lent his aid knowingly to aught of evil so far as I was concerned; but when he knew the characters which banded together, formed a cycle of ruffianism, holding in its midst those who looked upward for succour, he was not slow in proclaiming his opinion of them.

I answered him by saying that my success in a great measure was owing to the advice in whatever spirit given by him to me, and which had caused me to adventure into a new realm of enterprise. * * * Those drunken hatters of the twelfth Londoniad *circa* had established a branch establishment at Montreal; I published an account of their transactions in London, and Thomas Workman, Esq., Mayor; and M.P. for West Montreal, together with chief Konquawis soon had them driven from thence. Wright, the compatriot of Broad, the terrible infant, met me about a year ago turning round Spencer Street, in Northampton Square, and said, "Oh, Mr. Lidstone, do you know me? I haven't any home now (his own father had discarded him for his infamy); my family have to go home to my wife's parents, and I'm going any place;" and in almost the same breath the voluble C— said, "Isn't so and so getting on well? I know who he may thank for that, I wasn't so used to the ways of the world as I am now, or I should have acted different(ly) with you; a word from you would have done me a great deal of good a little while ago; but I don't suppose anything will now." I replied, by saying that so and so, of whom he spoke, acted like a gentleman when he found that he was not able to pay he came and knocked at the door of my mother's place and left word to that effect. I soon, however, put him upon a plan whereby he was not only enabled to pay me, but the whole of his creditors. Had he gone like you and sworn falsely I would have chased him out of house and home. Harding had two shops. I settled him so that he can scarcely keep on one. I raised Vaden's rent till he could no longer live there. I bought the house over the head of Vandy. It were long to tell: But I have always been able to chase my foes and advance to welcome my friends.

Truth for e'er remains; the eternal years of God are hers,
But error pining writhes in chains, and dies, amid her worshippers.

P. B. SHELLEY.

(From the "Autobiography of the Author of the LONDONIAD.")

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

(Reprinted and Inscribed to the Royal Geological Society.)

"And yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado."—MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

At the British Guiana meeting in Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, Lord Brougham, presiding, as Chairman; among those speakers on the platform were George Thompson, formerly M.P. for the Tower Hamlets; Washington Wilks, two or three Holy Boys from the Caribbean Islands, Sir Francis Hincks, now in CANADA, then Governor in the West Indies, and the Secretary of State (I do not choose to remember his name) of Massachusetts. In the course of delivering his speech, Lord Brougham said the study of Geology above that of all other sciences tends to expand the mind, and free it from the trammels of fanaticism. Here no longer held within the confines of a few centuries

He sees in time as many years
As there are miles along the spheres.

In tracing the course of literature through nations, making allowance for the abrupts and chaotic darkness intervening—breaking over the shoals and quicksands of barbarous or semi-barbarous ages, but still meandering, though, perhaps engulfed from human sight, causing to rise in the remembrance of the scholar Cowper's simile of the Halcyon, we find at its spring-head the spirit of Homer, hence poetry partaking intrinsically of the ideal ("and Ideality is a prime feature of the human soul") hath permeated the literature of all races with a never-ending vitality; without it the Voice of History were dumb, and the sciences had not revealed their functions. The language and the meaning of Art in its greater cycles, Minervian and Cecilian, had been as complete a blank, as that, I cannot say unfolded to our view by the once mighty system of Druidical learning, the fabric of which falling, became its own sepulchre, but that rare union of the elevated ideal and the thoroughly practical was wanting; man, in the first case, became too highly etherialized for our lower planet, and in the second and last he became of the earth earthy, "cast in the happy medium." I see here to-day James Torrington Spencer Lidstone, with whom I would have joyed to correspond, whose counterpart could I have met such in my intercourse through life must have given a more certain direction to the almost terrible energy of youth, would have taught me to husband the vigour of manhood, as it does now tend to shed a revivifying influence upon the cool evening of my life. I am unable to read the whole poem (please see the 7th LONDONIAD), but I am relieved by what I hear, that you have it circulated amongst you in print. I rejoice thus to offer my, it may be humble, but earnest tribute, and I will let no occasion pass in declaring my appreciation of his unexampled worth as a scholar, the gem of scholastic institutes, from which the rough edges have been abraded, and without being affected by anything of its contaminating influence—the true gentleman of the world. Let the sentiment faintly uttered, and in comparative seclusion here to-day "be the precursor of the voice of posterity through all lands," as the Paragon of Art, *Littérateur des Artes*, he stands at the head of Art Literature in his time, nor can the annals of the world in all the times before him show an equal.

A SPEECH UPON ANNEXATION.

BY THE ORATOR OF THE WEST.

"Annexment attends the boisterous ruin."—WM. SHAKESPEAR.

I am a student of Genethliacks. I guess I've calculated your nativitie by the stars upon your own bunting three decades longer (ago ?) and I find that in order to have surcease from political turmoil, and in your desire to resuscitate, or rather to establish a name for some degree of honesty, you'll seek succour under the British Flag of CANADA.

Cha soirbhich inneal sam bith a dhealbhar a'd' aghaidh; agus gach teanga a dh'éireas riut am breitheanas, ditidh tu.—ISA., caib. liv., v. 17.

THE COLONIAL HYMN OF CANADA.

A First Prize won by the Author of the LONDONIAD from 1005 Competitors.

All the peaceful Arts here flourish—Are with the martial blended,
 God, thou dost our people nourish, 'Tis thou hast us defended.
 Not to swell a tyrant's train Do mindless myriads come,
 Here all were loss with nought of gain, We battle for Hearth and Home.
 Nor doth the sun in all his course, Evolving radiant day,
 View tribes of greater mental force, Or a realm more free survey.
 Here hath no Invader entered, Nor do we for conquest roam,
 Our energies are concentrated All within each happy home.
 Here the Rose, Thistle, Shamrock blow; No poisonous nightshades' gloom,
 And as in decades long ago Doth the lovely Maple bloom.
 Joined with the U. E. Loyalist' We never yet knew defeat,
 Did the marauder aye resist, Yea, ever the foeman beat.
 Whence ere came the fillibuster, His carcase marked the track.
 One flame! did all our people muster, 'Twas seldom he went back.
 At invitation of all foes, We bade them soon go whistle,
 And showed the Maple, and the Rose, The Shamrock, and the Thistle.
 The deadly monkshood of the Yank, Our climate never would suit,
 Where e'er it sprung so drear and dank We tore it up by the root.
 Free as the blessed air we breathe, The Harvest is ours when grown,
 Forests above and Mines beneath, The Country is all our own.
 Thro' regions boundless as day, CANADA itself expands,
 No sottish monarch here holds sway, No lordling claims the lands.
 Straight from the Lord of light and love, We hold our farms in fee,
 Thro' where ye ocean rivers rove And every lake's a sea.
 Thanks to the Pioneering band, Most of them passed away!
 Ours, the only unconquered land Known in all America.
 Newly awaken'd Nature joins The universal Io
 Paen! of all its waves and winds To beloved ONTARIO.
 Nor fiery skies, nor wastes of snows, Our Heroes ever daunted,
 Deep woods nor stormy floods oppose, In vain the Yankee vaunted.
 How oft unto our earthquake march Trembled the Western world,
 When like a sky's triumphal arch Was the Union Jack unfurled
 As in the Old Provincial time Shall all the New Dominion,—
 Thank Heaven we 'scaped the "land of crime" And clipped the *culture's* pinion.
 (How oft 'midst the affrighted host Did the British Lion spring,
 The Yankee ceased awhile his boast, We broke the Vampyre's wing).
 Another lesson we will teach! Land,—back you'll never go,
 Your bones accurs'd be left to bleach Over all ONTARIO.
 Glad, the sylvan lands are ringing, Flocks and herds or bleat or low,
 The birds in the breezes singing, In our streams the fishes glow.
 Whose products other realms' excel? In your joyous relations
 Flora! Pomona! Ceres! tell, The Granary of Nations.
 The star pestilence of the Yanks, Blighting both health and morals
 Never hath assailed our ranks, Or blasting scorch'd our laurels.
 God make us aye victorious, To Thee all we have we owe!!
 Sing! the British Flag is o'er us; Exult ONTARIO.



THE TRENT AFFAIR.

THE NORTHERN VULTURE LOWER'D HIS BEAK,
 AND YANKEE DOODLE EAT THE LEEK.

THE MAID OF ONTARIO.

One of the National Songs of Upper CANADA (of which there are three hundred and sixty-five).

Adapted to a Nandowessian (North American Indian) Air.

"Now by clear floods reflecting soothing shade,
We chaunt the love strains of the darling maid."

OVID. NIC. HEINSIUS. Amsterdam Edit., 1661. 3 vols., 12mo. Translated by the Author of the LONDONIAD.

Embroidering under the MAPLE shade
On the borders of her native stream,
Joyously singing sat a lovely maid,
Lull'd by soft whisp'ring breezes, to dream.
Over cataracts wrapt in mid-day blaze
O'er vari'gated forests you go,
Lost, a lone bird! in the evening haze
Far from your belov'd ONTARIO.
Her Guide! the ill omen'd Vulture doth swoop
Screaming; here are the "Infernal States"
To receive her, behold a ghastly troop
Are ranged on the coast; of Evil Fates.
Th' damsel, alas, unavailingly mourned;
Her hopes were fled, her heart was nigh burst,
As she her future destiny discerned,
Thus cast among a race so accurst.

I'd rather lie in a rattle-snake's lair,
In ague marshes dreary and dank;
I'd rather be hugged by a grizzly bear,
Than be curtain'd in darkness with Yank.
O where are the brave and noble U. E.'s,
Our English, our Irish, and our Scotch?
Why did I traverse the Upland Seas
To be married to a Yankee botch?
But happily soon the spell was broke;
—May the breath of Heaven fan Ada,
She in her vine trellised bower awoke,
And found herself still in CANADA.

P.S.—The above Poem hath been copyrighted, as, too, have all the others in the LONDONIAD.

NOTE.—Among the more exciting legends connected with the Settlement of UPPER CANADA is one relating to a daughter of one of our pioneer families, who at noon swooned away; but "whether in the spirit I cannot tell, or out of the spirit I cannot tell;" and passing over the great chain of Western lakes was forced into the embrace of a horrible Yankee. This took such effect upon her mind that she ever afterwards trembled with terror, and I may say "Vengeance for her (seeming) undoing," when relating this "the most frightful dream that she ever had."—DUNLOP'S MEMOIRS.

Dr. Dunlop, whose curious Will we have lately seen, came from Scotland. He was a Member in the Parliament of UPPER CANADA—the most learned Member in that Assembly, and of a consequence upon the Continent of America.—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

INSCRIPTION FOR ENTERPRISE.

Who is the happy warrior? who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who hath wrought
Among the plans of real life.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Extract from a letter in regard to the following short poem.

"We were amused, instructed, and if you will permit us to say thus much, inspired by the singular lines you wrote (for) us, when (we were) about to

enter upon our tremendous undertaking. We placed it (them in illuminated writing) over the entrance to every hall, passage, and room in our establishment, the largest (in their line) in the universe (I should suppose that "the world" is here meant.—J. T. S. L.) Every letter ought to be worked (set in) diamonds; we have it stamped in the inside of all our pocket books."

"That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom."

JOHN MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, Book 8th, line 193-4.

We'll lay our plans, and then those plans pursue,
True to ourselves, we're then to others true.
Our energies not waste in mindless aims;
We live in Time, and Time presents its claims;
We'll apply the surveillance of Lictors
To our tempers (!) and come forth at last as Victors.

SAINT TAMMENUND'S CATHEDRAL.

We will invoke the aid of the most renowned Architect of our times.

"Who, like Sir Gilbert, now was blest."

HANNAH MOORE's *Florio*. Part II.

"There are many traditions which speak of the character of Tammenund."—

FENIMORE COOPER.

But he must not be confounded

"With gods and heroes of a fabling age."

To our Aboriginal Saint and Chief we are about erecting a fane that for strength and magnificence shall surpass all others upon that continent, for richness that of Mexico, and for vastness that of Montreal. Soon may we hear

"Great applause among the people,
The Cathedral bells ring."

—ARCHBISHOP OF GENOA's *Golden Legend*.

And, as the American Indian looks upon any work of a superior kind as emanating from Deity, who inspired the artist, and calls it the deed of Manito performed by his (children) daughter or son, even so will this temple be made the repository of every Art and Science.

Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame—
Fair Virtue's silent train; supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates."

ALEXANDER POPE, *The Temple of Fame*.

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.

Translated and Paraphrased by the Author of the LONDONIAD, for the Altar of Saint Tammenund's Cathedral, and wrought by native Illuminators.

Dear Pan! and ye other gods whomsoever ye may be,
To be good within in the first place I pray give to me;
And as for outward circumstances that meet Demos' eyes,
Let them be such as may with th' interior harmonise,
And such as from which alone true enjoyment can arise.
Make me to know in Time below, O Long Enduring Pan:
This, that the wise man only is the truly wealthy man;
Gold, grant me, but that which I, sober-minded, may employ
With benefit to others, and such as may all enjoy
Without a sense of detriment or ill effects to clay.

Laert.—*Xenoph.*—*Plato*—*Paus.* 1, 22.—*Plut. de op. Phil.*, &c.—*Cic. de Orat.*, 1, 54.—*Tusc.* 1, 41, &c.—*Val. Max.*, 3, 4.—*Ælian*, V. H., 7, 10, 9, 7, 11, 12.—*Diog. in Socrates*.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

(The Maritimal Poem.)

The shipwrecked men, half frantic, see
The Lifeboat ploughing toward them now.

Nicholas Michell, 1862.

NORTHUMBERLAND ! the song be His, and heard on every sea —
The Life-boat ! life-boat as it is, and as it ought to be.
SALVATION ! since the hour 'twas heard in Palestine,
Ne'er yet display'd its power in act to equal Thine.
Th' Mariner amidst the storm—an universe in motion—
Views Thee as an angel form upon the wing'd ocean.
When the day of routine's past, and merit gaily smiles,
Great Percy, to Thee at last shall rise the marble piles ;
Thy monument shall be the Earth, the Sea Thy trump of fame ;
Planets and races at their birth shall flash and sing Thy Name.
Gladly I'd prolong the strain which so inspires my mind,
But soon to Thee I'll sing again, thou second Saviour of Mankind !

THE IRON POEM.

HENRY BESSEMER.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1867. Diploma of Honour, Vienna, 1873.
And over One Hundred Prizes of various kinds.

(Patents in every civilized country.)

Please see " Henry Bessemer : A Scientific Biography."

INSCRIBED TO THE

EARL DUDLEY,

EARL OF LICHFIELD,

EARL GRANVILLE,

SIR JOHN BROWN.

Give me Iron.—*Romeo and Juliet.*Steel and wrought so fine.—*John Dryden.*Fifty years hence and who shall hear of Henry ?—*Henry Kirke White.*All the World.—*William Shakespeare.*

Iron ! what art thou ? Ask the Artistic bard ;
Of metals th' most abundant, useful, hard.
Thee might well the enlighten'd nations prize,
For thou hast done much more to civilise
The world, and lift our country to renown,
Than any other metal to us known.
Look o'er the globe ; who was't their freedom sold,
Those wretched races, in desire for gold ?
Who was the presiding Genius o' the main ?
Who held the Western World ? Was it not Spain ?
What was she once ? what do we now behold ?
A coward nation, sunk thro' lust of Gold :
But courage, honour, and faith environ
Th' race of giant minds that keep to Iron.
Oh, well we know what Iron doth impart ;
'Tis God's Spirit breathed into every art.
Mightiest Painters now enthron'd on high,
The suns and systems of our moral sky,

With Iron oxides pigments do supply.
 In Chemistry thy combinations vast
 Into the shade all other metals cast;
 Nor in the mineral kingdom can we find
 One like thee to string the nerves, expand th' mind.
 Lo! Electricity, which fills the whole
 Creation round as with a living soul.
 In Magnetism, too, and such as these,
 We traverse rolling orbs and flying seas,
 Yea, all that I here name or trace,
 And millions more, from Iron Spring.
 Of Iron, and our Iron race,
 I yet in lengthen'd strain may sing.



BARON GRIFFITHS'

IRON TRADE EXCHANGE.

Established June, 1849.

OFFICE, 84, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

—Cambro-Briton in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in Romantic tale.

John Philips, "The Splendid Shilling."

We require Personages with whom to correspond on
 Important subjects hence from all in Imperial London,
 Having consign'd more than 1000 others to Charon,
 I choose for at least one great purpose ye Famous Baron,
 He will all information give relative to Iron;
 Never since o'er the Ægean pass'd Immortal Myron,
 Or existed that great Educator, classic Chiron,
 Was ever equal known, to Him of whom your minstrel sings,
 Illustrious descendant of the old Cambrian Kings,
 Who stands singly and colossus-like? My Hero he ranks
 High, as erst when at the head of one of England's greatest Banks,
 His Dominion is all the World and his spirit doth range
 The whole extent of Being, thro' Griffiths' Iron Trade Exchange,
 And Mining Engineer; welcom'd through either Hemisphere.
 This th' only Periodical my muse will represent,
 Throughout our rising Empire of the rosey Occident.
 In all their myriad Languages with rival nations
 Enlighten'd, he holds telegraphic communications;
 Firms, Companies, and Governments continually do send
 To Him, and on his integrity entirely depend.
 He knoweth the wants of ev'ry country beyond the foam,
 And personally ev'ry Iron Master in Britain home.
 Yea, He whom the Art Muses here with Bay and Myrtle crown
 Hath raised Firms, Companies, and Empires into Renown,
 His Guide to the Iron Trade of Great Britain well is known,
 And of which He is the Author and Proprietor sole,
 Famed thro' equatorial climes and those of either pole.
 One word! in Corresponding, listen to the Son of Song—
 The Baron's time being precious, let not your Letters be long.
 When first I did mine eyes upon our Jove-like Hero clap
 I knew that he must have descended from Great Griffiths' Ap-
 something, nor wanting in mental might, nor physical girth,
 Creator of th' later renaissance, who rapt to New Birth,
 Modes of vending Iron, Man's Civiliser, o'er the Earth.

BENHAM AND FROUD

(PRIZE MEDAL, 1851; TWO PRIZE MEDALS, 1862), WHOLESALE BRAZIERERS AND COPPER-SMITHS, MOULD MANUFACTURERS, COPPER, ZINC, AND IRON BATH MAKERS, BRASS AND ZINC WORKERS, 40, 41, and 42, Chandos Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C. Manufacturers of Copper and Zinc Casements, Lanterns, Skylights, Sashes, Vanes, &c., Roofs covered with Zinc or Copper. Kitchen Utensils Retinned for the Trade.

He who the foundation laid of St. Paul's was Sir John Denham,
But he who topp'd it with a Cross was our hero Benham.—*Memoir.*
——and Froud.—*Pope's Farewell to London.*

The symbol of their exalted fame th' minstrel now recalls
In London, the Ball and Cross high towering on St. Paul's.
There with all th' Arts thro' ev'ry age proclaim to climes aloud
Titanian works performed by Messrs. Benham and Froud.
London to them aye long ago did highest place assign,
And the Imperial Isles rank them the princes of their line,
In this, for our New Capital they shall supply each want,
In all its New Hotels and Parliamentary Restaurant.

The MS escaped the fire not unmutilated, but please see next LONDONIAD.

Upon the Apex of our mental world they stand A No. 1, as they say at Lloyds. Their medals and money prizes exceed in number and value those obtained by any other firm in any country. There are many Catalogues in the world known by various names. I call theirs the Wonderful Catalogue, and should the cuts and letter-press be still in typographical parlance standing, I will cause some copies to be struck off in vellum, for they will certainly each become the "well-thumbed vol.," and I myself will personally represent our family firm in the British Occident.

Some ply the pipes and some the engines play,
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

John Dryden.

They stand Letter A and Number One at every Exhibition,
Theirs MEDALS of HONOUR and FIRST PRIZES in every competition.

MERRYWEATHER AND SONS,

FIRE-ENGINE AND FIRE-ESCAPE MANUFACTURERS,
HYDRAULIC AND GENERAL ENGINEERS, COPPER-SMITHS, BRASS FOUNDERS, &c., 63, Long Acre, W.C., and York Street, York Road, Lambeth, S. London. All Correspondence to be addressed to 63, Long Acre, W.C.

Next Monday said a scion of the great Peter Perry, weather Permitting, you at the Fire Engine of Merryweather I'll meet; there you'll see the greatest triumph under heaven Of science. He spoke truth, for the only award given For Fire Engines was to them at Paris '67, And when the high adventurous muse of Arts did take her Flight over England, she settled only in Long Acre.

And here she hail'd the practical Merryweather and Sons,
 From whence as once the legendary aradel fons,
 Ocean-like or storm-bird-wing'd o'erflew the solar mons.
 Why wonder? Hear! from the billowy labyrinth arose,
 And enfountaining Engines th' well-spring thro' a mile of hose,
 When each Fire Brigade's delegate met in ONTARIO,
 And their Engine streams amethystine spray'd in evening's glow,
 The Palm, rightly awarded, did to Merryweathers' go,
 Sherbrook, Whitby, Frontenac, Belleville, City of the Bay—
 From the Eastern townships up to those of the setting day,
 OTTAWA the capital, TORONTO Queen of the West,
 In all Merryweathers' Engines unrivalled stand confest.
 Thro' ev'ry settlement of our late created nation
 Merryweathers' Fire Engines are th' Heralds of Salvation.
 Who saw them at th' trials upon th' almost classic banks of Seine,
 When from 100 nations saved, they did new triumphs gain,
 Parnassian dews must ever my heroes' laurels drench,
 They supply the British Government, and that, too, of the French,
 And we behold them now at all the principal stations
 Of Municipalities, yea all the Corporations
 Of th' Imperial Home-Jules and of all Foreign nations.
 We welcome them for Presentation to each Pioneer
 Family Illustrious in Past or eye to mem'ry dear,
 Of th' more extended Britain in the Western Hemisphere.
 In every contest Merryweathers' 1st were reckon'd,
 And the Battle cry of Rivalry, "Who shall be 2nd?"
 In their two establishments, glory of our age and land,
 All of the accessorial they ever have on hand,
 An aerialised Niagara their standards set forth'd,
 Competition they swamp as they do st. Fires of the World.
 Th' Flame-fiend storm'd away like Hades before Messiah,
 Contestants like prosey imps fore th' rapt songs of Isaiah.
 Small were the Elemental demon's power to destroy,
 Had our Family firm been there this genius to deploy,
 From the Great Fire of Londonium back to blazing Troy.
 And soon shall they supply thro' me each Colonial want,
 For th' moderate and larger size of Candle Making Plant.
 We their apparatus greet with very great elation,
 For th' Manufacture of Stearine by distillation,
 For such when guests, CANADA will give them an ovation.
 By them are First Class Operatives sent to every part
 "Of this terrene" habitable, works to erect or start,
 With their achievements bright do Lambeth and Long Acre glow,
 Lo those whose names grac'd th' LONDONIAD decades long ago,
 Sir Wm. Armstrong (all are great,) R. Stephenson and Co.,
 Too we note at Moscow before the Grand Duke Constantine;
 How th' Saving Sciences in all their elements combine,
 He gave them the Gold Medal saying, "You all th' world outshine,"
 The appreciatory with th' philosophic blended
 For its Frost proof arrangements were by him much commended.
 Boreas since that eventful time ne'er made entry on
 Merryweathers' Engine in latitude Septentrion,
 And here the arduous Minstrel CANADA apprises
 Their Steam Fire Engines are made in six different sizes.
 Those deeds not as adjuncts or collaterals have they dared,
 For the Sire of course, and eke the Sons were in the business rear'd.
 Fire Engines I in their various names will bring in vogue,
 And in all polite languages the kinds will catalogue.
 (— In this Heaven-born Era's advent keep back th' Yankee rogue
 Nought of star and stripe or "State"
 Shall CANADA contaminate,
 And thro' our Empire-Colony my energies will give

To introduce their works as unpaid representative.

Not only in the Imperial parent Isles,
Fama on the great name of Merryweather smiles.

I hear subaqueous forms and rills as they darkling roll together,
Sing, we will yet mount the Solar hills thro' the might of Merryweather.
Not only in the sunrise dominions of the Morn
Is their Oriflamme of the later Salvation borne;
A suspended sea planet-islanded which beams enweave,
Flouting magically ye winds of the roseate Eve;
Wonder! that to one Hymning sphere is rapt th' exulting World
Which looks our famed and favoured firm with peculiar grace on;
In characters of living light emblaz'd their flag's unfurled,
They're th' only race on Earth that out-rival Shand and Mason.

I was politely asked by one of our principal colonists to call upon some other firm or company, which I did. I found the Head personage very genial and civil, but I immediately became convinced that such an one was too small for my purpose. I, therefore, decided upon taking the great company, par excellence of Britain, which supplies the *élite* of the Imperial Home Islands from Royalty down through all the lessening grades of Landed proprietors.

JOHNSON BROTHERS AND COMPANY

(LIMITED),



ENGINEERS AND CONTRACTORS, 6, Waterloo Place,
Pall Mall, London, S.W. PATENTEES AND
MANUFACTURERS OF IRON FENCES for English,
Foreign, and Colonial Railways; for Colonial
Sheep Runs; for Canada, Australia, New Zealand,
the East Indies, Cape Colony, South America, &c.; and for
home use in Parks, Ornamental Grounds, Pastures, Fields, &c.;
Wrought Iron Entrance Gates and Ornamental Ironwork;
PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS OF GLASS AND IRON BUILDINGS on
Improved Principles for Hot Houses and Conservatories and all
descriptions of Horticultural Buildings, for Railway Stations and
Platform Covers, Covered Markets, Studios, Sanatariums, Covered
Homesteads, &c.


My song to horticulture might extend.—*Virgil.*

Personages of taste stone barriers would not desire,
And th' wooden kind is liable to destruction by fire,
Hence for Horticultural purposes, those made of Wire.
Ours th' Manufacturers, not mere consignees or factors,
But the Practical Engineers and world-famed Contractors.
I examined well their *stronger standards*; and after that
Decided upon discarding ye upright yclep'd *flat*.
What e'er claim Massachusetts' Yank' may have, alleging
That his are best, I choose the Johnson system of Wedging.
Never more like hurdles that kept out floods from early Rome;
A perfect picture is render'd each Colonial home.
Let the Midlands and the North of the coarse unwieldy boast,
I'll guarantee the Johnson quality, and as to cost—
Nought equal can I trace of Pittsburghs, Bostons, or New Yorks,
In that of Waterloo Place and the Brockley Iron Works,
All their deeds immediately most fully I'll describe,
And introduce to the chiefs of each British native tribe,
While the arduous descendants of each Home British race,
I'll supply from th' Imperial Isles and Waterloo Place.


THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS POEM.

Hereafter our great Colonial orders to fulfil
 I go, certainly not to Chelsea nor to Brierley Hill.
 Our nations' not treated as Transvaali or Maories,
 Joy in Buildings for Hot houses and Conservatories,
 And we hail, though "th' Infernal States" (Milton) keep up a great eruption,
 Horticultural Buildings, Improvements of Construction;
 The environs of the Homesteads of our British races
 Never more the ordinary wooden house disgraces,
 Defects, and heavy erst (what our pioneers elated
 Is this, and let it be in Motherland and tongue stated)
 O' th' maintenance of Ordinary Houses obviated,
 The Framework of wrought iron extra of special sections,
 Ne'er become depressed, nor are they subject to deflections.
 Light they appear, are always strong, though small may be the weight,
 All these will tend to enhance their value regarding freight.
 While the *modus operandi* of applying the Glass,
 I'll show in a transparency as I through the nations pass.
 Eternal Science to these structures doth soul-light impart
 Nature blooms in ceaseless spring 'mid those perfect works of Art.
 A season, yet have to run my CANADA debentures,
 Then with th' Head Co. of the world shall be my prime of ventures.

THE GATE POEM.

 The Author's University 1st Prize Gate Poem appears in the 3rd LONDONIAD; it will be reprinted, together with Messrs. Johnson Brothers and Company's poem as they appear in this the 100th LONDONIAD, in one of the Seven Vols. CANADA Elephant Folio Edition now being prepared for the Press.

Our Company's real Art "STUDIES OF WROUGHT IRON ENTRANCE GATES"
 (To equal in vain have striven th' so-called United States,
 And which came upon these Robbers like to a sirocco),
 I've placed in our Great Library bound in best Morocco,
 Together with separate and collective Catalogue,
 Glory—deeds! therein represented I will bring in vogue,
 And *pro personis* will every act et motive give,
 Them throughout th' Occident as unpaid Representative.

 ART and LITERATURE! that Time nor storm shall e'er invade;
 The Greatest Names and Largest Number e'er on List display'd,
 Those supplied by our Co., and that grace the LONDONIAD.



JAMES MUIRHEAD'S

FINE ART GALLERY, 24, Cornhill, London.
 E.C.—JOSEPH MORBY, Manager.

In framing Artists, Art hath thus decreed
 To make some good, but others to exceed.

Your Gallery
 Have we pass'd through, not without much content.
 William Shakespeare.

A host of others have presented me their cards, for by
 Th' trust-worthy house hailing as Manager Mr. Morby,
 Whose name I with emotion to memory here recall
 As being to me first introduced by Samuel Carter Hall,
 And now from where each sunlit river rolls toward th' Morn-hill
 Of Gaspé reddening from the west, we'll fondly greet Cornhill;
 And Squire James Muirhead's name to us will be a guarantee
 Of truthfulness in our larger Britain beyond the Sea,

From all of the erst secret and wiley I change the venu,
 And say that a suspensory clause in the Revenue
 Will be the occasion of introducing Works of Art
 Thro' out our mighty New Dominion in every part.
 Here we find such not only of the Modern British School,
 But James doth over the best of various countries rule.
 Thus our Great Colonial Families will gladly correspond on,
 This and these thro' me with him in the centre of London.
 Driving down thro' the Empire State, I stayed at Ithaca,
 Where our prime-Chief was propounding his Pinacotheca,
 He ask'd me to be kindly pleas'd to give verbal strictures
 On my Heroes' resource, and their mode of vending Pictures.
 (Th' words which I spake there and then soon will meet the public ear).
 Thither home beyond Niagara, abrupt vale & torn hill,
 In time shall greet us magnificent Pictures from Cornhill,
 And here I turn extatic as unto a spirit shrine,
 These Bronzes such as we adore and yoleped Florentine.
 As a people I have ever admired the French for taste,
 Who are even in their general Manufactures chaste;
 But I know a quasi-Frenchified Classic at a glance,
 And I say, here, how long'st since you emigrated from France?
 Here at least to French Arts-deeds I shout no Io Paen
 Such objects partaking too much of the Mephistophelsen.
 While the German Bronzes ranking very far below theirs,
 May be styled handy works of merest manufacturers.
 My being's changed! strings of a living lyre pulsations start
 Life's refluxant tide is lightning, O' High Italian Art;
 Glorious, Eternal Italy, the Prime of Stations
 Yours, Mental Sol of the Universe the Soul of Nations.
 We may not think that the Old Masters' Works abound
 In every Mart, for very few are there in the Market to be found.
 Nor ever may we hope to place them with our Household Gods,
 They seem to have taken up their Everlasting abodes
 In Palatial or public Hall, thence in vain we try—
 To purchase, the cry is still "we never sell, we only buy,"
 (At my mother's place in London (England) is a Murillo,
 Which I always bear with me across the Atlantic billow,
 And I would think the world for me were incomplete
 Did it not every day my presence greet,
 For thirteen years I sought this priceless treasure to obtain,
 Passed and repassed how oft I may not say the Western Main,
 And shall it be thought that this Soul-delight, which I love so well
 Could ever be offered by the Adoring Bard to sell,
 Never; I'd rather sell my body for a galley slave,
 Than part with it for pay or aught on this side of the Grave.)
 Destin'd to shine with "brightest orbs in Glory's Sky"
 (Thos. Campbell) Ye *Via lactea* to existing times,
 Genius' wonder-way o'er Earth, irradiates its climes.
 All these and more your Finance delegate salutes,
 For our mighty New Dominion's Homesteads all Institutes.
 Hither the more enlightened connoisseurs of Britain home,
 Eke those O' Foreign climes sure of Honourable treatment come,
 As will our Native and adopted races o'er the foam.

The Author of the LONDONIAD is *au fait* at works in Sculpture, Bronzes, the Ceramic and Decorative Arts, the Styles of all ages, Plastic and Graphic in and on all substances, but were a vendor to say unto him in regard to any peculiar painting, "This is an original," he would not like to retort by saying, "It is not." The onus declaratory is removed from him by the introduction here of our enlightened Proprietor, and Manager, who from their experience and eminence can or might be supposed to use those words with a good grace; hence thus relieved like Cardinal Wolsey, he is fain to exclaim,

I feel my heart new open'd.

There are nearly as many stove makers in England as there are Lamp Makers in Yankeeedom, but no one in Europe or in British America uses a Yankee Lamp, but all the world sends to England for Stoves. I alone in former years supplied fourteen Hundred of Dr. Arnott's stoves to those regions around the Upper Lakes of CANADA on one order. He received the royalty and I the percentage, but here we see the Great Association which stands out like a Colossus of Rhodes in isolation from the rest in the Home-lands, and which hath won first Prizes and Diplomas at every Exhibition, and what we all must value far above and beyond all these—their use extending into every civilized nation, and the tributes paid to their unexampled excellence by those sons of light, the moving spirits of our Age.

THE LONDON WARMING AND VENTILATING COMPANY,



Offices—23, Abingdon Street, Westminster, S.W.
Mr. Woodcock, Manager. Exhibition Medal,
London, 1862; Medaille d'Honneur, Paris, 1867;
Royal Society Medal, Dublin, 1869; and First
Prizes or Diplomas in every Competition.

The "Gurney Stove" is used in the Department of Science and Art, in Twenty Cathedrals, including St. Paul's and York Minster, and in more than 2,200 Churches, Public Buildings and Private Houses in England alone; also very extensively in France, Russia, Sweden and the Continent generally.

"Hail Woodcock——"

Sir John Denham's Poems.

What object can be more important, say,
To our health and comfort in the present day,
Than this, the best of all efficient modes
O' warming and ventilating our abodes?
None! whose attainment seems to be
So entirely simple in theory,
But in practice difficulties countless, vast,
In every branch of Science unsurpass'd,
Till our Immortal Company arose,
And did the secrets of pure health disclose;
And the main feature of that great success,
Which doth their great unrivall'd system bless
(And may be traced to a natural cause),
Was the right application of those laws
Of convection and conduction of heat,
Under which the air is warm'd (so complete)
And moisten'd in ratio exact,
With its increasing temperature kept intact,
And thus as surely as the fiat of fate
Preserved in a natural and a healthy state.
Science no higher reference affords
Than th' "Report of the Committee of the Lords,"
Which I have, too, been lately poring o'er,
Printed July 19, 1854.
Throughout the length and breadth of all our land,
We find this glorious system in demand;
And Gurney's world-wide fame 's a guarantee
'Twill triumph soon beyond each bounding sea.
Now while rallying mem'ry it recalls
What th' great Sydney Smith said of St. Paul's,
And which did antique ventilators vex,
"You might as well attempt to warm up Middlesex;"

Nevertheless, it has by us been done,
 Science's greatest triumph 'neath the sun.
 Museums alone, nor legislative piles,
 Hospitals, and in cathedral aisles;
 Through edifices once so chill and dank,
 The healthy currents flow, and who to thank?
 "The Harmony of sounds to Dr. Burney,
 That of Science to Sir Goldsworthy Gurney."

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

Gladly I'd mention all, but they're many,
 The honour'd names that form our Company;
 But I'm directed by the Muse, my Mentor,
 To hail th' Manager, Secretary, Inventor.
 More than with the burning ardour of "Knyghte, in joust or tourney"
 Shall Chronos in new life turn adoringly to "Gurney,"
 Even as Gheber and eke Druid, having affiance
 Too, in fiery glow, I worship here the blaze of Science,
 Fame's trump for "Gurney" thro' th' world hath Being bereft
 Of other sound, there is no space for echo left.
 Testimonials innumerable as rays that wing the day,
 As sands that strand the Ocean or its particles of spray.
 From the brightest sons of light that ever Graced Minstrel's lay,
 Because of these and more, we've lately form'd a fund,
 (Though the Sacred College here unmercifully hath pun'd)
 For the Cathedral of our Native Saint hight Tammenund;
 Still uncanonized! Yet in "the next age" (Bacon) I wis
 He filling th' world with glory will soar th' apotheosis,
 While CANADA for aye ousting th' so-called united states,
 Greets Squire Woodcock's *modification*—Patent Fresh Air Grates.

THE LONDON WARMING AND VENTILATING COMPANY,



OFFICES—23, Abingdon Street, S.W., Westminster
 (nearly opposite the Victoria Tower). SOUTHBY'S
 PATENT GAS-HEATING STOVE. The only Gas-
 Heating Stove that is at the same time econom-
 ical and wholesome. Show Rooms—214,
 Tottenham Court Road, W. THE ECONOMIC GAS RANGE AND ROASTER
 COMPANY (ON SOUTHBY'S PATENTS), which combine the greatest
 economy with perfect freedom from smell.

Chosen by the catering cognoscenti in competition with 1,500 specimens of
 American Manufacture, for the Parliamentary Restaurants in the Capital of
 Canada.

Creniverem to me thro' Konquawis, the word of mouth by
 Sent for 1,000 Gas-Heating Stoves, thy Patent Southby!
 These the only Gas-Heating Stoves I ween that at the same
 Time, attributes o' Economy and wholesomeness may claim,
 This the Stove that warms and ventilates all parts of a Room
 At much less cost than some Inventors can presume
 To claim for theirs (they with "empiric puff'd pretence" embued)
 As we've felt, even around th' immediate neighbourhood.
 But more especially I note our Major Domo approves
 The Graduate-Isolated denominated Pillar Stoves.
 We've driven th' Yanks out, as Cornubians say "one and all,"
 And hie hitherward for Stoves to set flat against the Wall.
 And in each Winter Garden, which th' West so greatly prizes,
 I place Southby's Conservatory Stoves in two sizes.

For Nursery, Pavillon, Wigwam, eke for Shanty,
 You'll find Southby's Stoves, as our Scottish friends would say, canty.
 Lo Warming-Stove and Water Boiler both in one combined—
 Better than aught of the kind that in Yankee we find.
 Section of Stove! (To Paen! Your Boots, be after botting)
 Illustrative of the Action and mode of setting,
 This in a Transparence I intend to have painted,
 In order to make all Canada therewith acquainted.
 Not to ye triune firm we go, each a Queen Street boaster,
 But hither for the Economic Gas Range and Roaster.
 The various kinds immediately I will catalogue.
 And in our Legislative Restaurants them bring in vogue.
 From him whom we prize'd more than a piece o' *capo di Monte*,
 A *Natural treasure*! what time he lived in *Toronto*,
 Yea! and our Head Colonists will gladly correspond on
 These, thro' me, with Boss Southby in Imperial London.

Sir David Brewster was the chosen Hero as Optician of a former LONDONIAD, and the nearest approach to Him in our day is the practical gentleman of Science and the Author. Were not our age now graced by his existence, there had been a blank of Instrument Makers in this the 100th LONDONIAD, for while there are others—some mere vendors, as many in number as hips and haws (said by the enemies of our climate to be the only fruit indigenous to Britain) upon the hedges of our country in pre-Druidical times, there is only One in the Victorean Era and England who, placed above the reach of envy, can look down upon the competitive conflict raging below and say, I may not blame you for stealing my name away, or for veiling the merits of my achievements. You make a greater and more varied use of my name than I am willing to allow. When the gate of a desired market in any district is closed to your productions, like the *sesame* of the Arabian Nights you open it with the name of Stanley. Yes; but let us be sure that they are our Hero's own. The name of Stanley is a passport to scientific deeds in every zone.

WM. F. STANLEY,



MANUFACTURING OPTICIAN, THEODOLITES, LEVELS,
 AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS,
 MATHEMATICAL AND DRAWING INSTRUMENTS MANUFACTURED BY SELF-ACTING MACHINERY, ENGINE DIVIDER, CONTRACTOR TO

BRITISH, COLONIAL, AND FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS, Great Turnstile,
 Holborn, London, W.C.

"One after one the lords of time advance;
 Here Stanley!"

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

What cannot art and industry perform
 When Science plans the progress of their toil?

Dr. James Beattie.

"Stanley," Plantagenet, Bosworth what did alarm ye on,
 And *vide* Sir Walter when war's storm did no longer falter,
 On! Stanley on! were the last words of (Chieftain) Marmion.
 The Yankee Vulture no more upon CANADA preying,
 Pallas calls; ring land and sea to the glory of England.
 All of Instruments for Drawing and eke for Surveying;
 And though she did th' genius of 50 nations shelve I ween
 Gave here the Prize Exhibition '82 Class 13.
 'Twas early remark'd by our Governor, Sir J. Colborne,
 A rising man you'll soon descry at Great Turnstile, Holborn.

Prescient Sir John! "the entire triperial Kingdom yields
 Now, to our practical Gentleman by Lincoln's Inn Fields.
 Yea, he hath seal'd Fame's highest steep, that more than Alpine Ridge,
 Thro' science solar blaze; lo! Railway Approach, London Bridge.
 As by attraction I was drawn from my native Torwood,
 To ye Optical Works excelling Boston's and New York's,
 So famous through the world, Meridional Norwood,
 I note that my hero's products all are vended net,
 But I for one at least this circumstance should not regret,
 Th' drawback on percentage will be by mighty orders met,
 And as his deeds will bear the impress of the Stanley name,
 This will be the greater passport thro' ev'ry land to fame;
 And though others, almost nameless would steal his name away,
 Over Science's eternal empire Stanley beareth sway,
 And irradiates ev'ry clime from morn to setting day,
 His complete stock of goods suitable for us o'er the floods,
 From where Superior flouts th' sky to where doth disembugue
 The Laurentine floods in Ocean, his works I'll bring in vogue,
 To him Author and Member of learned Societies
 Our Western Zones defer in all their varieties.
 Ere his Descriptive Treatise to a grateful world appeared,
 Nought but the "thrice told tale" yea, for the thousandth time was heard,
 Decade after long decade the same trite remarks were made.
 See ev'ry principle that mere dabblers sought to advance,
 Wrapt in clouds erst gather'd round those who wrote in Ignorance,
 But when my hero did his well trained faculties enlist,
 He revolutionised the world of mind, Encyclopedist
 And Annotator stood abash'd 'fore the new Creator,
 Till at length they began as if inspired to learn style,
 &c., from our renown'd thaumaturgus Great Turnstile,
 And if they rose in light of Science, that long had sorrow'd,
 'Twas because they shone in beams from Stanley borrow'd,
 A Minervian Iliad all in stern defiance
 Of Time, might here ensplendor Eternity thro' Science.
 Not only ranks he highest in England as purveyor
 Mentale, but he could act as practical Surveyor;
 Forest, Desert, Steppe, Pampas, Prairie, Ilanos; not yield
 Would he to, but claim rank with the best that ever took the field.
 In Afric's Mystic clime is Stanley known, his deeds are borne,
 In armaments to all th' dusky myriads of the Morn;
 They circle the poles and wing the Equatorial seas,
 Triumph in ONTARIO, and at the Antipodes;
 He beside doth give his cognomenal appellative
 To many an ingenious well constructed Instrument,

(Here they are catalogued)

With which he supplies Governments beneath a hundred skies,
 That no 2nd ~~3rd~~ Instruments are here sold is known well,
 Such are got up by others, like Wolcott's Razors "to sell."
 Eras to Nations, and to various generations
 God gives great men; W. F. S. I believe was born
 To be th' Globe's Illuminator and 'ts ev'ry age adorn,
 For th' Illustrious pioneers of our uprising nation
 I invoke his aid solely, in works of Presentation.

*. Sir David Brewster appears in a former LONDONIAD.

I have placed Mr. Stanley's Book in our Parliamentary Library, and
 that I have studied the same well myself will be seen in "CANADA," 7 vols.,
 elephant folio.

I have received 75 cards from so many so-called Shirtmakers. Some were only drapers, or their businesses so mixed up with other productions that, like John Bright's Scotch terrier, it would be impossible to say which was head or which was tail; but James McDaid hath so entirely devoted his energies, mental and physical, to ye nether Habilliment, and so entirely master of his position have I found him, that to him, and him alone, I intend introducing the names and custom of our better class of storekeepers living in the various provinces of British North America. Our enlightened Indian Chiefs and their tribes will be supplied at first hand through me.



JAMES McDAID,

SHIRT AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER, Spa Factory,
Blue Anchor Lane, Bermondsey, London, S.E.
Office—78, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

A well-made shirt is an incentive to virtue; a badly-made shirt, or a shirt out of order—(repair or without buttons?)—causeth a greater degree of irritation to muscle and spirit, and more ill language thereby oftentimes affrighteth ye auricular organ within the space of a few minutes than may be allayed in many months, or atoned for during the whole aftercourse of a lifetime devoted, through ardour, to the higher duties of Humanity.—*Orator of the West.*

Among the British Manufacturers of the LONDONIAD

I only choose in his line the practical James McDaid,
Whose fame excelleth that of Krutz, or Grinling, or Hollar,
In all relating to nether habilliment or collar.

For him I ope' the markets of Settlements and Stations;
Races o' British origin, Aboriginal Nations

Listen as with ears entranc'd to Ye Shirts' rapt relations.

All the various kinds of modern shirts here meet the ken,

From those suiting refined and educated gentlemen,

At home in populous cities, to those now on survey,

A numerous colony, extending the British sway

Over all the roseate region: of the setting day;

And those acceptable to our 'venturous pioneers,

Each with our veritable Manufacturer appears,

Upon whom, in ordering, we may entirely depend,

From hence are well supplied all the great shops at the West End;

And what is't an exultant spirit in me arouses,

To James McDaid send for supplies all the City Houses.

And I who now keep the gates of our mighty Western Land,

Break il intermederio, and here deal at 1st 5s.

For Eternity would I all Being's realm command,

Disdaining to be in the cycle of time a mere mote,

I strike th' sphere absorbing Pallacan lyre, whose single note

Might midst new Creations rapt t' life, set brighter worlds afloat

O'er chaos; thus no tremulous lay blown on pipe so scannel,

For shirts of the purest linen, calico, and flannel.

Nor Bard of modern England; no, nor of Archaic Greece

Ever chose a theme like mine, outblazoning Dyer's *Fleece*.

We list to what doth ye Muse Polyhymnia assert

Neither Alexander, nor Caesar ever wore a shirt;

Nor did Jew Rabbins, according to Talmudic pages;

No; nor the Warrior Prelates of the Middle Ages.

Falstaff—but he was a braggart, a coward, and a sot,

His regiment had but "a shirt and a half" between the lot.

The Shirt beside P. N. Ovidius, did inspire a

Diodorus, Seneca, Hyginus—Dejanira!

"Dan Chaucer," and "A Pope" will, I ween something here declare,

While John Dryden's heroes it would seem were "shirted in air."

This must have been atmospheric pressure, Nares! who could bear.

Before Fortuna him unmercifully did pummel,
 A most immaculate shirt was wont to wear Beau Brummel,
 A Horsehair Shirt did Thomas A'Beckett's form environ,
 Ditto wore Saint Ulrick, beside this, one made of Iron,
 The stitches in a McDaid Shirt who shall their number fix;
 Erst they were 20,646.
 'Stead of seeking warmth by means of 2 Waistcoats to obtain
 Dr. A. Hunter saith "in travelling wear shirtes twaine."
 Sir Jeffery Dunstan, Mayor of Garrett, did by the size
 Of shirt collar judge of a voter's merit, to the eyes,
 When in altitude impasto appeared ye Cotton,
 He'd swear that th' wearer ne'er could belong to Borough rotten,
 Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, said "when 'll you give o'er
 Liquoring up?" Ans.—"When you wear those eye blinkers no more;"
 ('Bove all even in that clime of the Almighty dollar,
 Briggs wore to the eyebrows, a tremendous height of collar.)
 "Here you are!" not waiting to unbutton (R. Burns) "have at
 The Sublime," and ever after only wore a cravat.
 Ruth and Boaz inhabited one shirt—here's meant no offence,
 For so goes the legend; this was the age of innocence.
 There's one Shirt, the peculiarity and Patent his own,
 The CONSTITUTIONAL, destined to bring him much renown,
 And funds; Linen Front, Collar, and Cuffs, the rest of Flannel.
 Chronos speaks; I a century of decades empanel
 To declare the design unique, heedless of Yankee raid
 On Science' domain, my empire is for James MacDaid,
 Soon of the shirt again I'll sing and too in other mood;
 In other mode they're made than in thy life-time, Thomas Hood.
 Art muse, what said the redoubtable Commodore Hurran?
 And whose words were quoted by the great John Philpot Curran.
 He, Minerva's favoured son, who could both speak and sing,
 "I say, give me a shirt to put on before anything."
 Never more the cheating Yank our Native tribes shall cozen,
 Hail British make, for Manitoba 1,000 dozen.
 My last order for textilia was for sixteen miles of cotton from Alderman
 James Kershaw, M.P. for Stockport and Mayor of Manchester; his name is on
 my 6th list for, and his Poem appears in that LONDONIAD (the 6th) descriptive
 of Parliamentary Character. I am now about causing an order to be fulfilled
 for a mile and a half of Silk Velvet from Thomas Kemp and Sons. Dent and
 Allcroft are my Glovers, and I. and J. Morley my Hosiers.

CARLISLE AND CLEGG,

PAPER STAINERS,
 Warehouse—2, Great St. Thomas Apostle,
 Queen Street, E.C.
 Manufactory—Macclesfield Street, City Road,
 London.



What see you in those Papers?

Rich Hangings.—*Shakespeare.*

Here I traced Arts Decorative thro' all their glory zones,
 Till I soared the empyrean with Immortal Owen Jones,
 Whom I had chosen in the Home-lands from all the rest,
 As Decorator for the Capital of our "British West."
 I travers'd all the wonder-lands described by Ali Beg
 But the Scenes were paralleled by Messrs. Carlisle and Clegg.
 Every member that we have we ought to exercise,
 Whether, O Muse! it be the hands, the tongue, the brain, or eyes,
 (I feel and speak, concoct, and see with very great facility)
 Each classic age resuscitated in our time appears
 With all the rich ensplendouring of Mediæval years,

And in learning's glad revival thro' the Renaissance,
 Mæonides, Maro, N. P. Ovidius advance
 Etern Art, that sits sublime above the storm of time secure,
 Then portray'd enduring themes of highest literature,
 Their spirits spring anon to the living Artist's call
 And breathe in mystic forms along the soul-embazoned wall.
 No more a death-like pallor, the Art-Muse overcast her
 Thro' the cold blank, heart-chilling, room divisions in plaster,
 Th' Bard no more midst tapestries and leather hangings wanders,
 Classic Italy! *la belle France*! quaint old towns of Flanders.
 The frowning fates hurl stencil plates into time's remorseless seas
 Whence up like Orient Aphrodite, starts that of the Chinese.
 Academus et Lyceum, Knyghtes and retainers
 Re-live their lives of bliss or storm thro' our Paper Stainers,
 Floritaded here we get Geometrical and Set
 Too ye pilaster' or scroll-like Borderings that I scan—
 Awake! Raphael, live! loggia of the Vatican!
 Parnassian dews shall my heroes' laurals ever drench,
 For those tasteful designs ycleped *par excellence* French.
 Amid colours lively or subdued an unrivall'd stock
 Of myriad name, I welcome ye most substantial Flock.
 Never more to Massachusetts as was our wont ere while,
 All our Colonies look home to each dear Imperial Isle,
 But most to those destined to adorn many a high pile
 O'! building, whose deeds extending from septentrional seas,
 Aureola the world, from our centre to the Antipodes.
Textilia; Invention, Composition, Colouring,
 All of active genius do their practised Artists bring
 These the mantle of inspiration o'er the Minstrel fling,
 The first place in Britain all to our practical firm assign,
Au fait, in "the filling-up," as they are too in "outline,"
 In 16th LONDONIAD appeared Deputy Tegg,
 Worthy publisher, in the present Messrs. Carlisle and Clegg.
 That both our partners are pioneers is well known I wis,
 And such have in all ages soar'd the Apotheosis.
 In other mode than Cowley's angel in his skiey scarf
 I walk thro' their Manufactory from street on to the wharf,
 And although the Yank would fain our British kinsmen jostle
 From the Homesteads and Pavilions of our 4,000,000,
 Our Colonists hie too to Great Saint Thomas Apostle.

North Britain, the Midlands of England, Whitechapel, Islington, and various Houses in the City have presented me their cards. Some are mere sellers, some practice the capriccio, but for pure styles of Art and varieties of form and colour to meet the taste of Universal Man, no other Nation hath called England in her foremost champions of Decorative Art, my chosen heroes of the LONDONIAD.

Several copies *apropos* of the Author of the LONDONIAD's large work, CANADA Illustrated, will be got up in vellum covers for presentation. Institutes, &c., and herein especially I shall have to invoke the aid of Mr. Sparks.

This famous house has supplied the Government for more than thirty years.



CHARLES SPARKS,

VELLUM AND PARCHMENT MANUFACTURER, 9,
 Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; and at Cross
 Street, Bermondsey. Vellum and Parchment
 cut to any size.

I was not forgetful of Sparks.—*King Charles 1st of England.*

In the Sarcophagus they had the Books fresh as newly written, being written on parchment and vellum.—*Lord Bacon.*

And now it is that your financial delegate embarks
 From Imperial London, and the practical Charles Sparks.
 We never could use those sorts from Massachusetts sent,
 And which were all undeserving of the name of parchment.
 But now our argosies upon delighted Ocean toss,
 Laden from Salisbury Square and Street ycleped Cross,
 And our tribes in all Western languages I will tell 'em
 Where to get or white or green, the various kinds of Vellum,
 And though the Wolvine Yank alternate yelps and barks,
 For CANADA 7 vols I'll invoke thy aid Charles Sparks.
 'Twas said to me lang syne by gallant Captain Horril,
 You will find Charles Sparks a trustworthy wight for Forril,
 And in our colonial archives shall very soon be seen,
 Many of my famed Hero's skins, pure white or fadeless green,
 From where Montmorency roars, to where Niagara not slumbers,
 O'er joyous floods and lands I'll verbally repeat the *Numbers*;
 Or rather in a more general parlance apprizes
 Ye Bard, our Colonial institutes of the sizes,
 Ousting the Yank, observation me enables
 To turn upon that impious pack their rapping tables,
 And place in loved ONTARIO's lap Charles' luggage labels.
 All, the minstrel in his capacious memory marks
 That which shall embrace our records, hail Squire Charles Sparks.
 I rode the winds of centuries and gathered th' rays of all the days
 That ever flash'd on time, and lo! a miracle sublime;
 A thousand years had rolled away, yet are they all well kept?
 As if they just had sprung to life and not a decade had slept,
 The sentences all flew out and became transformed to larks,
 Thrilling their new morning with the Immortal name of Sparks.

Speak of Ajax defying thunder, here is one who with a more than
 "Heraclidan might" (Byron) hath flung back all the Collateral lightnings of
 Opposition with Deific power of will alone—of Mind, no contortion of muscle
 may here bespeak the merely physical, the Air; not a mere Agent represents
 the All Mover whose presence filleth up the Universe.

C. E. ZIMDARS,



PNEUMATIC AND ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ENGINEER,
 327, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. PATENTEE
 OF THE IMPROVED PNEUMATIC INDICATOR, BELL,
 AND DESPATCH TUBE. Patronised by Her
 Majesty's Office of Works, and all public In-
 stitutions in Britain. Works at Upper Holloway.

The race of all things here is to externate and turn things to be more pneu-
 matical and rare.—Lord Bacon.

ALL OTHER SYSTEMS PARTAKING OF THE ANNUNCIATORY AND TRANSMITABLE,
 HITHERETO Sought to be exemplified, HAVING PROVED TO BE UTTER FAI-
 LURES ARE NOW BEING RAPIDLY SUPERSEDED BY THAT OF C. E. ZIMDARS IN ALL
 THE GREAT INSTITUTES AND BY THE VARIOUS GOVERNMENTS OF POLITE NA-
 TIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

I thought that the Venti leaving their aërial cars,
 Had become transmigrated into C. E. Zimdars,
 I notice that this triumph of the human soul requires
 "Wondrous to tell" (Homer) no Battery, nor cranks nor wires,
 Soon to our Governmental Buildings these Pneumatic Bells
 I take, as to our Upper Lake craft, Institutes, Hotels,

Ye Indicator—ten apertures your Art Minstrel brings
 Air-holder, eke "press button." I press either—the Bell rings;
 No more as non-progressive by Yank be Britain twitted,
 Note, th' innumerable places where they have been fitted,
 Superior to th' Electric; I trace th' higher Science,
 I have said these no Battery need nor other appliance,
 To be kept in order. Sound it o'er each Western border,
 —Th' natural power whereby to ring let it be confess'd,
 Is Air in its normal condition being simply compress'd,
 A great advantage o'er the Electric your Bard declares,
 Once up there is no trouble and they ne'er require repairs.
 Th' same creative power brought to bear by C. E. Zimdars,
 Might rapt new elements to being and re-attune the Stars,
 (I note this exultingly as I on Atlantic toss,
 Taking my first meridian from Gray's Inn-road, King's Cross.
 Sol like some Saint with ardour filled is looking down from high,
 The halo of his extending glory rounding all the sky),
 "Truth is strange, stranger, than fiction" (Byron)
 This Illustrates the Zimdars' which Fama must environ,
 Equalling any scene I ween, in Spenser's Fairy Queen,
 Nor in the *Arabian Nights* can I the idea catch
 Of the Zimdars seeming magical Pneumatic Door Latch.
 Of the one we have, we once lost the India Rubber handle,
 Aught but blessings we gave the pilfering Yankee Vandal,
 Up stairs and down, thro' the halls screaming wildly "Where's the Knob?
 (Went "Jemima Ann" and "John Thomas,") "here's a pretty Job?"
 Never mind I said, and thro' the flexible tube I blew,
 When all at once the door, like Mr. Pickwick's, open flew;
 This can be perform'd (Miracle of Science and of Art,
 Though the Handle and the Door be 600 feet apart,
 Having thus in Science's Strain sung the Pneumatic Door Latch,
 I re-string my lyre for that unique tube cyleped Ye Despatch.
 At Holborn, W.C., we all know the place "full well,"
 To what was fitted once, alas! the Inns of Court Hotel
 By another London firm, thro' which so-call'd Science failed,
 Our C. E. Zimdars in the Panathenaea prevail'd,
 Demos! would you have what here I say still more fully proved,
 The Directors had the first entirely removed,
 And th' Zimdars' system adopted, a system none may Match,
 That "Signal Wonder of the World" the Pneumatic Despatch.

NOTICE.

PNEUMATIC DESPATCH.—In 1875 a Tube was fitted by another London Firm at the Inns of Court Hotel, Holborn, W.C., which in consequence of its complete failure has been entirely removed by order of the Directors, and Zimdars' system adopted. The total length of this tube is over 500 feet—100 feet in perpendicular and 400 feet in horizontal position. The average speed of messages transmitted are six per minute, and in opposite directions when required, by hand labour of a boy. It is in constant working order, to the satisfaction of the Directors and Staff of the Hotel.

INVASION OF CANADA?!!!

Hang out the Black Flag! let no quarter be given,
 UPPER CANADA as one man goes on the war track!
 Vengeance is awake! we have sworn before heaven
 That the Yankee MAY LAND, but he shall NEVER GO BACK.

I HAVE adopted the letter **C** as the distinctive symbol of the New CANADA Confederacy to the form of a lyre, evolving rays, each province to have a string. A poetical description of CANADA's Arms, appears in the 11th LONDONIAD.

It was FREDERICK Ransome who supplied us with Filters so long as he continued to manufacture them (with any other one of that name we do not require to do anything, as we make better Implements ourselves). I found in him an upright and Honourable Gentleman, and in regard to members of the Society of Friends, Messrs. Gilpin, Pease, Warner, Sholl, Kemp, and a host of others, have already appeared in the LONDONIAD, and here, as the world was wont to say of Sir Walter Scott's works, "another yet."

H. RAWLINGS,



108, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, London, W.C. PATENTEE OF THE "EXCEL FILTER." Ten years Working Manager to "The London and General Water Purifying Company, Limited." To the Admiralty, Temperance Hospital, &c. MANUFACTURER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FILTERING APPARATUS, either in a portable form; for the ordinary house cistern; or for Malufacturers, Brewers, Hospitals, Clubs, Hotels, Schools, &c., to meet the largest consumption of water.

Water claims 'tis my belief,
'Mongst Nature's work to be the chief.

Pindar's First Olympic Ode (Author of the LONDONIAD's translation).

Purificatio percolando facta.

Unlike many that I might name it is not the mere strain-
ing of water that we contemplate in St. Martin's Lane,
To escape the vulture Yank his nasal twang and drawlings,
I hie for the Excel Filter to Mr. H. Rawlings,
Such are with the Admiralty on every land and sea,
Our Temperance Hospital greets th' enlighten'd Patentee,
Of Rosey health and giant strength and cleanliness the loss,
We mourn no more, hail, most practical wight by Charing Cross,
With Frederick Ransome's Filters I did ere while start Lett
Our commissariate off, but now we greet Dr. Bartlett,
Whose testimonial all the world's races will confess
Is worth more than 20,000 "Notices of the Press,"
And soon my hero's complete system of Filtration
Shall be hail'd thro' CANADA, our other British Nation.
We have discarded Massachusetts, Grutch, Schwartz, and Gonley,
And greet Filtration by Animal Charcoal only.
I've said that CANADA hath for ever ousted Yank. land
And flood, all exult in the Report of Dr. Frankland,
And here too Hygiea a Pallæan fane hath built her,
And never more we go beneath the blighting star and stripe,
But welcome the world's best H. Rawlings' High Pressure Filter,
Io Paen! for attaching to the Main Supply Pipe,
And though loudly other "firms" (*shakeys* I call them) may vaunt,
H. R. shall supply each Parliamentary Restaurant,
Say muse! in Pionering, what greatly doth elate us,
Rawlings' acceptable Water Testing Apparatus,
And as I the circle of all the Sciences distern,
I supply each public department with Rawlings' cistern.
Soon, his system I'll strive elaborately to describe;
Each great surveying party and Aboriginal tribe
Thro' me, in various languages will correspond on,
Those health-giving life-preserving, Best Filters in London.

The Centenary of the Royal Academy, a poem embracing 75 Biographies hath already been written by the Author of the LONDONIAD, and the Beautiful Work by Mr. Warren, intended for the Author of the LONDONIAD, will be at the Exhibition, TORONTO. Immediately after this I will invoke the aid of the Great Cousins or some other Illustrious Engraver towards manipulating the same!

ILLUMINATION.

MR. ALBERT H. WARREN,



1, New Court, Temple, London, E.C., informs the Profession and the Public generally that he is prepared at all times to undertake and execute Illuminated Addresses, Diplomas, Testimonials, &c., of a high Art description, on vellum, parchment, or paper, in all the various styles of Calligraphy, Blazoning, and Ornament usually adopted.

I found here a Warren,

Much Ado About Nothing.

Art realms in Georgian times were desert all and barren
But the Albertean age, bloom'd fair thro' Henry Warren,
His loved sire was long the President of the Institute
Of Painters in Water Colours, and Pallas would salute,
The day of bright'ning destiny, had the Chair been won
By his younger self, A. H., the world enlightening son,
Bright Pupil of my erst Anointed hero, Owen Jones,
Fated in all cycles of time thro' the globe in all its zones
To fame, amongst the sons of light on Art's meridian thrones,
While in all matters of Art sound is his education,
Taught by his sire and others, pre-eminent in station
Who've raised to mental life many a dormant nation,
His power as Landscape Painter, of Drawing eke his knowledge;
And his continuing practice might of any college
Enhance the fame, the "Royal Children," what he doth impart
Will speak, instruction in the lovely walks of Art,
The faculty perceptive here that at one glance appears
Must stand him in good stead thro' long prospective years,
His sire's classes he conducted hath, with filial truth,
And to the elder experience brings the energies of youth.
His is the soul-light, not that of Paraselena,
He, four years tutor to the Princesses Alice and Helena.
His artist spirit thro' all time must wonder deeds attest,
Whoever knew him longest loved him much the best.
Not as with a toil his pupils strove or viewed him with alarm,
Knowledge to them, inspired with his presence aye did charm;
The honours of his College, and Pupils credit, enhanced
Even as he in Landscape had either advanced,
Who so in's parent a guard and guide was a possessor,
Will hail in rejuvenance a most worthy successor.
And what doth to Albert Henry's honour greatly redound?
'Tis not that those whose names thro' the wide universe resound
That honour Art, whom every grace and glory crown'd
But that such tributes paid to him by Art's prime Artists more
Or equal were ne'er seen in any epoch before.
Nor need he tributes of respect in grandest Rhetoric seek,
Like the Legend of ONTARIO his th' "Deeds that Speak,"
Nor is the mere practice of Art solely worth the reaching,
There is a higher art still, the glorious Art of teaching.
Calligraphy, Blazoning, all Ornament, the glories
See revived of Mediaeval Illuminatories

And here please of Egotism let none accuse the Bard,
 Not his deserts, a People's kindness did award;
 I brought to England from CANADA a printed pamphlet
 (The same which won that high praise from Mr. Justice Amphlett)
 Embracing in all I ween 750
 Testimonials, or think that the Author was thrifty,
 In thus an immense number thro' the West up-gathering,
 Or that th' Muse her own peculiar nest was feathering;
 All these Squire Warren—Notes, Letters, Addresses, Diplomas,
 Rapt to Art glowing with Grecian splendors and with Roma's.

THOMAS D. EAGLES,



23, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C., ENGINEER,
 MANUFACTURER OF MACHINERY, AND MANUFACTURERS' REPRESENTATIVE AND CONTRACTOR FOR
 THE SUPPLY AND FIXING OF ENGINES, BOILERS,
 SHAFTING, GEARING, AND MACHINERY OF EVERY

DESCRIPTION. Drawings and Estimates forwarded on application.
 Special machines designed and manufactured to order.
 Spécialité for Circular Saw Benches; Combined Vertical
 Engine and Boiler; Patent Pulley Block and Hoists.

Arts still followed where Eagles flew.—Pope.

In order to escape the onslaught of Yankee beagles,
 I choose British Manufactures through Squire T. D. Eagles.
 As once in Finsbury denouncing Peto and buncomb,
 I raised on high the cry, "Wm. Cox and Thos. Duncombe."
 All ONTARIO invoking his aid from o'er the sea,
 Will apply to Him through me and Fenchurch Street, 23;
 There's nought of Gotham here nor Massachusetts' exactor,
 Manufacturers' Representative, and Contractor.

Home to th' Parent Isle of Nations I my Argo steering,

On Thames his shore I woo the orient wind,
 Who supplies and fixes Engines, Boilers, Shafting, Gearing,
 And, too, Machinery of every kind?

Ocean's wavey orators speak to our rising nation,

☛ "Drawings and Estimates forwarded on application"

By T. D. E., sound it round our clime's extensive border,

—Special Machinery Designed and Manufactured to Order,

And I announce it as one of Britain's greatest glories,

By Him is Steam Power fitted to Manufactories.

And Machinery supplied on payment when required,

Extending o'er a stated term, such as is called deferred,

But what hath Minerva's sons thro' the whole world inspired,

Cash down for everything is by CANADA preferred.

I presented His claims to NIAGARA which doubly roar'd,

And from his erst descending Empire upward soar'd;

Envolving the Zodiac, he waved his plumed helm,

"I appoint your Hero Engineer of all my realm."

'Twas drawing toward the evening of an Autumn day,

Erie's floods seem'd floating garlands blossoming in spray

Depicturing Eden in the blaze of sun-set far away;

There th' likeness of commingling rainbows tossing waves assume,

And here they are a flock of wild birds of the varied plume,

And wing'd with windless storms, all these bear o'er each upland sea,

The Renown of Science's Son, the practical T. D. E.

And what was't thro' observation did th' rapt muse acquaint her?

Like unto some deathless, glorified Sculptor or Painter
 He puts his own hand to the work. Thus ousting the Yankee rogue,
 His numerous deeds at an early date I'll catalogue;
 And among our blest pioneers will bring them all in vogue,
 Thrice hail, glorious Patentee and Engineer,
 Saith CANADA, that glory of the western hemisphere,
 The Head Men of my New Dominion will correspond on
 These subjects with him whom Pallas looks with eyn full fond on,
 In that soul-cycle, the centre of Imperial London.



H. LARENCE,

BOOKBINDERS' TOOL AND BLOCK CUTTER AND
 GENERAL RELIEF ENGRAVER, 25, Warwick
 Lane, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

By the minds excellency figures' lights and shadows come at length,
 And by giving them more relief Art giveth them more strength.

*L'Art de Peinture, par Du Fresnoy, enrichie de remarques, et augmentée d'un
 Dialogue sur le Coloris, par de Piles.* (Translated by the Author of the LON-
 DONIAD.)

From Imperial London to ye Colonies far hence,
 I transmit the deeds of the Intelligent H. Larence,
 Since ONTARIO 'gainst the detested Yank hath shut her
 Gates—and now welcomes our Book Binders' Tool and Block Cutter,
 While Niagara doth more sublimely wave her
 Thunder-bearing banner hailing the General Engraver,
 Brighter glows ye Aqueous genii of each upland main,
 In wavey dance and areleet ~~at~~ 25, Warwick Lane.
 All over th' kindling continent, as by Surveyors' camps,
 In Institutes and Homesteads greet we Endorsing Stamps,
 Too for Banks, all of th' Mercantile from Sea to Rimilies,
 Welcome Periodical Headings eke Fac Similes.
 Say who shall make our Blocks? need each Colonist enquire,
 As I take out ye famous Library 10 tons in quire.
 Let the Physical Sun sink in red hissing waves to rest,
 Him, th' mental Sol out-flaming rises ever in the West,
 And thro' our practical H. L. by the 3 Minervas crown'd,
 I am enabled thus to have them properly bound.
 A good work illustrative of his Art in Warwick Lane
 Was published 5 decades ago in Frankfort O/M.
 Monogrammen Lexicon fur den handgebrauch—STELLWAG,
 At this performance the low Yank may 's empty skull well wag.
 Lo; what irradiates the Globe, papyrus orisflammas,
 Flouting, Franz Bruilliot, *Dictionnaire des Monogrammes*,
 &c., avec lesquels les Peintres et Graveurs ont
 Désigné leurs Noms, 3 vols., this I studied by the Pont
 Breller, as too thy Bamberg book, O Joseph Heller,
 Another work, in Londonium I did erst obtain
 From Squire Blades (Pope) "A learned gentleman of Abchurch Lane."
 Ausonian writers of a Vasarian dato,
 Styl'd Relief mezzo (high) basso (low) flat—stacciato,
 Ask, who dis-ensphered the enchanted soul of Plato?
 Which did here a still more beatific existence seek,
 Rondo bosso in live metal, and began o' things to speak,
 As if that day was now, in which it glorified the Greek?
 'Twas my Pallæan Hero of your so-called cloudy clime,
 Who rapt to eternal splendours this mystic Work of Time;
 Till the Zodiacal signs en-campaniled be tollers
 Of our System's Epicedium, Embossing Rollers,

Office Seals, and all collaterals that to such belong,
 Shall carry the name of Larence down with Art's deathless song,
 Nor 2nd be to Maro's hymning high to Pollio,
 Th' Wonder, CANADA 7 Vols. Elephant Folio,
 The happy thought like morning in a new creation broke,
 That I should the aid herein of our Henricus invoke;
 Are the' impressions (Clio History's Muse!) of H. Larence,
 True and long enduring!—so unlike "false fleeting Clarence."

Prospectuses without Number concerning Sympesiometers, Hydrometers, and other Ometers, with never ending attributes, rapt back from Elysium or Hades quantum suff, all the spirits of the Greek and Roman writers, enough to turn them like so many Niobes to tears, regretting that they never mentioned a pump. All the countries of the Ptolemies, India, all realms of the rising day, throughout Arabia as they stood before the Mosaic Time, and in a Pre-Mosaic Era gave not up their mighty dead to shout the Io Paen! to those fount compelling tubes around which their inventors fondly deemed the Sun and all the Zodiac rolling must render Orphic all the streams of Time. But there is one Invention which after mature deliberation, I have chosen out of all in the world, and I hope that Mr. Dixon may yet establish a depot for His Pumps in TORONTO.

WILLIAM DIXON.




STEAM AND HYDRAULIC ENGINEER, 8, Victoria Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster. S.W.



—The brave Mariners their Pumps attend.

Robert Falconer's The Epic Poem of the Sea.

We have escaped that Averni, ye Naragansett pools,
 Than Lernæan or Stygian worse, and hie home for Tools,
 (Except for Agricultural), and mine eyne I fix on,
 Imperial London,  the practical William Dixon,
 Whom I have chosen as Steam and Hydraulic Engineer,
 To enliven that glory of the Western Hemisphere
 CANADA, which requiring at once certain kinds of Pumps,
 Hail'd me as Envoy, I turn'd fountains into crystal trumps
 When Great Appold was alive, I too with Magic Bugle,
 Rapt Ocean to a Dithyramb, thro' the Centrifugal.
 But now I welcome Patent Steam Pumps, our Age's dower,
 T' lift from 200 to 40,000 gallons per hour.
 And here it is not on mere hearsay that the Minstrel rests,
 Proof, if you please; continuous use and severest tests,
 And these I've heard on many an occidental trip,
 Are all invaluable on every kind of ship.
 And from all opinion in every cycle amassed,
 For pumping purposes W. D.'s are unsurpassed.
 And soon in many territories where the dead swamps stand,
 These shall be used, leaving us broad tracts of Prairie land,
 Fertile in waving grain, Orchards and fann'd with breezes bland.
 Too may I in this Pallean flight of ardour mention
 "Passing strange" (vide Byron) that they require no attention,
 But as if instinct with life or aided by fairy elves
 Invisible, by turning on the Steam they start themselves.
 Nor are they (O, Gnomes!) liable to get out of order
 Like some from over Mephitic Massachusetts' border.
 Listen if you may, and ponder well, arrogating Yanks,
 Incredulous, there being neither springs, etc., wheels, nor cranks,
 "Nor unholy aught beside," thus hath he the world outried,

And henceforward nothing of Blatant Boston's or New York's,
 We trust, but go for information to the Great Gas Works,
 One note from Gentlemen of Science doth the world confess,
 Is worth more than a million "Notices of the press."
 (—Their sheets like tavern sign-board in Oliver Goldsmith's lay,
 ("Dear Goldy!") "Invites each passing traveller that can pay.")
 We'll ask the Imperial Gas Works, John-street, Bedford-row,
 And ("Io!") the Imperial Gas do, Bromley-by-Bow.
 'Tis thus CANADA ousting the so-called United States,
 Notes well that here for complete Works are given Estimates.
 All the elements, Nature's self to fiercer life awoke,
 Their limits erst assign'd, each in wild rebellion broke,
 Hosts from shadowy land, the Zone of tempests heaven deforms—
 Mid-Ocean rose an Orator habilitated in storms,
 Under the setting sun, sea and sky, like Phlegethon burn'd,
 With the electric, phosphorescent, lightnings collateral turn'd
 Day (embleming Lucifer from transcending glory hurl'd),
 Into night, and all was war thro' the infuriate world,
 Then ours had been the fate of those "on windy plains of Ilium,"
 But for the Heaven inspired deeds of our renown'd William.

Connected with Glass manufacture there are many high-sounding names in England worthy to rank with the greatest that ever flourished in any country from the midway times in which we live to the lands of the Morning, which some tell us were the first to behold the light of earliest civilisation. The best of these have already appeared in the LONDONIAD, but as for my Hero-Engraver, His deeds were "long to tell," and hard to parallel.

* * * It would seem that the father's soul still lives in the son, and that the spirit of Old Roma is awake in the West of London; that Orcagna, Giotto, and Cimabue, Dunstan and Cellini, and Raphael, and Apsley Pellatt moving in soul-cycles of glorified life are ever attendant with all the bearers of the great Names mentioned by Fielding, upon Him who Engraved the New Dominion Leckythus, destined as an endowment for CANADA, and now at the Author of the LONDONIAD' Mother's place in London.

F. EISERT.



(To the Principal Art Institutes, Museums, and Courts of Europe, and to the Native Princes of the New Dominion of Canada), ARTIST IN SUPERIOR GLASS ENGRAVING, LANDSCAPES, FIGURES, CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &c., DEALER IN EVERY

DESCRIPTION OF ENGLISH AND BOHEMIAN GLASS, 25, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

Her forehead full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did itself dispread,
 For Love his lofty triumphs to Engrave,
 And write the battles of his great godhead.

EDMUND SPENSER, *Fairy Queens*
 (A true representation of CANADA Personified by Mr. Eisert).

"G—d be praised! at last I have found one artist in my lifetime." Michel Angelo Amerigi Da Caravaggio, his exclamation upon seeing the works of Annibale Caracci at Rome.

Eluding now the pert, shoppy-man and aye on the alert,
 For High Art Works I hie to ye head-quarters;
 Yea, all for Presentation o'er the Western Waters,
 I choose the Head of the World, the practical F. Eisert

Let others strive all o' living being and ye habitat,
 To delineate, *vide Burns*, "Good Lord, they need nae fash that."
 Arts glory-epoch live again? transpacious by me pass;
 The trem'lous Atmosphere is rapt to animated glass,
 The foliage by the sightless breeze most lustily is stirred,
 The water undulates to the singing of the Bird.
 Here, too, storms like snow I see, and smell the blossoms blow,
 Mid pastures the bleating flocks and "eke ye Hordes low;"
 While Portraiture in after ages much to him must owe.
 In isolation or *melée*, lo! life's mighty drama,
 Time, its ev'ry cycle as in a panorama;
 As with ethereal fire, his veins are shot with lightning,
 The genius of th' sire and grandsire ever in him bright'ning.
 While those who seek a name among the immortal sons of fame,
 Still light their genius *Ménade* like at his spirit-flame.
 Deeds transcendent by him shown from his ancestors' hands
 As by his own, were never equalled in earth's exulting lands,
 As the entranced centuries pass his famed *Magnum of Glass*
 Will still excel those metal works at Mansion House—alas!
 Their value in gold and silver take for the nonce away,
 And then, as for Works of Art! O Barbarisms are they.
 Minerva, graceful goddess, in Chronos' reign deem ye a
 Rival can be found to my Art Hero of Bohemia,
 As in his elevated clime rises Europe's rivers
 So knowledge o'er the whole world his mountain mind delivers.
 En Cameo et Intaglio none I ween so good;
 Like the Colossus of Rhodes seen from Syrian abode,
 (In every competition thro' the world), he singly stood.
 I beheld afar in wonderland a solar mountain
 Resolving itself into an aerealized fountain,
 Thro' which ye venti from all points pour'd collateral storms,
 When passing the *Metempsychosis* into transparent forms
 Sky flouting banners, prancing horses, embattled legions,
 To th' real had charm'd th' ideal in those enchanted regions.
 These transcending Moslem miracles wrought by Chen I Sert,
 Are our ages mental trophies welcomed from F. Eisert;
 Like some quivering planetoid steeped in sapphire day,
 The cerulean Vase, life rapt, self-strikes the Orphic lay,
 Form wakes to beatific life, science cycles blent
 In Jubilee, and Art's Hallelujahs shake the firmament.
 On Herald-star erst islanded in interstellar air,
 I ride the music breezes, and pass thro' dense or rare,
 O list, the magic scenes that doth the 'raptured muse declare,
 I see the five great oceans of this Globe arise *en masse*,
 Pouring out their prayers to Jove, O, transform us into glass,
 And O, illustrious Pallas, our Biographies Engrave
 With Stylus' wind and sunbeam each prismatic wave;
 Then melodious grew each affluent desert,
 Hymning loud with the star-peopled universe in concert,
 Until Attraction's bars rang resonant with F. Eisert.
 That which giveth to the muse a time outstretching pinion,
 Is the joy springing thro' his *Lecythus* for the New Dominion,
 Which I as once were spoils in th' fane of Jupiter Fractor,
 Offer in Saint Tammanund's Temple to Art's Creator.
 The Scirrus sky, scarce denser flood, tenuity of air,
 Translucency staid or in transilliences all are there.
 Lo Boheme! Lutetia! Ludstow!—some nomadic lives
 Lead, O, Hans Busk, you chew'd that rusk! lo, Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*.
 Muse! say since first glass was found at the orient mountain's base
 Did it ever embody or shadow forth so much grace?
 I look upon some other work as vile, unmeaning shams,
 Landscapes, "thrice hail" Glacial Claude, Figures, Crests, Monograms.

(I have a cousin in Dartmouth, they call him Tom O'Co(o)mb,
 And what I now say will fall as in magazine a bomb;
 He made his monogram (!) at once his taste for Art fell souze;
 It but emblem'd out the spiral top of a pigeon-house).
 Every kind (Vandals avault! or avenging Nemesis—;)
 Of High Artistic Engraving done on the premises.
 All of Armourial splend'ring 'fore and after Bisert,
 In concentric cycles blend or glow thro' our F. Eisert.
 From Him the Great Arms of CANADA for Presentation,
 I take to our Chiefs of each Aboriginal Nation;
 And why should I not high place assign, O ye Immortal Nine
 To F. Eisert, who perfected even my own Design?
 Long shall his spirit vivify the homes of 4,000,000's
 Dwelling in CANADA's blissful Homesteads and Pavilions.

"Speak as you will" (Thos. Moore) of the mere working man I look upon such
 an one as only a manipulator. But he who brings intellectuality to enliven his
 deeds emblems out the Creator, who was the 1st and greatest Worker. Those
 words were oracled in my mind when I beheld the impress of his own mind in
 those Designs destined to grace "our colonial Archives," while visiting in that
 region given to fame by Washington Irving, and so often traversed in person by
 Dr. Benjamin Franklin, I beheld Mr. Eggleton like some great Sculptor laying
 his own hand to the work.



T. H. V. EGLETON,

PUBLISHERS' BOOKBINDER, E.C., 9, Middle Street,
 and 24, New Street, Cloth Fair, E.C.

On my return to my native country I determined to give what aid I might to
 still further enrich the archives of our Colonies in the New World, and I chose
 for the greater and more important department this excellent Book Binder.

Las Cases "Letters."

I search'd the Imperial Isles, at length the happy finder
 Of One destin'd to be our corresponding Bookbinder
 And why wonder that your financial delegate assigns,
 Our Hero the highest place; it is that he himself designs.
 Design, I ween, is the soul of ev'ry operation
 Tending to fame or the giving glory to a Nation,
 His premises are light, airy, substantial too, and large,
 Any amount of orders he can readily discharge;
 Extending, need the truthful Art-Minstrel herein declare,
 All thro' from Middle Street even to New Ditto, Cloth Fair,
 Any one design of the Myriads, which are his own,
 Might have borne many a Bookbinder to a high renown,
 And in the near future ye libraries for our 7
 Dominion Provinces to Bind shall to him be given.
 What to character as a good business wight doth redound?
 Purchasing them in quire at first, and then, having them bound,
 While a suspensionary clause in our Revenue Laws
 Will greatly tend to enable me to attain this end,
 Of 2 Immortal Sons of Light I have invoked the aid,
 Bear me witness ye Third, and eke ye Ninth LONDONIAD.
 Illustrious Francis Bedford, the Resuscitator,
 Riviere London's Glory, not the mere manipulator,
 Personified in either behold a New Creator.
 I, although not initiated as a Publisher,
 My onward March towards the head nothing could deter,
 Londonium's, Longmans', and Edina's Adam Black,
 The erst mightiest on Earth fall back 2nd in the track;

For when that large contract was about being given out,
 I determined to put the Yank unto the utter rout,
 And render'd arduous by the thought, at once my steps I bent
 Thither-wards, and addressed both Houses of Parliament;
 In English and French (th' Muse o' Memory me in good stead stands),
 Saying "whether I receive the commission at your hands
 Or not, I will never forget our beloved mother lands
 England, Ireland, and Scotland, so far as to introduce
 Vile Yankee Editions, of British Authors for your use,
 For my determination at life's outset, did vary
 Never—to allow such e'en in my private Library."
 With that, among the Members rose a most tremendous roar
 Of applause, they leap'd to their seats with feet from off the floor,
 Even those who came up as M.P.'s from far Labrador,
 —Who had never spoken an English word in my hearing,
 Continued for full 5 minutes in lustily cheering.
 Times of Great Political excitement your Bard recalls
 When wild vivas shake continental Europe's cathedrals,
 Even so, while Pallas her *Aegis* over them flinging,
 Our Colonial Senators break forth into singing,
 "De-de, Yankees both he's and she's we'll blow you high in air,
 And hurry home beyond the foam, Bookbinding! hail Cloth Fair.
 Wherever there may be Bells in a new District their chimes,
 Welcome on its approach the greatest work of modern times,
 CANADA in 7 volumes elephant folio;
 One copy would nigh fill, and break down Lodge de Olio.
 Each Settlement paid for its own Engraved Illustration;
 Thus we have a work worthy of our uprising nation,
 But in other spirit; bound in other style than Lothair
 By our practical T. H. V. Eggleton in Cloth Fair.

MR. JOHN W. SMITHIES,



ARCHITECT & SURVEYOR,
 Laurence Pountney Chambers,
 Laurence Pountney Lane,
 E.C.

A Good Surveyor,
Bacon on Bishop Fox in Henry VII.

The work some praise
 And some the Architect
Milton's "Paradise Lost."

That part of practical mathematics he understands
 Well, ycleped Surveying, the limits and extent of lands
 By means of plane-table, cross, theodolite, chain,
 To a nicety will Squire John W. ascertain,
 Eke our Agraria-Mentor with circumferentor
 Compass, levels, perambulator, protractors,
 Will aid our pioneering bands, factors and contractors,
 And I'm convinced that what the Bard call "universal Pan,"
 Was but the antitype of our excellent gentleman
 (Whom here we greatly welcome as our mental purveyor)
 For was not "ye Divine Immortal" the first Surveyor
 When exulting with more than a beatific elation,
 He look'd out thro' worlds upon a glorified creation.
 I too greet the 100th LONDONIAD's Architect
 Thro' whose might we will in our colonial realm erect
 Monuments of high design, and Buildings shall meet our ken
 Nor second to those of M. P. Vitruvius or Wren,

And all our races looking with wistful eyn across th' main
Will joy in Pallæan deeds from Laurence Pountney Lane.
Yea, CANADA'S 4,000,000 in Homesteads and Pavilions,
These subjects at issue will most gladly correspond on
With my hero in the centre of Imperial London.
Thus from wild'ring Atlantic basking in the morning's blaze,
Up thro' many a sylvan tract till lost in sunset haze ;—
Septentrional Labrador, Occidental Withies,
Architect and Surveyor hail, John W. Smithies

Squires Bouchette and Dawson are our Great Surveyors in the New Dominion, the name of the first mentioned of these eminent personages (witness his illustrious sire) must be for ever connected with the early history of CANADA ; the second gentleman named, I knew in his youthful manhood, and I cause them to be imprinted here in alphabetical order. A few years ago, when the great road which bears the last-mentioned gentleman's name was being laid out, many, to, quote from *Faëry Queene*—

“ Cast about them.”

What cognomen of red-tape parvenue, or of Royal Ape should be applied thereunto, the Author of the LONDONIAD, whose words now are spread before him in the *Zoist* (an University Journal in Greek letter-press), said “ Out upon you legalised robbers who feast like Vampyres upon the body politic ; let that Road which shoots a beam of fadeless glory thro' the erst darkening wilderness, and where the aerial tides of health, and that of civilisation in human life are flowing down and shall flow for ever, call that surpassing all ye *Via* of the Romans after him who bearing the heat and burden of the day, brought intellectual energy to bear in its consummation, the Dawson Road.”

75 firms and companies eminent for textilia have presented their cards for the present LONDONIAD, but as usual I can take but one.



HERBERT DALE,

LINEN MANUFACTURERS' REPRESENTATIVE,
6, Russia Court, Milk Street,
London, E.C.

A pleasing Dale and not unblest.

Thomas Tickell, 1686—1740.

Hark, thro' our Bark's enchanted rigging rings the Orphic gale,
No canvas ! winds personified with wings waft on the *Herbert Dale*,
While Nereides fire the seas, Hy-Brasil' evening glow,
En-phantom fairy isles where happy souls like flowerets grow,
And we pass the paradisaical Archipelago.
Resuscitated eras, aerial Rip Van Winkle's,
Ephesus' Sleepers, th' Koran's little dog his tail twinkles,
Too Him who in wonder-time slept a century in Dinen,
All rise to purer being, and here exult in Linen.
Here is the fantastic cleep'd by Art-Students Romanesque,
And such as glorifies the Loggia known as Arabesque,
Although the first vide Caylus hight Count was from Egypt brought,
Yet Egyptus received it from Greece, and Grecian it ought
To be called ; (Muse ever truthful !) not the classic truly,
For this would be praising Art, Good of its kind, unduly,
But the Archaic, come Bard, awhile your memory rasp,
Lo, here, not that which bit the file but Legendary Asp,
Much that Champollion's genius to each age successive brings,
Cleopatra last decendant of th' Macedonian Kings
Of Egypt, all the compartments ardourously I trace,
As revealed in the Portland erst Barberini vase,

A copy of which in London graces my Mother's place.
 Arts not only saw I here from Ap-Edda Cambraic
 Period, Classic, Pompeian, but the Alhambraic,
 Ah! Owen Jones, I had once your marvellous Moresque Work,
 Which I received from Putnam, publisher of New York,
 I gave him for it an alluvial peninsula,
 That might pass for a Cape stretching from the Land of Beulah.
 Three Indian villages were situated thereon,
 A Miniature Atlantis glow'd on the horizon,
 All was streamy and verdurous and unspeakably fair,
 At first ken it seem'd islanded in interstellar air.
 All Designs from Botany, known to the Great Von Linnec
 Nobl'd by Mind, blossom metathesis, rapt to Linen.
 Here ye Irish Table, for such shall CANADA resort
 Thro' me henceforth, by Milk Street, No. 6, in Russia Court,
 And when our hero enters within th' Colonial pale,
 Like Peruvians hailing th' Inca, we'll greet you Herbert Dale.

W. HIERONIMUS,

(Prize Medal, Stettin, 1865; First Class Prize Medal, Dublin, 1865),



MANUFACTURER OF WASHABLE GILT, IMITATION,
 VENEERED AND OTHER FRAME MOULDINGS, WIN-
 DOW CORNICES, ROOM BORDERINGS, &c., &c., 19,
 City Road, London, E.C.; Manufactory—
 Cologne on the Rhine, Germany. Every des-
 cription of Picture and Looking-Glass Frames made to order.

The CANADA Arms, et textilia, will be placed in a peculiar Frame for Exhi-
 tion at Toronto in 1879 by the Head Manager of this, the most self-sufficient
 Firm in Europe, and whose aid alone in his department I will invoke for St.
 Tammanund's particularly, and for our seven provinces generally; and I will
 take care that the Diploma of Honour, and Golden Maple Leaf, be awarded only
 to our Eminent House. This wonderful piece of Embroidery which throws
 shadowy into the darkening Atmosphere all that we know of Art History con-
 cerning Embroidery from the days of Penelope to Matilda of Rollo "before
 and after" is at my mother's place in London (Eng.) Upon this work was
 engaged our Native Queen and her Maidens for over 27 years. The very
 silk upon which it is wrought was done by the needle, and in finish and
 colour is, to use an old Anglo-Saxon phrase, the despair of the loom.

A Frame should scrupulously be designed to suit,
 And not interfere with the picture it encloses.

F. W. Fairholt.

Hieronimus now revealing himself in full power,
 Stood forth the acknowledged head.

Pere Gildon, D'Auvergne "Jerome."

The old Italian Picture Frames, in this we all agree,
 Were models of the purest taste and of propriety,
 But now from the Bay of Islands to the Upper Gimus
 I introduce th' classical W. Hieronimus.

His great ancestors were Orators and Historians;
 Admirals; they trace their lineage to the Dorians,
 Orthodox aye, opposed Origen, and the Nestorians.
 Yes; famed before Jerome did; the Eastern world be-Rome,
 Till "injured (?) Erasmus" became the mighty fracturer,
 Ye Race in high meridian trace ~~the~~, the Manufacturer,
 Who a long-enduring fame in tasteful Art is building,
 Thro' his arduous devotion to Washable Gilding.

Imitation Veneer I hail and other Frame Mouldings,
 While ousting Leather Lane, foul fop Clifford, and Yankee Fouldings.
 Hitherward hies for Window Cornices, Room Borderings,
 &c., the Bard who such over the Ocean brings,
 Hail City of Eau de—&c.,—O, Coleridge! and of the 3 Kings,
 Trumpet it thro' the Globe and round each aërial border,
 Frames, Picture, and Looking Glass, ev'ry kind made to order.
 The 1st Prize from all the world W. H. did get in
 Dublin '65, the same year Exhibition Stettin,
 And it is not with me a mere matter of opinion
 That he can better supply CANADA'S New Dominion,
 Than any Establishment in the British Isles beside,
 The most of which at least in London are by him supplied.
 I've borne from hence many a lovely and substantial work,
 Never equall'd by Massachusetts Boaster, or New York,
 And the 2 Hemispheres beheld how high he rank'd above
 All nations lately in the "City of Brotherly Love."
 His premises are large thro' th' resources he can command
 Might be supplied the wants of ev'ry civilised land,
 'Tis thus I hail my H(i)ero—and reveal the story
 Of Oliver's Yard, City Road, in Pallæan glory
 Wrapt, and Cologne on "the Rhine, the Rhine," his Manufactory.

F. LARARD & CO.,



SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE PATENT "SILVER-
 DINE AND BRONTINE COMBINATION MOULDINGS"
 for Ornamental Shop Fronts, Show Cases, Up-
 right and Centre Cases, Fern and Aquarium
 Cases; METAL DRAWERS TO THE TRADE; 62,

Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

The fame of Mr. Larard's family extends over all the pleasant land of Upper CANADA rivalling in joyous echoings the sounds of forest bird and streamlet. He in a Pallæan spirit animating his terrestrial existence, ropassed not the gloomy ocean adventured over by his Ancestors when

"Obscurest night involved the sky
 The Atlantic billows roar'd."

Wm. Cowper.

But charmed on to the Appassionato-aria by the glow of Science and the continuing presence of delighted races, to the mental equator of

"This earth globose."—Milton.

In the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson, *vide* his Life of Akenside "he fixed himself in London, the proper place for a man of accomplishments like his." Here is a specimen of work destined to enchant the world when it shall be exhibited by the Queen of the West on the far off shores of ONTARIO.—Extract from an Oration—*England Revisited* by the Author of the LONDONIAD.

Pure silvery edgings on the crystal cases glowed.

Robert Wace, 12th century.

Not since Ephesian Demetrius made his living shrine,
 Or Cellini rapt to relief, metallic deeds divine,
 Did ever Chaste Dian' nimbi Tellus, like Silverdine.
 We've stopp'd all communication with Haymarket Garrard
 And our commissions send home to the Co. of F. Larard,
 Whose genius comes down on our isle like heavenly dew
 "Refresh(ing) the dry domains" of Natali, Sage, and Drow,

Here Intelligence is brought to bear, taste doth Larards' impart
 Self proclaim'd in "sphery chime," we are Miracles of Art.
 We leave Themis as she liketh best to change the venu,
 Thanks to Pallas I introduce such free of the Revenue.
 Here not the mindless routine of some old Gattou Warden,
 Lo, new philosophies hourly rise in Hatton Garden.
 When shall flourish our Exhibition by Ontario
 We'll in Lunarian splendour show ~~our~~ F. Larard and Co.
 Show Cases I never look'd with eyne more fond on
 However gracefully encontour'd, thro' the whole of London;
 For Museums, Private use, and General Works of Art
 O! like Memnon in the morning, do my pulsations start.
 As we did neath th' trellised Forest bending o'er th' Milver dine
 The light that lit our shadowy way was Frederick's Silverdine.
 Thro' them each work being under their own auspices made
 "Mediately and Immediately" are supplied the Trade.
 Soon in the clear atmosphere TORONTO Queen of the West,
 Thro' thy stores and institutes shall Silverdine shine confest.
 ORILLIA, (distant from TORONTO just 90 miles,
 Thither hies many a fisher who the scaly fry beguiles,
 We to Bell Ewart, or Barrie, flags flying, steam away
 While in the bay the bands are playing "all a Summer's Day"
 And greeting us on craft and shore all over Simcoe Lago
 Our Captain other than Humphry Clinker's Lismahago
 Joins chorus "Igo and Ago, Iram Coram Dago,"
 All is true and friendly here, no wily knave Iago
 Now hoid a port for Muskoka's entrepo' Washago.)
 Our head Boss' honour'd relatives from 1,600 names
 Therein I choose, both jewellers, Squires Frederick and James.
 Sole Manufacturers (they stand first in the Home Nation)
 Of ye Patent Mouldings cleep' Silverdine Combination;
 This is not mere leaf or pollen shook from flower and petal,
 Following th' timbers curve, are two solid layers of Metal,
 While Time all his destroying powers in vain might muster,
 Incorrodible, ever bright by slight wipe of duster.
 Ornamental Show Cases. Yank and Cockney show their stern
 Counter, Upright and Centre, Aquarium and eke Fern,
 As I passed yestreen by Gamaster Jaques' in Hatton Garden
 I felt like his ancestor midst th' forestry of Arden,
 Yea, for the nonce, became like him lost in melancholy,
 Viewing in so-called Art the designless and unholy;
 When all at once like Sooterkin surprising Von Marard,
 As it enchanted rapt's soul thro' skin was I with Larard,
 Unlike ye contemplative wight in that dark deepening wood,
 No longer black with carbon scarce moved my sluggish blood
 But charm'd with glory-deeds of mind the lively chaste and bright
 Career'd electric thro' my veins with absorption of light.
 In English, Celtic, French, Italian, I have heard it said
 That they are Great Britain's prime Metal Drawers to "the trade."
 Estimates, thro' England home and our uprising Nation,
 Are by our Company sent free upon application

"Describe to me a Yankee she."—T. D'ARCY MCGEE.

"You foul witch; you pouleat; you minion."—SHAKESPEARE.

Boston! in every Yankee she you see a frightful hag,
 Skin yellow as duck's foot, each tooth like a Mississippi snag;
 She's compounded of Sycorax, Xantippe, Jezebel.
 Moll Tearsheet, Meg Merrilies, and Mother Damnable."

DIPLOMAS OF HONOUR AND FIRST PRIZES AT EVERY EXHIBITION.
THE NEW PHOTO-CERAMIC PICTURES.

A. L. HENDERSON,



PHOTOGRAPHER IN ENAMEL TO THE QUEEN (under the Direct Patronage of the Queen), 49, King William Street, E.C., and Amersham Road, New Cross, S.E. These Photographs on Enamel are not only more beautiful than those

taken in the usual method; but, being fixed by fire, are perfectly imperishable.


O Henderson! the man! the brother!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around?—Robert Burns.

Blest be the Art that can immortalise,
The Art that baffles Times tyrannic claim
To quench it.

William Cowper (On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture.)

Minerva in all her Attributes did lend her son
The vital spark, and then she called him A. L. Henderson.
Muse! what in the Photographic world hath caused a panic,
His practical knowledge of Chemistry cleep'd Organic,
And he is well school'd in the inorganic too I wis,
Hail! Great Discoverer, lo, his Spectrum Analyses,
And is *au fait* yea he with certain modification,
Would practice under M. Gerhardt's chemical notation.
To no wight of our age so much doth Genius impart,
The first born Science and the latest development of Art,
'Tis thus that his existence glows the Himalaya ridge
Of a mental universe ~~at~~ King William Street, London Bridge,
In bringing to bear that in which others fail, the Chemist
He hath doubly glorified the delightful Ceramic,
And when other Photographers shall have been put to bed
With a shovel, he will still stand as now, at the world's head,
His system destin'd above all others to bear the sway,
In all Meridian from the rising to the setting day.
All our Native Princes for love of Art do practise it,
They get their tribes in single form or multitude to sit.
Hence these memorials, in other centuries to tell,
Of personal aspect thro' Art, in Nature loved so well.
Pallas spoke, I listened as if entranc'd to her strictures
Upon the now world-famous Photo-Ceramic Pictures,
'Gainst the vile and unearthly did "the muse defend her son,"
Him Mercurius directed to A. L. Henderson.
I trod th' Future as with Fate's prophetic sandal,
And saw that nothing could destroy but the arm of Vandal.
(Vandalism thro' which have been so many Art deeds lost
Is that long undiscovered sin against the Holy Ghost),
For time's varying Atmosphere would but show the Picture clear,
Earth's best photographers (next to him) have striven in vain
To scale Science's solar height, which he at one bound doth gain.
How often erst did lineaments of loved Ones pass away,
Which unavailingly those left behind might mourn for aye,
But now they glow soul-transcripts, from eternal day.
Speak of Medals and Diplomas? towards Heaven shall be sent,
In after times a cairn of gems to form his monument.
What Lely and Titian did for their adopted climes,
And eke Hans Holbein for portraiture, in Tudor times,
What eminent Medallists and Immortal Sculptors form'd,

O'er which Time's biscayan cycles and 's Phlegethon had storm'd,
 Leaving in darkness each prospective age to bear the loss,
 As by supernal power, (for Deity here inspired,) Immutable, alone, are the deeds of "The Only One,"
 Partaking of the etern; thus so wonderfully fired
 By My Hero, King William Street, City, and eke New Cross.

 There is beside an Oration upon this process, to appear hereafter.

I find the name of George Mitchell, Marble Mason and Land Orator, marked upon my list for 1,000 copies of the present LONDONIAD, but I have already declared who my Marble Heroes are all over the New Dominion, and our Great Families and towns are already in extatic expectation of receiving wonderful works In Memoriam to their Ancestors from our enlightened company of boundless resource.

LANDER & CO.,



(Established 1833), MASONS, &c.,
 to the General Cemetery Company, Kensal Green; and at the Hanwell Cemeteries. Statuary, Tombs, Monuments, and Head-Stones erected after the most approved Models, and kept in repair. Inscriptions cut.—JOSEPH PUSHMAN, Manager.



“ ——— Grieve about the dead,
 — Bid the Rose tree o'er them bloom,
 Fondly deck their bed,


And sanctify the Tomb.”—*Bulwer.*

As 'round Achilles' tomb with his friends went Alexander,
 So do ye Musæ those of the Company of Lander,
 Crowning them “ with Laurels (Lycid) and Ivy never sere,”
 By valley, plain, and headland, we their Memorials rear,
 Thence turn eyes with blinding tears thro' many a lonely year.
 Scions of Noblest Ancestry; CANADA the meed be hers,
 Not to let Immortals lie in forgotten Sepulchres.

While hearts are warm and Memories charm and loveliest Art,
 May the enduring grandeur of high Memorials impart.

As thro' the city of the silent Kensal Green I wander,
 Tombs the greater number find I by the Co. of Lander,
 And though fain would undertakers to our feelings pander,
 We go to practised hands and minds for Tomb or monument,
 —Those who personally superintend each order; by whom are sent
 Loved Memorials to every Isle and Continent.

The Rise and Fall of many firms our Company survives,
 Pygmæi v. Hezælidæ where competition strives,

 Establish'd Lang-syne in 18-33.

Their deeds shall be our land and time marks by each upland sea,
 Yea, soon shall our Company's, Tombs all Monuments be seen,
 Thro'out our Colonies, 1,000 leagues from Kensal Green.

Lo! their Statuary in and around each sacred pile,
 Rivalling that which glowed to life of old in Cyprus' Isle,
 Nameless to lie neath Landers' tombs, ye Fatæ, all forbid,
 As where are hid their Builders' names in pomp of pyramid,
 Like those who laid their heroes by classical Scamander,
 One Hope each bosom cheers threading the long meander,
 NAMES reach to other times thro' the Company of Lander.
 Their monuments when rear'd not only add to the renown
 Of the departed, but as Works of Art adorn the town

Or city, when Oracled in lasting Granite or in Marble,
 Art harmonies thro' long prospective centuries warble,
 That once on which Great S. C. Hall wrote a fond paragraph,
 They reared for me, our Mighty Chief Tecumseh's cenotaph;
 'Twas eloquence in Sculpture, no aboriginal tribe
 Asks th' Orator or Medicina homo to describe,
 For it telleth the deeds of the Leaders of their Nation
 And their ancestors', in one continuing Oration,
 Be Beauty Mine, not that which came horrific like a bomb
 On Dante's ear; the voice of Papa Alessandro's tomb!
 Muse! never in the abbreviatory mode, no coarse Tom o' Comb(c)—
 Ask the roseate Occident, can Grutch or Van Ager,
 Equal in wisdom and benignity our Manager,
 The soul of each Illustrious Pioneer, once a Bushman,
 Glows in beatific splendour thro' Josephus Pushman,
 His Tombs shall the unsetting Sun of their virtue crown
 Nimbi-like, while the mental Aureola remains his own
 Lighting those of th' far to come toward merit and renown,
 His relative a Bytown Corporation Councillor,
 (Its site tow'rs above th' tideless flood a storm def'ying Tor),
 This was before Fama (fame personified) got awa,
 And trumpeted over the world the name of OTTAWA
 Should he next Season have some One to leave in England home,
 Wafted by auspicious Venti, I'll take him o'er the foam,
 (The charmed rigging resonant sings to the Orphic gales,
 As along are Miracles of Art borne by enchanted sails,)
 Then thro' the West he being my guest, we both our flight will take,
 With Mercurius and Pallas along each sunset Lake,
 Mere politics are the low ephemera of a day,
 The Robber Monarch of the hour may not exact for aye,
 Full oft evanish rapidly dynasties, sceptres, thrones,
 Art is Eternal, "Hail, thrice hail," Tombs, Monuments, Head-stones,
 Gladly in exultant note I'd sound the Io Paen
 To a great improvement of the glorified Cadmean;
 Dove-tail'd Letters made o' lead, no Material lasts so long,
 In this respect it almost equals the Bard's deathless song,
 Such I thro' an hundred nations in all their tongues declare,
 As by our Company erected (the which I've thus selected)
 After models the most approved, and kept, too, in repair,
 Against Massachusetts' Yank, yea all "The infernal States"
 (Milton's *Paradise Lost*) now and for ever be the gates,
 Of our British America Septentrional shut,
 But I open them to those by whom are ~~the~~ Inscriptions cut.
 The greatest piece of Sculpture e'er by human genius wrought
 To prime perfectitude by our Great Company was brought,
 Th' Bard (without or lever or fulcrum of Archimedes)
 It represents, heaving the Globe in all its Isles and Seas.

THE YANKEE AND THE IRISHMAN.

(An Impromptu Prophecy.)

"Mr. Leonard O'Leary's my Christian name,
 And a long while ago from ould Ireland I came;
 How d'ye think I came over each tawny faced rogue;
 Why, English I taught with an Irish brogue."

MURTAGH O'FLAHERTY'S POEMS.

My heart and my hand, success to you, Mister O'Leary,
 Hercules inspire you and may you never grow weary.
 Soon you a sweet bed of shamrocks and roses shall rest on,
 A hundred thousand to one that you'll beat Yankee Weston."

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

JOHN BRIGHT—HIS GREAT SPEECH PARAPHRASED.

In addition to the flourishing settlement named after him in UPPER CANADA, I intend to call an extensive territory in the Saskatchewan region, the John Bright and Richard Cobden District; this, in process of time, will be formed into a Province (it contains 40,000 square miles, and is thus larger than Britain); in the midst thereof are two very large Islands, the "Twin Mountains," and the "Double Lake."

"Thro' Eden went a river large."

Here midway through this glorious land (like the Ottawa, after joining the St. Lawrence) roll two rivers in one bed, now called the LONDONIAD. Here I am reminded of Ossian in the 1st Book of Temora, when "The Hundred Bards had strung their Harps," desiring "to leave our fame behind us like (John) Bright."

Apropos of names on that day in which our Western Necropolis (City of the Dead) was first laid out; the alleys, paths, and avenues were called, at my suggestion, after the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland, and others thenceforth bear the names of the never-dying of other lands and ages.

"Up to this time the proof (of the former part) hath not been returned."

JOHN DRYDEN.

Last summer if the Mussulman thought that the so-called Government of Britain would for ever continue to help him in robbery and murder, at the united voice of the people of England almost too loud for this narrow land

"The Turk awoke;

That bright dream was his last."—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

When I first undertook to paraphrase this the most magnificent speech ever delivered in our time, or in any other period of time or country, I felt some compunction in introducing the last line* (I will be brief because I have to correct the proof of a long speech of mine own upon the Eastern Question now going through the press

This monie a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin',
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
If Denmark, ony body spak o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' ought amiss.—BURNS.)

Shall England again put forth her resources to maintain
That which rules in Constantinople 'neath a Moslem reign?
A tyranny which hath Earth's fairest realms to deserts dried,
And which thro'out all its range of influence terrible and wide
Hath blighted with its with'ring breath for many ages past,
All that's in Nature lovely as with a mildew blast;
All of the beautiful prostrated 'neath the Turkish ban;
All that's noble and exalted in our fellow man,
I ask you here; I ask a meeting of my countrymen,
And in this case every woman: that meets th' visual ken
(Here rose a wild shout! by which the very roof seem'd riven),
What to-night will be your answer to this question given?
One universal answer—shaking "tower and steeple,"†
From the great and generous heart of the English people.

* Because I felt that if the heart of the English people were truly great, and generous, it would not give a million of pounds sterling for the support of one family without a drop of English blood in its veins, while our own countrywomen and countrymen are dying of want in their native streets! Please see answer to Dean Stanley's "Untravelled Traveller" by the author of the LONDONIAD.

† Thomas Campbell, Bard of Hope.

THE ARTIST OF THE 100TH LONDONIAD,

JOHN LINNELL, ESQ.,

PALLAS HALL, RED HILL, KENT.

The following Poem is Inscribed to Him and his Enlightened Sons.

"Niagara Falls" (from CANADA, a Poem, 7 vols., Elephant folio.)

Ages o'er mortal eyes beheld thy glory,
Thy floods made music for the listening stars,
And angels paused in wonder as they passed.

EDWARD H. DEWART. *The Falls of Niagara.*

In earth's majestic solitudes,
Dread Niagara!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight;
For from my boyhood I have loved—
Shunning the meaner track of common minds
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.

JOSE MARIA HEREDIA.

?—A light wave,
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

JOHN BRAINARD. *The Falls of Niagara.*

I've "heard Niagara sing
From Erie's billows."

ROBERT POLLOK. *Course of Time.*

(And Lydia Sigourney, Capt. Marryat, Harriet Martineau, Chateaubriand, &c.)

That evening in early Autumn, the Minstrel recalls
When bath'd in light he first gazed upon Niagara Falls,
Up Lewistown side-long slope, it seem'd a wondrous steep
Leaving upon the right hand an underbrush' and grassy sweep
Of Land, down which geologists say did Niagara flow
Flaunting the wildering skies and shaking the abyss below
Full 137,000 years ago.
Before I came or view'd th' Falls I had heard how loud they roar'd,
And now the sun hath all his splendours upon Erie poured.
Gorgeous scene, (unknown to other realm on earth) the Bard inspires
The Lakes' Sylvan borders blaze like unto Beltein fires,
Lustrous th' foliage blooms on th' magic'shore
By which transpacious waters roll inverted regions o'er;
Amid the wavey wilderness the foamy coursers fled,
Prismatic colours resplendent their harness overspread,
Lo! the Violet, the Indigo, Cerulean, Green and Red,
"How the Emerald glow'd" the Beryl, a concentrated sea;
Enlarged at length the gems transform'd are undulating free.
The double refracting Chrysolite serialised gleams
Traversing the Ruby, create, semblance of day's setting beams.
An Art student lore doth me here most thoroughly embue,
Thro' comparison and similitude I take my que;
And having ruminated on such, all came back to me
That o'er I knew of Archetypal Archæology.
And now I survey, as with more than wizard wand
Rapt, commingling liquid Ores and Stones of every land,
All that th' Apocalypse speaks of in a New Jerusalem
Illimitably magnified shone th' irradiate gem.
Symbols and Emblems here reveal'd in glory manifest,
From East and West, Morn and Eve spread with the Amethyst,
The Jasper and Jasponyx of depth unutterable,
Chrysoprises a rival day breaks in a weltering swell;
As 't in Gneiss Syenite basalt lava ne'er knew duress
In freedom sunlit o'er the surge the Hyacinth doth press

The pale flame of Chalcedony into the Amber grew,
 Th' ensanguin'd Sard of three-fold hue, the Sapphire, white, green and blue;
 Here "the blood of Scio's vine" (Byron) in weird apparent,
 Topas all highly crystallized, and transparent
 Phantasms danced among the lyre-leaved trees and shrubs that stood
 Like burning altars of incense by the reflecting flood;
 No optical illusion, I feel the solar showers
 Foam wreaths for blossoms, midst seeming garlands of flowers
 With intermingling rainbows, glow in evening's witching hours
 Still changing, but the Nimbi and Aureola rested
 O'er aqueous hills which Northern lights had crested.
 Heaven's resplendent orbs descending leave their native sky
 And turn molten, enfountaining the glories that Niagara supply.
 Edens and Tempés flourish in this life of elation,
 Angels with harping "wings sky grained" throng in the new creation,
 Nymphs and Naiades Halcyon-like on burnished billows float,
 And high over all Niagara sounds his exultant note.

"A Tale of Other Days."—Ossian.

"I've been thinking"—and I desire never to introduce any more, except in a negative point of view "ye citic Arms," into the LONDONIAD, because the said arms is the coward's emblem, given for striking a man treacherously, and when down. I early became acquainted with ROBERT SOUTHEY'S *Wat Tyler*; and of course SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard the Second*; this decision will be duly appreciated by each man in London, except he be

As arrant a Cockney as any hosier in Cheapside.

DEAN SWIFT.

Apropos of Cheapside, there is an episode which does not appear in any Edition of the Author's Biography, when, as our Hibernian friends would say, I was a "Small Boy," not yet 7 years old, and before my star of destiny went westering. I had gone with my mother from our residence, No. 3, Hyde-park Terrace, Kensington Gore (now 1877, close to the Albert Hall), in order to pay a visit to my uncle the Builder, then living in Warwick Lane, when, while crossing from Milk Street (I had sometime previously cut my milk teeth), over toward Bread Street (my peculiar engagement at the moment was, I believe, chewing a crust), when all at once a fellow

In what garb drest?—ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

I should think it was the city livery seemingly besmeared over with the yellow of eggs, came tearing "down east" (ward) like an embodied tempest, fighting the elements with a big cudgel in a very uproarious manner. This functionary was a sort of corporation spring-heel'd Jack (-anapes), and called, as I heard afterwards, the Lord Mayor's Out Runner (O ye Gillies of the Land O'Cakes). This cowardly blackguard, without giving me any warning, smashed my poor hand, and for all that he would have cared it might have been mine head or optic. I intend to look over Messrs. Norton and Maitland's works, and Councillor Orridge's "Citizens and their Rulers," and see who was the "Lord Mayor" of that day, and give his name a *deserved* immortality in the LONDONIAD. I will not say with Laurence Sterne, "they do those things better in France," but our ancestors or uncle's sisters certainly behaved more like Christians when accompanying Cardinal Wolsey in his procession down by Charing Cross (the picture lyeth spread before me), they vociferated, "make way for my Lord!" but then, the Prime Minister of ye English Blue Beard was at least an educated man.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE HONOURABLE ALEXANDER MORRIS.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA,

Is advancing the Cause of Temperance greatly in the Prairie Province. I had the pleasure of being acquainted with him in very early years of life. The last time that I saw him was when his ever-honoured Mother, himself, and the (now) Author of the LONDONIAD were guests of that true gentleman, Squire Wilkinson, who at Caledonia Springs had

"Rear'd an Eden in the waste wilderness."—MILTON.

"I heard of Alexander's fame,
And wished him tell the wondrous tale again."

NATHANIEL LEE, *The Rival Queens* (Act III., Scene 2).

"In homage to the Mother
Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
With all his Father's virtues blest,
Morris"

ALEXANDER POPE.

Whiles I sailed in and out the Orcaes
The elements grew wild as Hades,
And here I lost my smack.
She early took to foundering;
Now I'm afloat without a boat,
Should anyone ask where I am,
Be good enough to tell them, Ma'am
(Though I hope to lie beside Auld Rob a
Donn), that you met me floundering,
Midst grassy seas in sober Manitoba.

Pictureque Poems, by CAPTAIN DONALD CAIRD MACOSSIAN.

From Newfoundland where, *vide Burns*, "Sailors gang to fish for cod,"
To Acadia, here Longfellow felt the inspiring god,
We along the Atlantic's morning shore in glory rode—
Then back again to where Cape Breton itself discloses,
On to Prince Edward and New Brunswick, land of blue roses,
Thence round by St. Lawrence Gulf ye muses spread their pinion
Halcyon-like, they reach Quebec famed in the Old Dominion,
From that place, as canny Scots would say, we speedily got awa,
To Montreal and near where th' stream divides with the Ottawa,
In th' little capital we scarce staid an hour, our trac(t)
Was up the Rideau to Kingston erst known as Frontinac,
'Till toss'd on Quinte we hail Belleville, City of the Bay;
We return to Kingston—but not by the Grand Trunk Railway;
To where ONTARIO basks in splendour 'neath the setting day;
We left TORONTO's towers far shooting lambent fires in sky,
And space and time devouring with electric wings, we fly,
'Thro wood, and flood o'er plain and stream to that mighty highway
Of prospective Empire, CANADA'S Pacific Railway.
Erie, Huron, Michigan, Superior leave we on the left,
And upon the right Hudson Bay, the traders' late bereft;
Till we view th' evening which doth, as with enchantment, robe a
Late discovered Paradise, long hoped-for MANITOBA.
Waters of MANITOBA! and the North-West Territories,
We trace in a triune system meandering to the seas:—
1st. Lakes and Rivers that to Superior fly away;
2nd. Those that roll sky sweeping to Rupert's-land, cleeped Hudson Bay;
3rd. Floods designed in the Arctic Ocean to be lost for aye,
'Stead of being transform'd to *gudgeons* by Cumming or Spurgeon,
Be men! Come to fish with us for trout, pike, salmon, sturgeon;
Let not Britain's pent-up myriads stay at home to beg,
O! come with us in joyousness up to Lake Winnipeg.
The air will give you appetite, and exercise give strength,

At those unrivalled fishing grounds 240 miles in length.
 E'en there for swimming room each tribe piscatorial pants,
 Th' traders and the Indians only supply their own wants.
 O! Isaak, "dear Walton" (Koble), not with nets, lines, and loops,
 But here we catch in teeming shoals the finny fry with scoops.
 The late Hudson Bay Co. had the Fisheries in their own hands,
 But now they're free to comers from all the Globe's various lands.
 In th' Mackenzie, at the 70th degree of North
 Latitude, are yearly taken millions of dollars worth.

(Here comes in the chase, &c.)

By law made in Council are Forwarders bound to carry
 You at a stated price from Fort William to Fort Garry,
 Your own rations—all of *personale* you should with you take,
 And provision for special comfort before starting make.
 But still, as per note writ by Major General Rowan,
 You can get provisions, all cost price, at the Shebandowan,
 (And, too, if needed, I believe, some kinds of textile goods),
 Fort Francis, and North-West Angle of the Lake of the Woods,
 No imposition here from runners, touters, and hotels,
 The British flag is flying! O! how my bosom swells.
 From Prince Arthur's Landing we the Temperance Banner flout:
 No Wines or Ardent Spirits are convey'd o'er all this route.
 The proper route, which Emigrants have all pronounced good,
 Is from TORONTO by the Northern Railway and Collingwood,
 And thence by steamboat to Prince Arthur's Landing, Thunder Bay,—
 Three and a half days suffice to take you o'er that length of way.
 Our hopes realised, new expectations these arouse,
 'Tis here, free of charge, we find a Government Reception House.
 From hence thro' countries, in the future famed like the Cowdan
 Knolls of Scottish song, by stage we reach the Shebandowan,
 A well-made road laid out by the Dominion's Government,
 Forty-five miles in length, that o'er which muse and minstrel went.
 See how kindly each official here with the people deals,
 At every ten miles are stopping-places for our meals.
 By water now our pilgrimage we thro' Land o' Promise make,
 In greatest ease and comfort by small steamboat on each Lake.
 Nought for our convenience hath the Government neglected,
 Houses are at all the Portages for us erected.
 Bare Post (note, Little Falls) next we reach, then Rainy Lake;
 Here a gorgeous steamer doth us to Port Francis take:
 Yet another steamer then adown the Rainy River,
 Doth us across the Lake of the Woods finally deliver
 At its North-West Angle termination, and still smiles
 Nature along the land journey of three and ninety miles.
 Nor thro' untrodden tract will our brave Adventurers deem
 They pass, or land devoid of life, we go by stage or team,
 (Scenes! Song of Birds and Fountains' flow is then a fairy dream),
 With frequent resting-places which doth Government appoint.
 At Brick River, White Mud ditto, Umbrageous Oak Point;
 We're now where Being another destiny doth marry,
 (I know well the road), 30 miles from Fort Garry
 Here is a large Government House, set ready in a trice,
 Which for our Accommodation may very well suffice,
 Till we've arranged our business, or go forth to join the blest
 And generous Pioneers of th' Septentrional West.

— A Description of the Country and its Products, above and below, and
 the Prospects of Society on its soil, will form the subject of another poem.

A personal matter ! a personal matter ! a personal matter !
 GEORGE GUELPH (the third of that name).

Lidstone and Ludstone are one. There is a great amount of so-called real property in London which when sold or let out by its corporation is unaccompanied by any deed to show that they have anything to do with such property more than the so-called purchaser or tenant. The fact is they have no right to such houses and lands as are here alluded to. The old occupiers in their families died out, of plagues in the middle ages, and now that the land reclamation of England is about to become the moving question throughout these Islands, I will not say that "I intend to put in my claim." I would disdain to claim aught from those who have no right to what they themselves claim ; but in the name of an original right I will seize on that which originally belonged to my ancestor, King Lud ; and although I may not require all this for personal use, I intend to make all such houses and lots public property, and to order that the income to be derived therefrom, instead of being expended upon the gorging of every red tapist and so-called Royal Ape that comes the road (who for all the purposes they serve in the economy of Nature, might as well have been created swine), be devoted toward the alleviation of City rates and taxes.—Extract, Inauguration Land Reclamation Speech. Please see the next LONDONIAD.—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

"Now that our attention has been called to this most awful pest by the labours of such men as the late Archdeacon Sandford, with poignant grief."—REV. WM. HOLDERNESS, P. G. C, Vicar of Woolfardsworthy West, Bishop Designate of Manitoba.

THE CAUSES OF THE RISE AND FALL OF NATIONS.

(A Temperance Oration.—An Extract.)

We know that Pindarus and Anacreon and Horatius and Ovidius were writers of drinking songs in old Grecia and Roma ; but that the great Temperance Poet was Milton. In very early life I thought that possibly the spirit of the Samian Philosopher, having overflowed the ages intervening, might have taken up its residence in thy form, whose presence shall for ever flush the world, O, Beloved of all lands. From what more acceptable source could a motto be taken, wherewith to adorn and strengthen a tribute paid by a younger Bard to a later disciple of Pythagoras,

"Whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
 Would have been held in high esteem by Paul."

ARCHDEACON SANDFORD.

"My benevolent and excellent old friend—"

Please see Elegiarum Liber. Eleg. VI. AD CAROLUM DEODATUM, line 55.
 Sir W. Scott, the 'Antiquary.'

"At qui bella refert," &c.
 I desire that the poem inscribed to Him in the 19th LONDONIAD, be for ever associated with His honoured memory ; and

I'll name some River after Him,
 Thus through the Ages long,
 And Empires yet to rise may roll
 His Name in ceaseless song.

LETTER FROM SIR WALTER C. TREVELYAN, BART., PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

Paraphrased by the Author of the LONDONIAD, and by him inscribed to those 500 gentlemen who form the General Council, is now being issued in fifty different languages. (Please see the 19th LONDONIAD.)

(The following was received at a later date.)

WALLINGTON, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
19th Nov., 1875.

DEAR SIR,

I beg to thank you for your kind expression of sympathy with me in the work on which I have so long been interested, and to express my hope, that notwithstanding the powerful self-interested enemies arrayed against us, the labours of those who desire to sweep the accursed thing from the face of the land, which it has too long been permitted to devastate, will be rewarded by a more enlightened public feeling, which is gradually turning in the right direction.

Pray accept my thanks also for the slip and the copy of the LONDONIAD you were so good as to send, which I have read through again and again, with interest, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

To J. T. S. LITTLESTONE, Esq.

W. C. TREVELYAN.

INTEMPERANCE AND TEMPERANCE.

(A VISION.)

Inscribed to those members forming the seven hundred and forty-five lodges of Good Templars in CANADA, with whose names I desire to associate those of Senator Billa Flint, Canada, and John Hilton, Esq., London, (Eng.)

Ann an aising, ann an sealladh na h-oidhche, 'nuair a thuiteas codal trom air daonnibh 'nuair a bhios iad 'nan suain air an leabaidh.

IOB. XXXIII—15.

Wenn alle Menschen ein paar Liebende wären, so fielen der Unterschied zwischen Mysticismus, und Nicht-Mysticismus weg.

NOVALIS.

To the Land of Mystery by the Spirit led
I saw where the resuscitated ages fled,
And Time, like an universal Jordan to its fountain head.
I saw the Phantom Empires, not as erst with glory crown'd,
And the once teeming cities turned to desolate ground,
And scarcely eke their whereabouts in after age be found.
I asked the reason of this change, from height' in centuries past;
The only answer I receiv'd was moan of fitful blast.
See, th' soul o' Being like arial steed o'er grass-grown capitals prance,
And the howling of the affrighted winds,—Intemperance!
Hell seem'd looming and not far; methought the fiends accurst
Were yelling dismal dirges mid the blazing surges
Which now in terrific tempests on th' horizon burst.
What are those shapes that like billowing clouds darken Heaven's cope?
They are the transform'd souls of drunkards that died without a hope;
And what are those lurid lights, like volcanoes on the wing?
They are the Sons of Genius that untimely pass'd away,
Whose mental splendours might have lit a happy world for aye.
But destined still to practise Art and doomed still to sing,
Without the hope of fame, and Victors mid the battling host
Repeat their toils, only to know their trophies lost.
Who are those that float along as thro' a region all divine,
On fleecy clouds—like shepherd kings amid their flocks recline?
And who? like solar orbs mid new created systems shine?
The Sons of Light they are, who in their pilgrimage on earth
Advanced the cause of Temperance and ev'ry moral worth.
What clime is that which roseate as western ev'ning glows,
That Moslem Aiden, Hebrew Eden into shadow throws?
That is the World of the Future, when Virtue shall enhance
Her Empire over Time in all of "Goodly Temperance."

Then thither let us hie, be this our chosen home,
 When Virtue reigns supreme, and the Temperance Time shall come.
 We passed charioted in winds; down thro' the charmed air,
 We look'd upon a world of beauty, was never seen so fair,
 Arcady and Tempé; and all of Classic Art was there.
 The mythic clime of Prester John partaketh now of truth,
 Too, all th' loveliness of the Globe in its verdurous youth.
 The Terrestrial Paradise, and the Fortunate Isles,
 Bland airs permeate land and main and ev'ry region smiles.
 Creator! bid all of th' fiendish from our midst be driven,
 Kindly bring the nations of our planet nearer Heaven.
 Though smth may be the degree of intellect I possess,
 Yet for this, hoping for more, Thee I'll never cease to bless.
 O, my Lord and Saviour dear, keep it clear and make it strong,
 Inspire me with gratitude to sing the Temperance Song!

SIR ISAAC BROCK, THE HERO OF UPPER CANADA.

I am now engaged in preparing an Epic Poem, entitled the BROCKIAD. The motto is from a Poem by the great Sculptor, Thomas Woolner, R.A.

CANADA.

I have long had a wish to see a perpetual light on Brock's Monument at Queenstown Heights, either by fire, properly so-called, or by gas connected with or attached to either of the following COLOURS:—* * *

Generations yet shall thrill
 At Brock's remembered name,
 True Martyr, Hero, Poet, Sage,
 And he was one of these.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Oft betrayed like Potiphara;
 Many Jain like Sisera;
 Now arose the avenging era!

Like that description of General James Napier's
 Vide seventh, and twenty-third Fusileers.

"At the crisis of the Battle upon the field of Albuera,"
 The heroes of UPPER CANADA, Earth trembling 'neath the (ir) shock,
 Advanced with the tramp of doom after the fall of Brock,
 (Like the vampire host of Gades), over *via* Hades,
 That never knew an upward tract,
 Drove Yank' in a fleshly cataract
 By the whirlpool impending rock.

P.S.—It is known that General James Wolfe, the taker of QUEBEC, and General Sir Isaac Brock, the hero of UPPER CANADA, were both of them poets. Wolfe was an Orator beside; the Marquis de Montcalm was an Orator, but like the great Roman,

("Truly a wonderful man was
 Marcus Tullus Cicero.")

LONGFELLOW's *Miles Standish*.)

Though he attempted, he could not soar the sublime of Literature. He was, however, a brave gentleman and an ardent student, like Florio—

"He studied while he dressed,"
 "Abreges, Dictionnaires, Recueilles,
 Mercurcs, Journaux, Extraits, et Feuilles'."

"—Noble Montcalm! well thy honoured hier
 May claim the tribute of a British tear,
 Although the lilies from these ramparts fell,
 Thy name, immortal with great Wolfe's, shall dwell."

W. KIRBY, *Approach to Quebec*.

He will remind us of "Wilkes and Liberty" notoriety, speaking of Robert Lloyd and Charles Churchill—rather too long to copy here—Pegasus, &c., his little French pony seems (however) never to have tired, an old trapper once handed me a copy of his works which I read to him. He was well pleased thereat, and as he did not like to run a risk of losing ye Booke, he gave it to me 'Tis destined for Brit. Mus. Sir George Simpson, Gov. of Hudson Bay Company, once told me that he was called in the French, and the North American Indian language, "the very nice man" (I should suppose from this that his nature partook of that which enlivened Leatherstocking of F. Cooper), but that "his own name was too short to attempt pronouncing, of a long summer day," but as there can be no fear here of a maxillary dislocation taking place, the said name, having in it much of the mellifluous interminable, I give its proprietor a deserved immortality in the LONDONIAD. I had no pencil with me at the time of our trapper's verbal illustration thereof, but while waiting for the portage, "goodly companie," to come up, I cut it in letters upon the sward (then cleared of underbrush), sloping towards a creek meandering to the Madawaska. Upon visiting the silent realm the next season, I found it impossible to decipher the letters because of the Mimosa which had filled the indentio, and the rose ensanguined hyptica which had carpeted the ground; but I had ruminated mentally upon the wight of mighty name, and was glad upon receiving "proof" of the present work from the press that the same corresponded in every letter with that contained in an Epistle sent to me a day or two ago by Wá-bun An-nung (The Morning Star), Pow-wow (Head Chief), living by Ná-gow Wudj'-oo (the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior); "What's in a name?" a great deal sometimes, as witness, Thomas, François, Joseph, Martin, Louis, Siuol, Asennase—Atoharishon—Kentarontic—Sakoriatak8a—Satekaienton—Taionrhote—Tiorakaron.

WHAT THE HIGHLANDERS GAVE THE INVADER IN THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.
OUR MILITIA ON QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS GAVE THE GOD-FORGOTTEN YANKEE.

QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS,

(FROM "CANADA ILLUSTRATED.")

The Yankee vulture took his night in downward swoop from Queenstown height',
So wildly was he driven,
When our Militia, in full sweep drove his legions o'er the steep
Like Milton's fiends from heaven.
Van Ransselaer from the opposing shore
Beheld the hellish rout,
While commingling with the whirlpool's roar
Arose the Yankee shout
The Indians have stolen our best gun away
(Good excuse!) let's chase them, and thus we'll run away,
"And so they did, and be de-de to them,"—Malachi O'Donohoe
The Yankee, as we all know, is a howling
Braggart, beastly coward, he attacks in droves,
Like the wolf, but singly, or when his numbers are few
Or equal, he and his congeners slink away
With tail, or tails, between his or their legs.—ORATOR OF THE WEST.

A DISRAELLEAN MYSTERY.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."—(Burns.)
Statemanshipasanartnothighmayrank,
Whentoryandradyououtflank,
Youthopoliticalacrobatandmounttebank.

ANTI-YANKEE LETTERS.

What SIR GEORGE CARTIER, a descendant of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, saith about the Yankees.

"THE ACCURSED YANKEES"

Annexation! we look with horror upon it. Even under Letters of Marque among civilised nations the poor fishermen have been supposed always to receive the sympathy of belligerents; how stands the case with the accursed Yankee? We shall see. From the bas-Orient slopes of the Atlantic the principal inhabitants would start on a foraging campaign; the *habitants* of the British Laurentine region exist almost entirely upon the produce of the fisheries, many of them, after being engaged from breakfast-time to supper-time, would be seized by those American thieves who, in some cove, had been lazily watching their progress all the day—it may be of an aged patriarch and his little great-grandson. Complaints, of course, were here unavailing; the only reply to entreaties uttered by the industrious and innocent fishers, would be, "I could swallow a cannuck any morning before breakfast." Times are altered now, our Government have taken the matter in hand; we have seized many vessels freighted with ichthyological goods, and placed their Gulf pirates in Duress. Annexation to that country of the buccaneer, (and the buccaneers of Campeachy were considerate Samaritans in comparison with heartless Yankees), were a league with death, a covenant with the grave of all morality and honour. There the politician is a professional rogue, doctors from shabby institutes buy diplomas for twenty sous, and go forth the bane of their districts, the human butchers, the bribed poisoners, for whoever might happen to be in want of such.

"Here is a wretch would sell him some." A yankee banker is a shin-plaster vendor, and the bill-shaver. Trace his personal history even for the last decade, and through that shadowy period prolonging a dismal dawn; for the rest I would say, without arrogating to myself a name, "Friend of Humanity."

"Let no such (bank of yank) be trusted" (the description of a Yankee Lawyer was given in rather too flush rhetoric to appear here, but it will be printed in *extenso*, and paraphrased in "A Satire on the Yankees.")

Your Yankee preacher is a nasal-twang psalm-singing vagabond, a lecher, and a horse thief."

(From a speech delivered at Fishmongers' Hall, London, Eng.)

What a great Irishman said of the Yankee, the Hon. T.D' A. McGEE.

Something was shown in print from amidst the crowd in front of the hustings (at the West Montreal Nomination). Mr. McGee on seeing it exclaimed, "O, discommend me, if you please to the Yankees, for a pack of dirty soul'd scoundrels."

Extract from his Lecture upon the Genius and Writings of Sir Walter Scott (delivered in MONTREAL). We see what your progenitors have made CANADA in connection with yourselves, of course. I'll turn, by your leave, to my own countrymen for a moment, and I will not delay you. I say to them come over here! this is the only free country for Irishmen in the world! and what will or could you expect to receive at the hands of that wretched people, physically and morally demented as they are, they'll never make my countrymen, the best of you, amongst them anything more than a common constable or bumbailiff, although they may strive to curry favour by means of double distilled damnation, diluted by their fishy Cochituate at the time of election. I have wintered and summered them and I leave it to any historian here present to say whether or not I speak the truth. Did ever any other race in any other age so deservedly bear the contumely universally heaped upon them by the rest of mankind. I praised them before I became acquainted with them, but after having breathed, I cannot say lived, awhile in the oppressive atmosphere of that moral Cloaca Boston, Massachusetts, I was quite willing to exclaim with the prophet Nahum.—Amhairg don chathruigh fhuiligh! atá sí uile lán do bhréagaibh agus do shladmhóireacht.

The following is a Speech delivered by a learned Scotchman, Dr. DUNLOP, Author of A HISTORY OF CANADA.

I demand that no quasi yankee enter his vote upon my tally. I have glozed over the lucubrations of certain persons paying flying visits to this continent, as well as (such or some) emanating from stay-at-home blockheads. In my capote pockets are the works of Featherstonhaugh, Marm.-Trollop, the Holy boy, Smith Sidney, or Sidney Smith, and Little Dorritt Dickens, which I intend to leave you during life, and then I'll make them a present to you *holus bolus*. If any of you here should become ever ambitious of patenteeism, and in its downward course of ruination seek acceleration, by all means take to your bosom (confidence!) some yankee; but if you would guard your machinery aright, never allow prying yankee to examine the offspring of your brain, or as the pettifogger would say, "You'll be money out of pocket." You've heard of the dismal swamp in the Old Dominion (Virginia), but there is one down East whose Erpetology

"Outvenoms all the worms of Nile"—

Whose moral natures, if allowed to take forms, would forever frighten from its pursuits (of knowledge!) the most arduous student of Natural History. True, learning I may not call it, a more unnatural history might never be conceived, for in none of those latitudes extending between Aries and Libra, and Cancer and Capricorn, Equinoctial or Solstial, was ever produced so loathsome a creature as that morally mis-shapen, slimy wretch called a yankee.

WHAT A SOUTHERN PIONEER SAYS UPON THE SAME SUBJECT. Colonel Boon, the founder of Kentucky (called formerly the dark and bloody-land).

"After getting the Farms ready for my sons, I purposed to migrate up the Mississippi. Some of my friends asked me why I intended leaving the country I had settled, and in a manner discovered. I told them that I would not live within a hundred miles of a damned Yankee.

(His Biography in the British Museum.)

NOTE by the Author of the LONDONIAD.—Colonel Boon had three sons slain by the Shawnee Indians in battle, and yet he says they were the only people who never cheated him, and who were his truest friends when they became acquainted with him. Our Indians in CANADA are truly our good friends—how is it with the so-called United States, where the Aborigines have been greatly wronged.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN UPON THE YANKEES:—

The highly educated Dr. Oronhyatekha, who is a Chemist, will be remembered as having carried off the prize for shooting at Wimbledon a few years ago. He is the head of the Good Templars, a Temperance Body numbering 100,000 in CANADA, and nearly Two Millions upon the Western Continent.

These Yankees used to come to CANADA. They forced their fire water upon my race. My father scalp'd many of them. (Please see 19th LONDONIAD.) NOTE by the Author of LONDONIAD.—The Boston traders, not content with sending their trappers into British territory, would for a few trinkets buy from the various tribes valuable furs, and then causing them to be drunken, would introduce dice or some other game, win all back again, and leave these poor people, after a season of seeming success, without any support. This is but one of the in-numerous infamies formerly practiced by those skin-flint spiritless villains the Yankees.

What an Eminent French Gentleman, the CHEVALIER LAVEILLET-DUPONT the Prince of Financiers, saith concerning Yankees:—

There seems to be a degree of moral turpitude inherent in the Yankee totally unknown to any other people. In my youth I travelled or voyaged from Niagara to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the timber districts of Maine to the *Legendary Fountains* of Florida, during which time of pilgrimage I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with gentlemen claiming for themselves as many nationalities as that given by the general consent of the fathers to those who met. Acts, 2nd chap. I found that every nation was being honoured for some

virtue at least implied or ascribed, except, indeed, one, at the mention of the name of which the titter of mirth, and the blanched cheek of virtue;—but I will say no more, for I perceive signs arising in this assembly of that exhibition of sullen rancour to end no doubt in hearty execrations here, as I have ever found exemplified in every zone, even at the mere mention of the evil-minded Yankee.

Out of 750 letters of personal introduction published by the Author of LONDONIAD that one from this illustrious personage, known and honoured over the habitable globe, I have alone caused to be printed in this, the 100th LONDONIAD.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

THE HEAD PREMIER of the New Dominion. Remarks concerning the Yank., (in reply to an interrogation, made in Parliament,) by Sir John A. Macdonald.

"What! publish it, and let the Yankee know all about it? A Yankee is the modern *Αντάκκος*—(here something was said by another member). "I knew what you were going to say, I knew it before sundown yesterday. I saw the bearer of that verbal despatch at the very moment he planted his foot upon the wharf, and I knew on the object of his mission, and that he would not be able to find any one of immediate British origin mean enough to introduce the subject, except the rejected of Haldimand. "Fides sit penes auctorem." (Cries of done-Brown!) Not only is Yankeedom the Autolycus of nations, but the Yankee himself is truly the Jonathan Wild and Blueskin embodied, without possessing that redeeming feature in the character of Jack Sheppard, namely filial affection."

THE PREMIER OF UPPER CANADA in allusion to the Yankees. The Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald. A descendant of the Lords of the Isles.

"Who said so?" "Why, old Chandler, of Worcester, Mass." "Who is old Chandler, of Worcester, Mass.?" "A regular Yankee; not an irregular one." (Laughter.) "Well, if you believe a Yankee, no one will believe you, when falsification takes the place of truth, which antique philosophers say is eternal; when chalk eggs, sandy sugar, mud nutmegs, wooden hams, second lots of P. Pindars' razors, all made to sell, unwitting purchasers may well exclaim, sold!—when those superfluities (!) take the place of genuine articles, and when Naragansett Bonds, Boston Certificates, and Massachusetts wild cat paper usurp the place of CANADA Consols and Debentures now passing current over even the whole habitable globe, then, and not till then, will that *fil de la chien*—the Yankee—be believed and trusted by honourable communities. There stands your Yankee

"Monster, abhorred of gods and men;"

whose sobriquet, *nom de guerre*—*plume*, cognomen, or if you'd rather alias, is the synonym for living lie in every country."

What a RENOWNED ENGLISHMAN says about the Yankees.

The Hon. Colonel PRINCE, called the Saviour of the West, in a reply to "sympathisers":—"Don't come over here any more on such an errand, or you shall never go back again. I'll send you with your comrades where you'll not want any more apple sauce and pumpkin pie, and where your officers will not have a chance of robbing our people's henroosts. Talk about only the river dividing us! Dam' the — thing, and dam up the Falls! to the bargain. Could you fill up this, and make a macadamized road (of its course). We would be no nearer in connection than we are now or ever shall be. Off! be off! at once! Had I the will as I had the power, last night I could have laid Detroit in ashes. "Who's that?" "It's a Major." Colonel—"Major who? Major of what?" "Why, the 'Boston Major!'" "What has he come for? What has he been doing?" "We caught him in the chicken shed. He was formerly boots at the Adams House." Major—"I didn't know they belong'd to you, Kurnel." Colonel—"You're all Majors and Colonels over there. Cook, slut, and butler, up! Chase that Yankee Major over the frontier. If I catch you back again I'll doctor you." (Incident at Windsor, UPPER CANADA, during the winter of 1836-7.) Of all the sneaks in God's creation the Yankee is the meanest. He'll throw a sprat to catch a herring, but he'll rip the herring up quick in no time, minus any sauce except his own impudence, and send you with the sprat, swearing he gives it at first hand."

ST. JAMES'S HALL—MR. GLADSTONE, DUKE OF WESTMINSTER,
AND "Thomas Hughes, Esq."

On the evening of 2nd day, 7/5, '77, I attended what purported to be a public meeting in favour of Russia, held at St. James's Hall; but when I arrived—O! bless the reader—I found out that it was a Gladstone Meeting. Dick's Son, the Unready, was to have taken the chair, but 'twas filled by Yankee Tom Hughes, "the Duke (not) being there." Every "now and then," (Cowper-Bulwer), an uproar would take place, sometimes in isolation, like an earthquake-shaken island in an aqueous surge, at other times, emblematic of a volcanic Archipelago, a very general irruption would take place. One poor, unhappy wight, adventuring to the platform, meek as Moses, and standing for a minute at a respectful distance, was "moused at by" one of the Committee-men, who gathered the scarcely conscious intruder, thoughts, and all, and flung him down on the platform. Hardly had he removed his victim at the unseemly landing place, than a host of Committee-men, in a true wolvine spirit, taking advantage of their numbers, leaped upon "the unfortunate M(r.) Bailey," and I verily believe were inclined, using an examination phrase, to "pluck him" of every hair of his head. I thought as I saw the billow of "fierce democratie" breaking over

"This living shrine of trampled dynasties,"

—O yes! I thought of the Ark of the Constitution being left without a pilot to such ignorant, cowardly mariners, and involuntarily broke into singing the words of Black-Eyed Susan,—

"Does my Sweet William sail among your crew?"—JOHN GAY.

POTTERS HAVING REPRESENTATIVE HOUSES IN LONDON.

Some gentlemen, manufacturing potters, near London, have sent their prospectuses to the Author of the LONDONIAD, but he has already introduced over 100, viz: the 13th edition of that work; and the deeds of ceramic art such as were never excelled in any age for beauty, or by any exporter for extent, were introduced by him to the Great Families of the British West, (he does not supply shops), although *their* deeds too

"I might relate.....and their names
Eternize here on earth,"—*Paradise Lost*, Book VI.

with those of our POTTER PRINCES, already, and here and now to be again named

"In ye Englishe Ceramicus Stoke-Vpon-Trente."

Adams & Co., (who are now superseding Wedgwood); Adams, W.; Barlow; Beech & Hancock; Bodley; Boote, (superseding Minton); Bowers; Broadhurst; Brown-Westhead; Moore & Co.; Bromfield; Copeland; Davenport & Co.; Edwards; Elliot; Liddle & Son; Godwin; Goss; Heath, Blackhurst & Co.; Hill, Leveson; Hobson, Thomas & Co.; Holland & Green; Kent, John; Knight, Joseph; Livesley, Powell & Co.; Lowe & Abberley; Macintyre, James; Mills Brothers; Minton, Herbert; Morgan, Wood & Co.; Old Hall Company; Robinson & Leadbeater; Shaw, Anthony; Skinner, William; Stubbs, William; Tams & Lowe; Webb & Walters; Wedgwood & Co.; J. Browne & Son, (near Darby,) 17 Wharf, Macclesfield Street, City Basin; Wedgwood & Sons; &c.

COUNTY COURT.

I have unmasked the villains."—MR. PLIMSOLL.

That the effects of my County Court circular are being felt may be witnessed in the defeat of Sir E. Wilmot's Jurisdiction Bill—all honour to Messrs. M. Lloyd, Cole, Norwood, Gregory, Wheelhouse, Mellor, Whalley, Sir C. O'Leighlin, and the Attorney-General—the tall, as Galileo said of the Globe, "still moves!" and before long, others will have

"Pressed the bed where Wilmot lay."—ALEXANDER POPE.

TO MY MOTHER.

Χριστὸς γεννᾶται. δοξάζετε
 Χριστὸς ἐξ οὐρανῶν, ἀπαντήσατε,
 Χριστὸς ἐπὶ γῆς ὑψώθητε.—COSMAS.

"Plus je vis l'étranger, plus j'aimai ma patrie."

CHRISTMAS DAY IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Written far away from CANADA, amidst the Barbarous races of Massachusetts.

Where are the smiling faces now, that lit up CHRISTMAS DAY,
 Where are the deep Cathedral tones, the Holly and the Bay?
 All the bleak blasts of adverse fate have stripp'd what once was mine,
 And like a flower transplanted in foreign lands I pine.
 I think upon the happy times in "merrie England" spent;
 A Mother smiles no more for me: here give your sorrows vent.
 Where are the youth who moved so gay, the aged that smiled with joy,
 And artless maidens that caressed of yore the Minstrel boy?
 Alas! the aged have passed away, the grass grows green above them;
 In Mem'ry's archives they are placed, I'll never cease to love them.
 The youth have left their early homes for every distant coast;
 Some have soared to virtuous Fame, some are for ever lost.
 "The times have changed," as Scott would say, and blinding tears may flow;
 E'en in mine own land th' scenes are changed, I'd scarcely know them now,
 The lanes that lay thro' "thickest shade" that overhung the stream,
 Where thro' infantile years I roamed as in a fairy dream,
 By daisied bank, the primrose lawn, and by the ivied wall,
 Where th' ancient Abbey, and the Moat, Historic scenes recall.
 Thoughts on thoughts, like fitful gusts o'er Time's dark flood amain,
 Sweep through the desert of my soul, and swell the stormy strain.
 My heart is like a sepulchre, where the once living lie,
 And memories like dismal ghosts, flit in weird visions by.
 Ay, Hark! there is a sound, a voice, and now a mist I see,
 With rainbow tints assuming Form, my MOTHER, ah, 'tis she!
 Language, O whither art thou fled?—stay! hear her blest command,
 Remember me, aye trust in God, and love your Native land.
 Yes, when I shall cease to love thee my memory be forgot,
 Heaven's gate be closed above me, and evil be my lot,
 Quail in the battle march of life, oblivion swamp these lays,
 And never may a song of mine descend to distant days,
 Hope that on the Tree of Life in seeming blossom blows,
 But emblem out a lifeless waste, swept by the Polar snows.
 In distant climes ne'er trod before, how roam'd thy exiled son,
 Thro' wildest realms and wilder years till he the Laurel won.
 'Twas in the twilight dawn of life, e'er sunrise of my day,
 I left thee, but I will return crowned with the fadeless Bay.

Leave we now the unlovely land; still more unlovely race,
 And strive, although we vainly strive, dark memories to efface.
 In CANADA to smile—my heart leaps to thy blissful shore,
 On British soil once more, my boys, on British soil once more.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

"Agus tar éis na teineadh guth suáimhneach cáol.—I. Riogh. Caib. xix.

I lay asleep in London, and there I dream'd a dream
 Which many in this iron age may well-nigh fiction deem;
 The drear damp clime of England had left me very low,
 My heart was beating wildly, and fever'd was my brow,
 And I was climbing rugged cliffs that pierced a burning sky,
 A howling desert limitless did far beneath me lie;

Thus I was struggling hard to gain 'midst dangerous crags the top,
 When, lo! an escarpment midway did further progress stop:
 All hope of succour to the Bard on that scorched headland lost,
 While with the simoon's fury the desert was upstod,
 And the sky, shadowless before, now fill'd with undefined forms,
 I thought them tyrants' disembodied spirits rapt to storms;
 Fiery winds and sandy seas more fiercely round me blew,
 And I was battling all alone with that aerial crew.
 Clouds intervened no more, a waste desert below me lay,
 The lone height trembled to its base and now was giving way;
 And I already tumbling down to meet my hated doom;
 Anon! a new Creation did forth in vision loom,
 I stood amidst a Paradise in all its pristine bloom,
 Birds, Flowers, and Fountains made that Eden to rejoice,
 I awoke! * * * * *
 A form was bending over me,—I heard my MOTHER'S Voice.

TO MY MOTHER.

(WRITTEN IN AMERICA.)

MRS. HEMANS.

“There is,
 In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
 Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
 A mother's heart.”

Long years may roll their cycles by, and oceans intervene.
 In pleasure's or in sorrow's hour is still my mother seen.
 What though on distant continents, beside Niagara's foam,
 By prairies, woods, and western wilds, your only son should roam?
 Though all the years of youth were spent beyond the floods afar,
 Yet ne'er have I forgotten thee, my bright and morning star.
 My heart yearns toward you with a warmth no language may express,
 Had I a thousand worlds to give, ten thousand tongues to bless,
 Yet these were all too small; and more, when all were done,
 To speak the gratitude and love of your lone, exiled son.
 Talk of affection as you may, what is it shines above,
 Intensest, brightest, purest, best? 'tis all a MOTHER'S love.
 The words of kindness she spake, full oft in infant years,
 Throng on the mind in after-times, through joyousness and tears.
 Another wife may well be found, a sister, too, be born:
 But nothing can like MOTHER'S love the human life adorn.
 Yes! and when all the world grows cold, friends prove no longer true,
 Then, MOTHER, with a bursting heart, we ever turn to you.

TO MY MOTHER.

(WRITTEN IN ENGLAND.)

JOHN MILTON'S *Paradise Regained*.

“Home to his mother's house returned.”

No sentimental lyre I string to fancied sighs and tears;
 For I know well the woes did wring your heart in exile years.
 The last to wave the parting hand, as I dared the stormy track;
 And your form rose first upon the strand, to welcome the exile back.
 When the sun flamed in heaven no more, and his last beams faintly shone,
 I saw you on the less'ning shore, when all the rest were gone.
 On steeps, in labyrinthine dells, your voice came back to me,
 Like the sweet chime of silver bells across the sounding sea.
 Your presence ever seem'd to guard me in my wandering ways;
 Enveloping the lonely Bard in Aureola rays.

TO MY MOTHER UPON HER BIRTHDAY.

MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

"The birthday of one of the best of Mothers."

THOMAS MOORE.

"What should I be without thee? Without thee
 —how joyless victory,
 Though borne by Angels, if that smile of thine
 Bless'd not my banner."

I remember very well what have mental giants said,
 That in the Spring-tide of Time's first year all the world was made;
 (I suppose they meant to say, then were its foundations laid).
 Lo! Dan Chaucer, "When that month in which the world began
 (The Nun's Priest's Tale), That highte March, when God first makéd man."
 March! your natal month, sacred was in classic times to Mars,
 Yours be the Peace and Calm, MOTHER, and I'll out-storm the Wars.
 Carew (in prose) speaks of Spring, and others the Muses' lemans,
 Io! Spenser, Shakespeare, Thomson, Pope, Goldsmith, Shelley, Hemans.
 The Star of Destiny brightens o'er Heaven's triumphal Arch,
 Precursor of a happy year, eventful 6th of March.
 Learned men do tell us that this is the first day of Spring,—
 In Spring it was, we know, our fav'rite Milton best could sing.
 Ah! very many lonely birthdays by us both were spent,—
 You in England. MOTHER, I on the Western Continent.
 In all the dreary twenty years through which did Exile go,
 No reciprocal arm was there to help in weal or woe.
 Both of us strength and spirit have to dare the storms of strife,
 Whatever I may be, you are but in the prime of life.
 Yet to cheer the evening of your day shall be my primest aim,
 For you I'll gather ev'ry wreath on all the fields of fame.
 Studying Language in my sleep, *three words* to me were given,
 The loveliest (by angel hands), MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN.
 Oh! there awaits thee, MOTHER,—wilt thou come along with me?—
 An Island Paradise in ONTARIO's upland sea,
 Niagara rolls in myriad hues as garlanded in Flowers,
 Like lambent fires in Fairy Land ascend TORONTO's towers,
 The sights and sounds of CANADA o'er all that roseate clime
 Shall vision forth the Eden of a legendary time.
 But wherever thou deign'st, MOTHER, to take up thy abode,
 There's my centre of th' Universe, and there my other god!
 If you desire, no more will I ride venturous o'er the foam,
 Mutually we'll cheer each other in our English home.
 And when we take our walks abroad, at sunset or at morn,
 We'll note where greatness flourished, where such an one was born.
 Ev'ry step we take in England, wherever we may stray,
 Will recall deeds of splendour in each retrospective day.
 Around the fire at eventide the mental shall engage,
 And we'll converse with mightiest minds, the lights of ev'ry age.
 Literature and Works of Art shall beautify our Home,
 We'll welcome ev'ry trusty friend, whenc-ever such shall come;
 No cold formality restrain, be all as free as air,
 All that within our circle come shall equal bounties share;
 (Oh, bear me witness, Muse! if scarce these minstrel eyes have dried,
 Since CÆSAR was stolen away, and lovely SAPPHO died).
 MOTHER! like Mercy's Angel, still advance with open hand,
 I, buckling on my armour, will lead the ardent band
 That aims to bring the English People back their rightful land.

SIR CHARLES AND LADY WATKINS,

— from Lands beyond the sea,
 — hav' turned, O CANADA! to thee,—
 — a happy Western home.

PAMELIA S. VINING'S *Canada*.

Letters from them appear in former LONDONIADS. The last received from them by my Mother and myself was about Christmas, 1876.

[Our well-known and ever-to-be-honoured friends will be remembered as residing many years at 29, New Charles Street, City Road, London [England]. I and my Mother inhabited the same house with them for about six or seven years; my Mother constantly, and I, except whatever short time I happened now and then to be out of London.—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.]

"Mine own romantic town."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO

THE INHABITANTS OF TORQUAY,

ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS.

I enter the field of candidature for the Representation of the QUEEN OF THE SOUTH in Parliament at the next General Election.

By the application of Science and Art, and ever mindful of the unrivalled salubrity of its climate, and of the loveliness of its situation, I will strive by every means in my power to attract towards my native town the *élite* of nations.

I shall personally, and at an early period, have the pleasure of addressing you collectively, and of conversing with you each, so far as may be, individually.

Hoping to meet both Ladies and Gentlemen at the Hustings, I will from thence, confident of success, beckon you to the Poll.

I am, yours faithfully,

J. TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

PRESIDENTS OF THE ANGLICAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

In the Causes of the Rise, Decline, and Fall of Nations I introduce the three Archbishops.

HON. MALCOLM CAMERON (OTTAWA).

PRESIDENT OF CANADA TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

I early wrote a poem on Parliamentary Character, in which I introduced our Pioneer of Civilization. It is now in the British Museum, London (Eng.). (Please see the supplement.)

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART.

"Yet Temperance, yet thy Standard torn by flying,
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind."

(Parody on BYRON.)

Soon shall the whole Island of England be the stone of help whereon to rear our Ebenezer; may Heaven still continue to inspire our Parliamentary Champion even as we are, all of us, always inspired by his Name, Presence, and Achievements. The History of the world in the Past, and I would fain believe, in the long centuries yet to come, will form no parallel to the aim and destiny of THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE; the one like a new-created Heaven extending a blissful future over Chaos, and the other, a moral Titan of our time, turning upon the Demon of Intemperance like another Thor battering the serpent,

Down the fiery maw of dragon,
Sir Wilfrid threw the poison'd flagon.

Songs of the Troubadours.

Lawson among the foremost." DRYDEN'S *Annus Mirabilis*.

"And Merry Carlisle——" PERCY'S *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

T. L. WILSON, ESQ.

The "all are not evil" of Byron, meets an exemplification in the career of this gentleman.

[Please see the DESANTIAD.]

THE HONOURABLE SAMUEL L. TILLEY, C.B.,

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

We may never forget those blissful hours in which, before the prime splendour of England, you stood, the embodiment of that Virtue destined to bless mankind more than every other or all the other Virtues put together. You left behind you a stream of light that followed you in glory over the ocean from England, and which must ever glow like the Galactic circle to the mental eye of myriads. Had you resided a little while longer in London, it was the intention of friends connected with the United Kingdom Alliance, and of many thousands besides, to have greeted you with a torch-light procession and serenade. But you have enlightened and charmed our generation through Temperance, the fountain of all virtues. In your existence we realise the Kildare Fires and the Mam Tors of Human Life, yea! all that is sacred and great. You will attract our vision and warm our memories—maugre all distance intervening, of a physical ocean and main of years! My mother desires to be kindly remembered to you.

EX-GOVERNOR GARDINER.

MASSACHUSETTS.

I made an allusion to you in a former LONDONIAD, and took, I believe for motto—

"All are not evil."

This hath been fully exemplified in your own career; but I shall take you for witness in the day that I arraign Boston—that city of Sodom—before the world as a nest of infamous miscreants, and I here brand its inhabitants, individually and collectively, as falsifiers and cowards, and when the tocsin of war shall sound you will have no quarter, and what befell a part of Washington, and what Baltimore narrowly escaped in 1812-15, is your doom.

HON. GEORGE S. HILLARD.

"The Great Massachusetts Man."

BARHAM'S *Ingoldsby Legends*.

Your name is better known in England than that of any other Bostonian, owing to your critical dissertation on, and edition of, the works of Edmund Spenser, and your Six Months in Italy. I was present in Faneuil Hall, October 27th, 1852, and heard your oration on Daniel Webster, then and there delivered by you, and as your name is the likeliest to go down to a far posterity, and because you will remember something about it, I choose to associate your name with the following circumstance. (The rest is included in a letter, which will be paraphrased for the New Bostoniad.)

TO THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF BOSTON, MASS.

"At Boston one day!

But the Yankees soon flinch—"

Song, "THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON,

Deputy Tegg's Edit., 1863.

As the representative body of miscreants, I will drag you forth to the light of day, and lash you in the presence of the onlooking world. But I may not stay any longer. *Intantum sordium congerie*.

Wherever and whenever is met a Yankee, especially of Boston, Massachusetts, the world always will, as it does now, exclaim, "*Pædicator: hic squalidus est.*"

* I am preparing a SATIRE on the YANKEES, to be called the NEW BOSTONIAD, in which more than 5000 names will be introduced.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE,

Author of the Bostoniad, which was published 1853.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD.

A most honourable and substantial CANADA personage, having been ill-affected by some one or more of those "institutions" called Trade Protection Societies, I offer the above reward, hoping thereby soon to acquire knowledge, whereby a full development of attending circumstances may be made public; for I look upon it as the scandal of our time, that a Brave, Generous, Educated, and Enlightened Gentleman should be secretly and underhandedly attacked by low catchpennies and hireling cowards. I only ask that the attendant circumstances be revealed, openly and above board.

I called upon Mr. Hartley (Head of Stubbs'), and am convinced that no evil in regard to the above emanated from thence. Not so with another, a petty concern, and I had so worked the oracle, that my man, like a second Marchades (almost) laying his hand upon the shoulder of Bertrand de Gourdain after his fatal arrow had pierced Cœur-de-Lion, was ready to pounce upon "the Secretary," or "what-d'-ye-call-it" (Milton), when the coward (and cowards, as

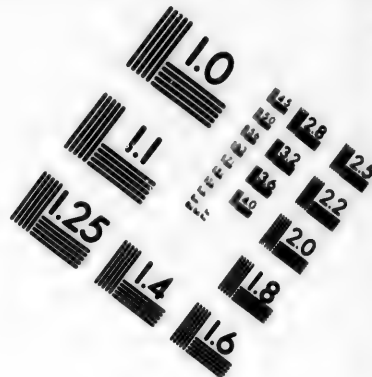
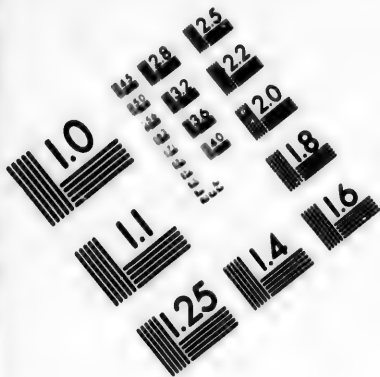
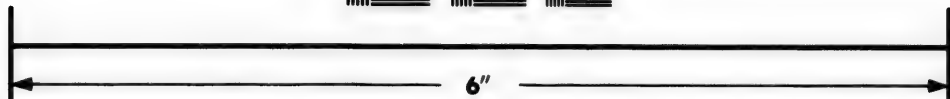
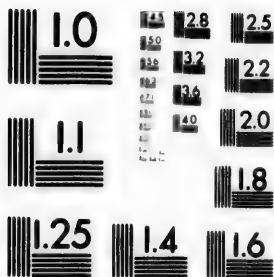


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our Friend Frank Buckland hath it, are always cruel) decamped by a back-door, and has not since been heard of; but—

"Let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out."

MILTON'S *Comus*.

And so I did. Since the above reward was first offered I have secured a complete set of light literature, issued by a Company in Newman Street, W., together with copies of "Such kind o' things" pertaining to others "of the same kidney" as Squire King hath it, which may prove to be *heavy literature* by the time that parties therein named are made aware of a peculiar "secret (in) policy" pursued by certain gangs of thugs. I will communicate with all persons supposed to be interested herein.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE,
Author of the 100 LONDONIADS, &c.

RIGHT HON. A. H. LAYARD, D.C.L.

"Among the learned Sons of Spain."
Translation from HORACE.

(The Author of the LONDONIAD went in company with him to the Paris Exhibition in the Summer of 1867.)

A Letter to HODGSON PRATT, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I, in common with many others, am desirous of seeing some testimonial established in our day, to One who has deserved well of his countrymen and the world; and as I think the desired object cannot be better carried out than in erecting a statue to Mr. Layard, I will give sixty guineas towards the same, the pedestal to be adorned with *messo-relievo*, illustrative of his Researches, his Contributions to Art Literature, and his connection with the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The amount to be paid in the following manner—twenty guineas at the commencement of the work, an equal sum when it shall be half through, and the remainder at the completion thereof.

In fond remembrance,

I am yours faithfully,

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

To Hodgson Pratt, Esq.

P.S.—The open space in front of the British Museum would be a very suitable place whereon to erect his statue, and I would suggest that this be the spot.—
J. T. S. L.

CONGRESSMAN CHANDLER.

"Chandler."—JOHN GAY.

"Blatant beast."—EDMUND SPENSER.

"Congress."—BYRON.

"Congress—

Doom'd to fall."—JOHN DRYDEN (trans. Virgil *Æneid*.)

"I know you of old." I do not now think that your philtres will work with any great degree of effect upon the body politic of Britain, however much they might tend to accelerate the hour of climactrical dool to the infamous town you inhabit. (Boston.)

Your Boston we compare to the cities of the plain.

"E pero al minor giron suggella
Del segno suo e Sodoma e caorsa." (*Inferno*, xi.)

I do not wonder at your venomous speech against England, Ireland, and Scotland, when I consider the consanguinity existing between you and that hoary monster Chandler, the Worcester (Mass.) poisoner, familiarly known as "the Dockter!"

"Horrid thing besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parent's tears." (*Paradise Lost*, Book I.)

In thinking of whom at this distance of time and space, I am forcibly reminded of the words of Schiller, "Nothing in the whole course of my life has so stabbed me to the heart as the countenance of THAT man," except it be equalled in horribleness by Bemis his once lacquey and his successor in deeds of darkness.

To George C. S. Choate,—

"There's thunder on the gale
I reckon Mr. Choate."

"*Boston City Measured.*"

T. WILEY, Jun., No. 20, State Street, Boston, (Mass.) 1849.

It is high time now to arraign you before the world as an abettor of infamy. I am no longer the innocent young man that I was in the time that you took me in and did for me. Since then I have raised the whip and smack'd it over the heads of 10,000 Yankees; not one of whom ever had the courage to turn around and face me; in the words of your own countrymen, "You woke up the wrong passenger" in me. I crammed the lie down your throats, you Yankees, cowards, and the sons of cowards. I need not say with Saxon Harold, I would return to your midst and face you, had I a guarantee of safety; neither will I say with

"the solitary Monk that shook the world" (*Luther*),

"I will go, through all the tiles of the roofs of all the Houses were so many Devils to oppose me," for there would be now no opposition. Silence is the word in Yankeedom to-day; but all this, and these will not save you, you are already held up to the execration of the world by all other nations, and I even while in your midst, in the full ardour of youth and early manhood, branded you as I will ever brand you, as all the other nations of the world have branded you, even as you have branded yourselves, "YANKEE, COWARDS, AND THE SONS OF COWARDS."

ONE HUNDREDTH LONDONIAD.

To my Friends on the UPPER OTTAWA. In Aylmer my first work was printed, and well patronised. Among the Maritimal Heroes of Torbolton and their descendants in the days of my Literary Pilgrimage, I was always welcome. And when the Star of my destiny went westering over the umbrageous wilderness, and flying rivers waving to the setting sun, I found myself on the Allumette in Pembroke, Hospitable Pembroke, once the outpost—even then as now, the seat of—, the blissful Home of Heroic Pioneers of Civilisation. Nor shall the Gatineau, the Bonchere, or the Madawaska, with all their Settlers of Historic Memory, be forgotten.

When asked by HIS EXCELLENCY THE HONOURABLE SIR JOSEPH HOWE, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia (Please see former LONDONIAD), whose poems are now ready for the Press, my opinion in regard to a suitable publisher or publishing firm, * * * I am very glad that I did not publish my opinion, then expressed in innocence and ignorance, because afterwards I received a letter from our Native Prince Alesandre, wherein he says, "Your feelings are too refined, and your sympathies too acute to patronise publishers who under the similitude of *Novels*, offend against good taste by libelling private character." * * *

"This comes of casting pearls to hogs."—MILTON.

☛ There is a Prose Extra issued with the 100th LONDONIAD which please see. I give each of my friends a copy.

J. HALFORD.**ARTIST, 156, ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO.**

The two Beautiful works spoken of in the 19th LONDONIAD as emanating from the easel of Mr. Halford, and Painted expressly by the Artist for the Author, are now in Metallic Frames as perforated and chased by the Head of the Illustrious House of Hatfield, who was engaged thereon for nearly a year. I should have written a long letter to our Artist ere this time, but I had made up my mind to Inscribe to him "The Centenary of the Royal Academy," which, however, I would like to re-write before sending it to press. I find that it contains 7,500 lines, and must necessarily take some little time. I and my Mother desire to be kindly remembered to him and to our never-to-be-forgotten friends, Mr. and Mrs. W——.

Owing to some inadvertency the christian name of Mr. Halford was in the Toronto list wrongly spelt by ye typographical professor. Any tribute paid to this excellent gentleman was intended, *vide* a flash song, "Not for Joseph"; but in the words of the undying one, Milton "Good Josiah."

Extract from an Oration entitled,

THE INTRODUCTION OF BRITISH MANUFACTURES FROM LONDON INTO CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD.

About the quarter of a decade ago, forty-five gentlemen of high intellectual organisation, and ardent active temperament, were commissioned under the immediate auspices of the Author of the LONDONIAD to visit all the various districts in British North America, with the view of ascertaining a means whereby a spirit of reciprocal feeling might be brought into existence between our British Manufacturers in London (Eng.), and those in the Provinces of the Imperial Country having Representative Houses in the Metropolis, and our people in the New Dominion, the upshot of all this is, that I have now in my possession the Names and Addresses of over One and a Half Millions of Personages and Firms—all those that are worth knowing in every village, town, and city of CANADA. This would be too great a number to cause to be printed, but I will keep them by me for reference, and in order to supply my friends mentioned in the LONDONIAD with the names of those engaged in any line of Business of which they may desire knowledge concerning, and with whom they can or may of course correspond at any time. Moreover, I will, when required, give them a Manuscript List of such names as they may choose or prefer (the kind of Manufactures required being made known to me), or such as I may have reason to suppose suitable for them, and I will at the same time orally illustrate concerning such Houses or Individuals in "The British West" (Milton), as may be of service to our Friends in the Mother Country. All this will apply only to the Heroes of the LONDONIAD, for whose special benefit I have caused the hitherto unparalleled number of names to be thus gathered together. No sum that might be mentioned, within a moderate or even a large amount, could repay me financially; this I desire not, and I do not require it. I will make no charge neither will I accept of anything in return but the truest and best recompense, such as one gentleman might be kindly pleased to offer unto another without any compromise of dignity upon either side, namely, kind acknowledgments and cordial thanks.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.*"Bellum nec timendum, nec provocandum."*—PLIN.*"Audaces fortuna juvat timidosque repellit."*

This poem contains over 3,000 names, and appears in a supplement with the motto,—

*"Turn on the bloody hounds with head of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay. (WM. SHAKESPEARE.)"*

**INVENTORS, PATENTEES, AND FIRST MANUFACTURERS OF
GAS TUBING.**

AWARDS:—United States, Honourable Mention, 1853; Paris Medal, 1855; London, Medal, 1862; Cologne, Gold Medal 1865; Dudley, Medal, 1866; Paris, Medal, 1867; Turin Honourable Mention, 1867; Havre, Diplome d'Honneur 1868; Vienna, Medal for Progress, 1873.

JAMES RUSSELL & SONS, LIMITED,



Crown Tube Works, Wednesbury, MANUFACTURERS OF PATENT LAP-WELDED IRON TUBES, HOMOGENEOUS-METALS, STEEL, CHARCOAL-IRON, AND OTHER TUBES, FOR LOCOMOTIVE, MARINE, AND STATIONARY BOILERS, AND OTHER PURPOSES. London Warehouse and Offices: 108, Southwark Street, S.E. Please address in full—JAMES RUSSELL AND SONS, LIMITED.

Yours a Russell's glory——

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

O (cried the Goddess) for——
Some gentle JAMES to bless the land.

ALEXANDER POPK.


My mind was almost empty, I felt an aching void,

To persons who know more about pewter pots and cubebes
CANADA at least will never entrust its orders for tubes;
But here I hail the manager, ye wight of mental pith,
Our greatest men in CANADA were the friends of . . .
His firm 'bove the rest of the world for tubes hath made mark,
We'll, note, the Crown is of JAMES Russell and Sons the trade mark;
And I'm convine'd that Tubes of Pittsburgh', Boston', or New Yorks
Will never equal those of Wednesbury, ye Crown Works.
Muse! though others may as with Cerberusan mouth bark,
We hie to the London House (London) and Southwark Street, Southwark.
Henceforth for Public and Private Buildings o'er th' Western Seas,
I choose our Limited Company famous Patentees.
Wrought Iron Welded Tubes for Gas, Steam, and Water, with Iron, Brass,
And Gun Metal Fittings 'tis here my heroes all surpass.
Too, those of the Homogeneous—Metal, Steel, Charcoal—
Iron, and other Tubes (avaunt, Boston, morally dark-hole.)
For Locomotive, Marine, and Stationary Boilers,
And other purposes, thus I hail our mental toilers,
Whose deeds of Intelligence from Gaspé to the Merrules,
We greet in all &c.'s with their Boiler Tube Ferrules.
While o'er our Ocean Lakes, and Railways in all our fittings,
We greatly welcome their Malleable Cast Iron Fittings.
Stocks, Dies and Taps,—Whitworth' (nought now from Yankee dolls),
And more, their Patent Guide Stocks and Dies for Tubes and Bolts.
Hail *Mial* firm of Staffordshire and too, be-side the Thames,
While noting th' name of Russell we'll remember that of JAMES.

SECOND POEM.

**In every competition they ever first were reckon'd,
And the battle cry of rivalry, "Who shall be second!"—J. T. S. LINDVONE.**

**My heroes like Ula's unshaken mountain tales resist,
The force of fire and flood, nor shall th' impetuous muse desist,—**

Lo their Wrought Iron Tube; Steam and Water Tube and Fitting List.
 In CANADA I had heard the names of all declared ere-while,
 And as being, too unsurpassed in the Imperial Isle,
 Their deeds are in all climes from the rising to the setting day,
 Thro' their unbounded resources they the great markets sway
 Of all the world, their Patent Lap-welded Iron Tubes for Steam
 Or other purposes a're ever the inspiring theme.
 Yes! well may I say thro' them hath science, nations inspired,
 See them Screwed and Socketed, or with Flanges when required.
 And our great self-sufficient Family Firm discloses
 Cocks and Valves I ween for Steam, and eke other purposes,
 I write not on mere traffickers, they Science Creators,
 Here I survey steam and water-gauges. Lubricators,
 Whistles, Petcocks, Grease-cups, &c., for Locomotive
 Marine and Stationary Engines, and for purposes
 Other, for these and more I offer to them the votive
 Lay. Long years! they may not have lain upon beds of roses,
 And though adverse blasts in fury 'round our Steropei swept,
 Excelsior! their motto, they advanced while others slept,
 And now like a sky their Brontesian standard is unfurled,
 And spreads above the winds in ev'ry region of the world;
 Others are sub rosa changing hands if not changing names,
 But we'll recall the name of Russell joined with that of  JAMES.
 Manufacturers, the requirements of purchasers to suit,
 Cloep'd Special, our 4,000,000s o'er th' waves fondly will salute.
 Our thorough-going firm, unlike some, never do things by halves.
 Artesian Well Boring Casing Shells and Rods, and Valves
 Called Automatic, and here Bedstead Tubes Plain and Spiral,
 These are our sole supply of Blind Tubes, Hand and Baluster Rails,
 From the Imperial Home lands to Occidental Diral,
 Argo with a cargo three times every season sails.
 From amongst the ancient Gods, and there were very many
 What hath the Metallic Deities of Achaic Greece
 Conjured from mystic realm? Coils Plain and Taper'd of any
 Length, e'en up to 280 feet in one piece!
 Coils, Patent, for Steam Heating, Core Bars Plain, Drilled and Tapered
 Of any reasonable length up to 15 inches
 Diameter (here many strove but only Capered
 The Dance of Death!) each other firm still flinches.
 Flush Pointed Tubes for Artesian Wells. Field Boiler Tubes
 (Outer Tube only), these the chosen of mine Uncle Rube's.
 Gas Tubes of all sizes up to 4 inches bore diam-
 eter (all ideas of high deeds spring from Great I Am),
 Fittings to correspond. A rhyme! I think of Priam—,
 Times long before; perforce a pre-Hesiodian date,
 And wak'ning to life the void of centuries, march elate,
 Thro' all the glory-epochs and Time' envolving main,
 Rapt in the Kosmos, I hear the songs of hammer and tongs—
 Skill of Immortals! Argos, Ischys, Bio, and Mechane,—
 Hydraulic Tubes of any size, proved from 4,000 to
 15,000 lbs. per square inch, and Fittings if required,
 Such ne'er before on "this terrene" met of mankind the view,
 To match which, vainly, thro' 100 nations I enquired.
 Iron and Steel Tubes, various, Plain and Tapered eke Roller
 Tubes for Looms and Machinery, th' Zodiac's a toiler
 Of th', foemen' Epicedium, they're turned to bleating calves,
 (Circo swine!) I welcome Russell and Brown's Regulating Valves.
 For regulating (I note) the pressure of steam from high
 To any lower pressure, here too they the world outvie
 Steam Pipes with Sockets or Flanged joints, soon t' each upland sea,
 Painted by Native Artists, behold the Transparency,
 Illustrative of Diagrams, Nos. 1, 2, 3, page 3.

Hail Telegraph Poles (tapered) of iron, never since Chiron
 In Art instructed men, or o'er th' Ægean passed Myron,
 Lighting with everlasting Science all its classic coasts,
 Was ever equal known to Russell's Gate and Lamp Posts.
 Lo Tubes of various sections, viz. Square, Rectangular,
 Octagon, Hexagon, Triangular, Oval, Semi-
 Circular, and other shapes (O Muse! bound into the star
 Of the "utmost pole"! I 'mongst your sons on earth a demi-
 God will reign, in known and still unknown lands, thro' ages far.
 The 10th of Nehemiah a strange catalogue of names,
 But the greater wonder-deeds wrought by Russell called JAMES
 Over the floods of Time shall pass as on a rainbow pond,
 With all the banner'd ages he immortal with his sons.
 Like Homer's catalogue of ships may I begin the strain,
 Or Torquato Tasso's heroes on that Syrian plain,
 Spenser's rivers, Milton's cities, ay, like Ossian's stars,
 I'll re-animate *via Lactæ* into triumphal cars).

"Also for"

Heating and Superheating Apparatus, like a Tor
 Mentale as seen in Wonderland—vide Syre Trystem—
 They glorify the nations thro' Shackleton's Patent System
 Of Heating by Exhaust Steam, together with all other
 Requisite Fittings. In dealing here "you meet no bother."
 They rule the world from the Imperial Mother Nation,
 And by them tenders will be given upon application.
 Thus hath your Bard in strain unique exultingly rehears'd
 The fame of our great firm (secure while others burst),
 Who stand now at the head of the world as they were the first.
 I remember well, reclining in Ohio Tower,
 Of a sultry summer afternoon, as in a bower,
 Thro' tendril'd casement soft breezes my languid spirit fann'd,
 Songs of birds with streams commingling thro' that enchanted land;
 Minerva's form passed arial thro' without a rustle,
 Dictating this lay for the Company of James Russell,
 She spake of Roscommon's "fiery tubes" and Milton's "glazed
 Ditto," till their strains had CANADA to glory-land emblazoned.

P.S.—One order for British America of 15,000 dollars intended for another
 place did not go there. The Author of the LONDONIAD, with whom remained
 the power of illustrating the subject financially, declined to recognise the same.
 * * * After several thousands of the LONDONIAD were struck off I cancelled
 the four pages of this sheet, and ordered the entire Edition to take in this the
 Great Tube Poem. Those left out are the Wheel and Van Works, Iron
 Foundry, Stable Fittings, Rockets, Ammunition, Jute, Leather, Chemicals,
 Chronometers, Oil, Pickles, and several others. Now, as heretofore, I have
 determined not to fill up the LONDONIAD with mere Card Poems (than which
 nothing were easier), but, in order to give the said Work a high literary charac-
 ter, I will write only and in full upon those personages whom I intend to intro-
 duce, never forgetting my Colonial Friends.

Hon. H. K. Smith; the Great Orator, and Mayor of Buffalo, N.Y., upon
 Yankees is in type. Please see the next LONDONIAD.

P.S.—The "Onslaught of the ORATOR of the West," and "History brought
 to support the assertions contained in those Letters and Orations" (750 in
 number) by the Author of the LONDONIAD will appear hereafter.

* * * "In the lowest depth a lower still." The god of the Yankees.
 He not the Arbitrator of a boundless dominion, whose will is motion, and all
 power; to whom nothing can be great, and nothing small; in whom the Past,
 Present, and Future are one, whose form fills up the Universe, from the
 fountain of whose Being, cycles and zodiacs are for ever spraying over the erst
 inane. Instead of looking upon the Lord of millions of worlds, among all the
 races of Man, the Yankee hath the most contracted notion of Deity. Here he
 is! (The Orator takes a bogus dollar—not out of "silken or of leathern purse")

—but out of his waistcoat pocket). I'll spin him around like a top (spins it). There, you blasphemous and sordid pack of Hybrids, there is your Almighty (Almighty Dollar)!

CURIA MUNICIPALIS.

I lately received a letter from CANADA asking me the following:—"Has good Mr. Merriman, whose enlightened courtesy we experienced at the Eastern (Question?) Meeting in the Guildhall last fall (autumn), superseded yet that non compos mentis sany;" for the nonce I did not care to rally my memory in regard to whom was meant.

When sprang to memory the words of Devorgilla of Caerlaverock (wife of John Balliol—died 1269).

"Nae lawtith frae doofart doilt hyt heepy lyart loun ca'd Ker" (r).

Will the enlightened Reader be kindly pleased to see the *Themisiad*, and the next LONDONIAD. The answer is in type.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

In the next LONDONIAD will appear "A Reed shaken with the wind," &c. . . .

Καὶ ΒΡΕΦΟΣ διδάσκειται
 λέγειν ἀκούειν, ὃν μάθῃσιν οὐκ ἔχει
 Ἀδὲν μάθῃτε, ταῦτα σάφιστα φέλει
 Πρὸς γῆρας οὐκ ἡΛΙΑΖ ΕΥ ΗΛΙΑΕΥΕΤΕ.

EURIPIDES.

A CORPORATION COUPLET.

LORD MAYOR.—"I want a hero—an uncommon want."—BYRON.

BARD.—Take "the (not over)wise Ulysses" Grant.

Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

CLOSED UPPEES.



WILLIAM RABBITS,

MANUFACTURER, St. Thomas's Works, White's
 Grounds, Southwark, London, S.E.

"We are engaged in closing uppers."

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

"Of Shoon and Boot'ees new and faire
 Look, at least thou have a paire,
 And that they set so fetously
 That these rude men may utterly
 Marvel, sith they sit so plain,
 How they come on, and off again."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Rabbits understood Latin.

BACON'S Apophthegms.

Others I have consigned, vide Milton to "black Gehenna
 Called the type of—" and him who stood the first at Vienna
 Choose, whose extensive business in its ramifications
 Is hail'd respiring in a globe of light with all the nations.
 I heard a little while ago the British Lion growl
 O'er those abominations sent from Massachusetts' Lowell
 And I am sure that nothing of Boston's or New York's
 Egregious pretension, may equal St. Thomas's Works.
 Muse! I defy all the nations of the world put together
 To equal what my Hero hath here of English Leather,
 Although what other climes may hope to do in after days
 Hath been already done by him who Sciences' standard here displays.
 Neath his domes as one lost in Oretan mase I did rove a
 Bewilder'd wight midst Moslem Levant and Moresque Cordovn.
 Under's Hecatompylean roof, story 'bove story
 I saw the Arts reveal'd in unutterable glory,

While lights, thro' the vista of pillar'd halls seemed to rehearse
 As looming o'er chaos, the rival song of the universe.
 200 ~~men~~'s upon a floor engaged in "cutting out,"
 Why wonder that Squire William hath put all worlds to th' rout,
 Our business-like gentleman of unsurpassed renown
~~He~~ only supplies one who in 's turn supplies a town.
 He, by his blocks in myriads, diurnally prepares
 And sends every day out thro' the world 30,000 pairs,
Ausa-Amentum Crepida, Da Vinci's LAST SUPPER
 The world's second wonder deed of Art see in each Upper.
 Muse! re-animate the battle fields of the days of yore,
 What see'st thou? 'twas the Caliga that the Roman soldiers wore,
 The Calceus worn by Heliogabalus Nero
 We know them all, Sandalium Solea, Cracoea, Pero
 Cothurnus, "Jonson's learned sock" *Soccus* (*Lat*) et buskin,
 "Buskin" lo th' folio vol. writ on this word by Ruskin.
 Till to another compass point the mind of Yank did range
 With Blissful ONTARIO erst mutual interchange
 He held, but no more he comes upon financial foray
 For him we have made "the duty" prohibitory.
 William Rabbits' mode of doing business I will well describe
 And bring his deeds in vogue with native and adopted tribe,
 Distance! I draw the arial curtains, what meets our ken?
 His correspondents, our climes more substantial gentlemen.

~~The~~ The Legend of Saint Thomas, a poem by the Author of the LONDONIAD,
 is ready for the press.

CONTRACTORS TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT AND THE INDIA BOARD.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED AT THE HAVRE EXHIBITION.

PEACOCK AND BUCHAN'S



ESTABLISHED COMPOSITIONS FOR IRON, WOOD,
 COPPERED, OR ZINCED VESSELS, YACHTS, BARGES,
 BOATS, BUOYS, BEACONS, PILES, &c. Also for
 Preserving Railway Sleepers, Telegraph and
 Fence Posts. Established 1848. None are
 Genuine that do not bear the TRADE MARK, to imitate which is
 a Forgery.

From the "thousand and one" kinds of Anti-fouling Composition, I take
 A 1, as they say at Lloyds, that of our Royal Naval Captain. (Please see my
 reasons in various languages.)—Letter to CANADA.

Here, unlike cheating S' Edawmire, vile whitening compound,
 Which adds nought to Science, nor doth to Makers, worth redound;
 Never more to those of coward heart and lying lips which
 Caused that abomination to be sent from Ipswich,—
 Which would in its causation but accelerate rust,
 And then fly off, as *vide* MILTON, "like Libyan air adust."
 But our Captain, donning the Faillan regalia,
 In aureola lit Meridional Australia,
 Thro' him Salvation's Science in the brighter day confest,
 Glows roseate o'er all the countries of the "British West."
 There, thro' the flight of years, as unpaid representative
 To this, will the ardent Bard all his energies give.
 Our Ships, as in a New Creation, cleave the watery way,
 Like those that graced the lays of Byron, Falconer, and Gray.

How by the uninitiated shall be the standard fixed?
 Even a novice can apply it—'tis already mix'd!
 Never more about components need the vessel's crew inquire;
 Beside, list each Insurance Company, immunity from fire,
 No mere ephemera, or known but yesterday, empeight
 It may none ~~be~~ Established 1848.
 Granitic blocks (of Houses), Bridges, Palings, and eke walls,
 So forth, CANADA only, for Peacock and Buchan calls.
 And, look ye! wherever the British Standard is unfurled,
 Like the Sea on Homer's Shield, their glory rolls—around th' world.
 And Merit gave him fame such as few do or have deserved:
 "Captain, you are a gentleman of honour!"—OTWAY'S Venice Preserved.
 "To him no Author is unknown" that ever wooed the Muse,
 Or sought in humbler prose (Prior) "this and that" to infuse;
 Here (Robert Southey) "the Peacock assumes his proudest hues."
 A sense of confidence ord'ring from hence we ever feel,
 Machinery, Polish'd Granite-Wheels, too, of polished Steel:
 What left 1,000 vendors mere pretenders in delours?
 Our Paints are ever finely ground as are Artists' Colours,
 Nor thro' all British realms alone are my blest Heroes known,
 A rival day on th' universe is th' splendour o' their renown.
 Next to songs of deliverance ascending to Heaven,
 Are the prayers offered up for, and thanks to them given.
 Here in one seems blended "all knowledge, human and Divine,
 (This from Prior) that thought can reach or Science can define;
 And they have (witness their Book) power to give that knowledge birth
 (The same Author) in all the speeches of the babbling earth,"
 While practical wights in every zone proclaim their worth.
 Fama blares her trump, Tethys! Tellus! realm, land, or wavey,
 Hail Science's Thaumaturgus, Captain in th' Royal Navy,
 To him are known life's modes in their higher varieties,
 He, th' valued Member of many learned Societies,
 Across, adown th' aërial glade of centuries yet to come,
 Shall his name be heard in CANADA, his loved, early home,
 Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill, th' "most lov'd of all th' Ocean's sons,"
 Whose bounty, thro' the mentale, flows a perpetual fons;
 The Cynosure! what is it each unborn race so fondly cons?
 His spirit, above Time's tempest-embattled ages,
 Blended in one those of classic Greece's 7 Sages.
 He, Author and Patentee, ay, doubly the Inventor,
 As on the "plains of Windy Troy" rang the voice of Stentor,
 So shall over th' expanse of Being that of our Mentor.
 Captain Peacock showed, too, have a bucolic Squire blund'ed,
 What time he on "this earth globose" lost a "cool 500!"
 What may have been refreshing to some proved too hot for him,
 Who lost thus much, alas! sad experience, through a whim!
 Methinks I hear the words of ye old British monarch, Lear,—
 "Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!" (Will Shakespeare);
 Who is there that this "odd formation" in the view can take
 75,000 miles of a grindstone or pancake?
 The Muse unchanging, ay, as *Lex* erst of the Median,
 From their Hecatompolis takes her first Meridian.
 I will proof advance that she is prolific and fecund,
 For funds we apply not to Reichrath, Parliament, or Bund,
 We pay for their paints on the Cathedral of Saint Tammanund.
 (Of Echo, how far wilt thou bear the fame of Tammanund? I
 Asked, she thus, "Extra flammantia menia mundi")
 In high latitudes on Pole Magnetic they have made mark,
 Geographic exemplification, lo their Trade Mark.
 A Globe septentrion ye wizard shippe doth sail upon,
 With a boundless heaven for the sensible horizon,
 Our Captain is plain and gracious, so not a "gent" or "don,"

Philosophy's Dundonald, Cochrane that jolly seacock,
 Was the Archetype of Time's benefactor, Captain Peacock,
 Th' Royal Geographical Society's First Member;
 This I heard at its Special Meeting, 12th this December.
 And the Adventurous Muse, sure it would dishearten her,
 Failing "Salute of deference duo" to our junior Partner,
 My Mother has listened to, not dull Pepper, and Kuchan,
 And 's very well acquainted with Culpepper and Buchan.
 P.S.—Loud as if united were Earthquake' and Heaven' thunder,
 What destin'd shock shall break Attraction's bars asunder?
 Ye Big Gun!—this placed the laurel on an empty pate,
 By mode of title, rendering its owner all elate,
 But 'tis well known that our Captain did this originate,
 Too, the Gas Check. He whom Science doth thoroughly embue,
 Was th' first to draw attention to Guano of Peru.



J. K. WESTCOTT,

COPPERPLATE AND LITHOGRAPHIC ENGRAVER AND
 PRINTER. BANK NOTES, BILLS, AND DEBENTURES;
 Cards, Circulars, Invoices. No. 19, New-
 castle Street, Farringdon Street, E.C.

"Have Debentures, Bankers, and Banks."—DEAN SWIFT.

"Engraved in characters that shall last."—GOVERNOR EVERETT.

"An eminent printer."—ALEXANDER POPE.

'Twas opposite Ogdensburgh and by the Mill at Prescott,
 That the bard first heard of the practical J. K. Westcott,
 And that was from Colonel (not a Yankee Kurnel) Minter,
 Who praised our copper-plate and lithographic printer,
 Chev. Laveillet-Dupont, Finance Delegate—ex, he Co
 Partner erst with myself, joyed in his plates for Mexico.
 Apropos of that concerning which I speak, Westcott's plates
 Surpass'd all sent to us from the so-called United States.
 Yea, and the latest of th' LONDONIAD's Author's ventures,
 Are declared upon J. K. Westcott's Engraved Debentures,
 For all of Il Commercio, as too Visiting Cards,
 Each Co. and family of eminence him much regards;
 While into scenes of the Historic Ohio guides her son,
 Here he the triple Pallæan wreath from all the world hath won,
 And I happen to know that our colonists would delight
 To correspond with him at home, a most artistic wight.
 Yea! the whole of the New Dominion will invoke his aid,
 For CANADA Illustrated vide ye LONDONIAD,
 And need it now by the Western Bard be even hinted,
 Here Cards, Circulars, Invoices, Engraved are and Printed.
 Yea! full soon shall some triumph of his hand and mind be seen
 Gracing the Archives of TORONTO, Occidental Queen,
 From Newcastle-street, Farringdon ditto, and Number 19.

MR. GLADSTONE,

The ὁ σὺν γράφει.

THE LAETUSLAPISINIAD—THE GREAT SPEECH PARAPHRASED—appears in
 a former LONDONIAD.

"No place on earth, he cried, like Greenwich."—Pope to Bolingbroke.

Erst, the sobriquet obtained by him was Testy Will,
 But his name in history must be Coercion Bill.
 He who spoiled the Temples of his God, I ween
 Would not be slow to sack the Palace of a Queen.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN.

**HILL AND JONES,**

(Late of Jewry Street, Aldgate),
WHOLESALE AND EXPORT CON-
FECTIONERS, AND CANDIED PEEL
MANUFACTURERS, 52, 54, and
56, Commercial Road East, Lon-
don, E.



Then Hill essayed—

—among the swans of Thames

ALEXANDER POPE.

With Jones of Jonesville, the veritable Jones.

SAMUEL CARTER HALL.

To a confectioner served his time the Immortal Claude,
Berghem's Confectionary Pictures, Time must e'er applaud.
I wandered as thro' ravaged lands the lonely hunter,
Nature mourning in desolation for Richard Gunter,
For his famous Exhibition Cake, the praise of which resounds
Still in the LONDONIAD, I gave him £400.
This being truly a Work of Art I paid no tax man,
The surrounding bas-reliefs reminded me of Flaxman.
We were wont to put up with Yankee abominations,
But to England now look our Aboriginal nations,
All adopted races, cities, settlements, and "stations,"
Ye Art Muses seem to live in new awakening zones
Of being, hailing from the active Messrs. Hill and Jones.
I saw their Work People as they out to their dinners went,
Thought of Penn's, Maudslay's engineering establishment,
And that they could alone supply the Western Continent.
Addison, Cleaveland, Bacon in's Natural History,
Boyle, Harvey, to crown all Shakespeare the world's greater glory,
And writers in the Greek and Roman times were not chary
Of dilating on my chosen theme Confectionary;
And Cowper, in one of the loveliest poems that we have,
Speaks of Confectionary that his Mother to him gave.
Long years we dealt with our Head Partner's friends in Aldgate,
And the Great Owen did our new capital decorate,
I will send them home some tons of sugar from the Maple
Which they, will transform to the marketable and staple:
Their names, a guarantee that nothing deleterious
Will be therewith compounded,—O that was a serious!
Affair, when the Yankee left our colonies in dolour
Thro' the indigestible and eke poisonous colour:
But what doth greatly the spirits of our people arouse
The receiving of British Goods from a Practical House.
It is not the dark and earthy-like that now meets the sight,
Dr. Arnott taught us how to make Maple Sugar white;
It became transform'd like the weird *avatia* of Arcole
Revealing Saccharine snow before the might of charcoal,
Sweet and Pure as thy fond deed, loved Sculptor of Belleissia,
Hath passed the Metempsychosis, Waller's Sacharissa.
Muse! in the romantic days of *Forest Life* I made a
Theme of "Mode of making Maple Sugar in CANADA."
And even now while the dawning of a new day doth dapple
The steeds o' our Morn' I hie to my Heroes of Whitechapel.

Their Confectionary, all the kinds I'll catalogue,
 And thro' our Seven Provinces will bring them all in vogue;
 Our Native Orators use such whenever they would speak
 Either to praise the British or vengeance on Yank to wreak;
 While at our Public Fetes, in Homesteads and Pavilions
 For the next decade they shall supply our thriving millions.

THE PRESENTATION POEM.

JOHN H. WORRALL,



SILVERSMITH AND ELECTRO-PLATE MANUFACTURER,
 SMELLING AND TOILET BOTTLES, DRAM
 FLASKS, FITTINGS FOR DRESSING CASES AND
 BAGS, MOUNTED STICKS, PIPES, &c., 19, Myddelton
 Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.

Muse, at the suggestion of gallant Captain Horrall,
 I award the maple wreath to John H. Worrall,
 His, better, than aught from any so-called United State;
 All that we require we'll welcome here of Electro-Plate.
 Upon him alone in London our colonists confer
 The Myrtle and the Bay as Cut Glass Manufacturer.
 All our Tourists and Surveying Parties are now telling
 In Chaucerean mode, of his Gold and Silver Mounted Smelling
 And Toilet Bottles, and Dram Flasks, lay emphasis, fittings,
 For Dressing Cases and Bags, never in all my fittings
 O'er the world, saw I, specially that of the stars and stripes,
 Aught equal to John H. his well Mounted Sticks and Pipes.
 Was't he made that fairy wand for Wilhelmina Stocken,
 Or that the huge tree-like for the Spectre of the Broken,
 That for Milton's Champion passing over "the burning marle,"
 And that club of Hercules, ye labour-performing carle.
 Gargantua, and his son Pantagruel, used his note-
 Ed pipes, O, how the rolling clouds came from each monstrous throat,
 And their vast ideas like unlick'd bear cubs here did float.
 Spenser! Raleigh! never since "the Shepherd of the Ocean" smoked,
 Or sacred (!) Jacobus primus on this kind o' mouthpiece joked,
 Or Gitehe Manito intending on earth to tarry
 Awhile, with his godship's glory envolv'd the sunset haze,
 What time he descending upon the Red Pipe-stone Quarry
 Setting it like an occidental Sinai a-blaze;
 Were ever known such Pipes, as now the world a-maze.
 These I introduce from Ocean to the Upper Grampum,
 Altogether as Peace-pipes where-from to smoke the Wampum;
 For him I'll sway the Western World, make all the markets free,
 Hail! 19, Myddelton Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.

THE FAN POEM.

Our Queen, Ta-pa-ta-mee, hailing the where-with to fan us,
 Saith, "Please bring the Fann Saxon, Van Gallic, Latin Vannus";
 And she, I ween, is the most learned Princess of our day,
 We'll list! Persia, Gangeitic regions, (Milton), "Rich Cathay."
 And we have at home in English th' three-book fan poem by Gay.
 Thus, you need not from CANADA to foreign countries range,
 Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Hooker, Atterbury, L'Estrange,
 Waller, Dryden, Pope, Addison Steele, Cowper, Rogers, Moore;
 In Mediæval Manuscripts—yea, every Age's lore,
 Vases and Antique Sculpture, from all classic lands of yore,
 And in the Fan Tracery of Gothic Architecture,

I have a Fan, in contour and design lovely and pure ;
 It seems a harping pinion from wand'ring Peri riven,
 (An Italian work. Maffeiian, some say Pallæan),
 Which never to this world's winds unfolded shall be given,
 Till Cupid and his Mother adventure down from Heaven.
 There is a wonder deed which no genius yet hath matched,
 And that is his Unique Fan with Smelling Bottle attached,
 Laurence Sterne, or somebody, wrote a book which discloses
 A physiog'-olfact' chapter—"more or less," on Noses.
 And I, who meditate this lay beside the Falls of Passic,
 Feel inspired—Mnemosyne!—to annotate a classic.
 We'll quote, "Quod tu cum olfacies, Deos rogabis
 Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum." And this,
 Although quoted from Mem'ry, will be found correct, I ween,
 C. Valerius Catullus, Carmen xiii. 13.
 To keep out unruly floods Romans did Rome en-hurdle,
 But as a charm our natives wear it at the girdle.
 Wilkie's Epigone' ! (Mourn, Tropics, never bless'd with snow !)
 Hath the following lines, "Cool, cool, my blood, ye winds that blow
 From mountains of eternal snow." Thus the Art Muse she scans
 Physical and mental rivals to John H. W.'s Fans.

PELLATT AND CO.,



GLASS MANUFACTURERS, CHINA AND STONE
 WARE SHOW ROOMS, Falcon Glass Works,
 Holland Street, Blackfriars.

Medal of Honour, Vienna Exhibition, 1873.
 1st Prize at the Great Exhibition, 1851. Ditto,
 Paris, 1855. Prize Medal, International Exhibition, 1862. Ditto,
 Paris, 1867. Manufacturers, by Appointment, to Her Most
 Gracious Majesty the Queen.

JAMES PELLATT RICKMAN,

Falcon Glass Works, Holland Street, Blackfriars.

Apsley Pellatt's signature, (with that of Sir Charles Eastlake and Leopold, King of the Belgians,) appear (together) upon my third list for the LONDONIAD. I went with him to the Manchester Exhibition, in connection with the Society of Arts. In the same compartment of the railway train were Le Neve Foster, Dr. Caplin, Leighton the Artist, known as Luke Limner, and old Baron Rothschild, who carried his Unique Ceramic Candelabra all the way in his arms.

There is a peculiar feature of great Beauty in the character of CANADA, which is unlike that of anything connected with the Yankees. In tracing through the annals of CANADA we shall find that in every undertaking she hath grown into expansion, and hath carried out every enterprise upon a larger scale and more magnificent than at first projected. While the Yankees, coming out with trumpets' blare, find their designs evanished soon in air. I am led into this remark by the realization of Hope, when I first introduced into the LONDONIAD that name, which must ever rank with those of the more gifted and better educated of its Heroes; I never thought that more than Six Chandeliers for one range of Buildings would be required, whereas now my order is being fulfilled for Twenty-One. Our great Author's and Manufacturer's Grandson will adapt thereunto the Maple Leaf. Please see the next LONDONIAD.



FIRST PRIZE PARIS, 1855, 1867.
THOMAS KEMP & SONS,
 SILK MANUFACTURERS,

20 AND 21, SPITAL SQUARE, E.C., LONDON.

I first entrumphed their names from Thames to Duaghel,
 And thro' Textilia Artes thought of Velvet Brueghel,
 Too, in Science' Technic, and Learned Men to tell us
 Velvet *Anglice*, velluto *Ital.*, Latin vellus;
 And what was't ye Muse of Arts, that lately much distrest her!
 The common cotton ground sent out to us from Manchester,
 Which should have known better than thus our native tribes to bilk,
 Who paid for what they order'd, and ought to have had the Silk;

About four years ago an order was sent to England from our Aboriginal Chiefs for a mile and a quarter of velvet. The said order fell into the hands of some quasi or semi-demi-semi-quaver of a Yankee and was sent on to Manchester. The velvet received "appeared well enough on the top," but it was all cotton underneath. Now our people paid full price for the best, and they of course ought to have had the best. I said to Konquawis: "Chief, why did you not give me the order? I would have gone to head quarters, London, for your velvet." He replied "Do you know that I thought it smacked too much of the draper, and I was afraid to offer it to you." "Draper?" I exclaimed, "Thomas Kemp and Sons.

'A House the noblest even in' London, SAMUEL ROGERS.

However to make a long story short, I have the same proportioned order to fulfil at the present time. Please see the next LONDONIAD.

GOLD MEDAL, INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1874; AND MORE THAN FIFTY PRIZES WON IN THE NAMES OF OTHER FIRMS.

GILLETT AND BLAND,



WHOLESALE AND EXPORT MANUFACTURERS BY
 STEAM POWER OF CHURCH, TURRET, HOUSE,
 AND MUSICAL CLOCKS, BRASS AND BELL FOUNDERS,
 &c., Steam Clock Manufactory, White Horse

Road, Croydon, London, S.E.

Every description of Astronomical, Carriage, Chime, and Marine Clocks, Lever Escapement Timepieces, Gravity Escapements and Compensated Pendulums. Makers of the Great Clocks and Chimes for the International Exhibitions of 1862 and 1871; Rochdale Town Hall; Bradford Town Hall; Worcester Cathedral; Malaga Cathedral, Spain; St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; and Boston Church, playing 28 tunes on 44 Bells.

Manufactory, five minutes from West Croydon Station. Established 1844. Patentees and only Makers of the New System of Chimes and Carillon Machinery.

Acting upon my suggestion, the Tribes of the Great North West have decided that instead of spreading their resources over a wide extended region and many Empires, that all be concentrated in Saint Tammanund.

I have the Debentures, but not matured, for the Turret Clocks.

Please see the next LONDONIAD.

The other Horologist of the LONDONIAD was CHARLES FRODSHAM, successor to those eminent men, Arnold and Vulliamy. His signature is upon my third list.

DAW'S PATENT CENTRAL-FIRE BREACH-LOADING GUNS, CARTRIDGES, REVOLVERS, &c. PATENTED, 1861.

GEORGE H. DAW,



PATENTEE AND CONTRACTOR, 57, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C. Established 1780.

The only Prize Medal for Central-Fire at the International Exhibition, 1862, was awarded for the "Daw Central-Fire Gun and Cartridge."

The Daw Patent Brass-Soldered Military Cartridges won the £400 offered by the Government, against the Boxer and forty-nine other systems sent in for trial.

In the early Spring Time of 1877, I received a letter from the Creniverem Council, asking me to be kindly pleased to order Forty-five Presentation Guns from Messrs. Needham, of Piccadilly. They, I have reason to believe, were chosen for this intended purpose because of the Earl Granville testimonial.

"What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing!" but I found nearly two years ago that they would not be able to carry out any order of this kind without an advance pecuniary—financial—monetary—or whatever you may be disposed to call it in England, being made. Here I at least am not disposed to act the negotiant, they having already entered into my good graces for about £200. Please see the next LONDONIAD.

"To Needham's quick a voice triumphant cried."

POPE'S Dunciad.

ALDERMAN ASTON.

THOMAS ASTON AND SONS,



MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS IN ALL BRANCHES, AND DEALERS IN PRECIOUS STONES, 12, Regent Place, Caroline Street, Birmingham. MOURNING BROOCHES AND RINGS, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S GEM RINGS, SNUFF

AND SCENT BOXES, CARD CASES, &c., COMMUNION SERVICES.

MY DEAR ALDERMAN ASTON.—In addition to Twenty-One Pounds for which I sent you my mother's cheque, I will with very much pleasure at any moment transmit you the remaining Forty Guineas of my subscription towards the Mayor Yates' Memorial. I being now fully established in England, hope soon to use means whereby the only two testimonials with which I desire my name to be associated in my native land may become presented in a spirit of truthfulness. In the meantime, to quote from my former letter, addressed to you in the 1st 16th LONDONIAD, I send my kind regards to all the members of your excellent family.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

London (Eng.), May, 1877.

THE HEROIC AGE OF UPPER CANADA.

THE MEN OF GORE. (*Impromptu.*)

Along the fertile lands of Gore,

"Exists the remnant of a line,

Such as the Doric mothers bore."—BYRON.

And still as wildly the EAGLE scream'd,

The more loudly did the LION roar,

And where war's direst tempest stream'd

O'er Guns and Cannoneers,

With British flags and cheers,

On rush'd the dauntless Men of Gore.

J. STASSEN AND SON,



MAKERS OF THE "NONPAREIL" BICYCLE, celebrated for Lightness and Strength combined with Elegance and Simplicity, 251, Euston Road, London, N.W. (50 yards from the Gower Street Station on the Metropolitan Railway);
Factory Entrance—Beaumont Place.

The first Great Mover's hand
Wheels their courses.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

I've heard that all the great Bicyclists that ever rode,
As if Aërial-winged, trace their triumphs to Euston R d,
And henceforth thro' Manitoba, our uprising nation,
We'll choose those not by Yank, but from, "by Gower Street Station."
Our Family firm most thoroughly with science imbued,
Have alone in their line reached the acme of perfectitude,
And now from wild'ring ocean to umbrageous Rimple,
We welcome the light and strong, the elegant and simple.
Th' testimonials that for these my heroes have amassed,
Attest their cognominal appellative "unsurpassed;"
'Tis not a hireling press with words as cold as icicles,
But the arduous and free that greet these Bicycles.
In their science's lower cycle some triumphs may be won,
But *certain* triumphs here, *vide* Lloyds, letter A No.1;
These Bicycles are all made of materials the best,
And please listen to what I entrumpet over the West,
Those which have proved in our time ev'ry nation's glory,
In all collaterals at their own Manufactory
Were made, from philosophy and science no estrangement,
Find we here, "nor are they liable to derangement."
Among our 4,000,000 what greatly doth elate us,
New, plain, strong, and durable, the Steering Apparatus.
If from their first meridian these Bicycles faster go
Out-flying Sol they'll reach day's verge before his sunset glow,
And wake to wonder the evening-lands of ONTARIO.
As in a lunar atmosphere living wheels are bright'ning,
They seem segments of the moon, informed with vivid lightning;
Acclivity, decline, and curve, so fast they pass mine eyes,
Though straining every optic nerve I may not realise—
An inexplicable vision—the substance or the form,
Lost pleiades, attractionless planets in mobile storm.
These Bicycles out of the British Isles from all the rest
I choose, and all the greater riders have proclaimed them the best,
Compared to J. Stassen and Son in all their earthly course,
A Bicycle of other' make is but a "Dandy Horse"
(The Muse commissioned Fama through both hemispheres
To sound the words ~~of~~ Sire and Son are Practical Engineers).
Some in travelling rest th' body and only exercise the mind,
But physical energy with th' mental may here be joined,
Tending to develop the perfect man healthy and strong;
This a sure means the more elevated life to prolong;
Our Chiefs still all of the vegetating mortal scorning,
Hailing ye long last strain the LONDONIAD adorning,
To Life-light leap like Guido Rene's Coursers o' the Morning.

THE PHILIPPIAD.

A MINIATURE EPIC POEM OF HUMANITY.

"Homines ad Deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando."—CICERO.



INSCRIBED TO

MESSRS. GRAY,

INVENTORS AND MAKERS OF AUTOMATIC LIMBS,
7, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, London, W.

MR. PHILIP GRAY,

7, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W.

Euphœa! "Arma virumque cano," not Ali Beg
By magic ever brought to seeming life such arm or leg.
"Let us march against Philip!" rose with the sound of seas,
In Athens' glory-age around Demosthenes;
And there are those who fain would march in our eventful day,
With, but very far in the rear of, Mr. Philip Gray.
Longfellow's Student (*Hyperion*) when he came to beg,
Never, though in the flush of youth, made such a graceful leg.
Let others sing of martial triumphs on land, and eke on sea;
I sing Science' Song and the Hero of Humanity.
Was it the bullets or the darts, that in desolation shower'd,
That with more than Heraclidean might the Bard empower'd?
No! 'twas Salvation's standard borne by our Second Howard.
We know Thomas Hood's Legendary Tale, Miss Kilmansegg.
("What!" cried pert Sophomore, "had the lady a steam peg!")
(Danae's shower, Midas ears!) she had a golden leg.
Our generation, "wiser grown," prefer those made of Cork,
And where the strength of mind is brought to bear upon the work,
By him whose soul above Time's clouds in glory shines secure,
Sol among th' constellations of highest Literature,
Flashing new Eras. Speak some future Hone, or Timbs,
Of Anatomical Mechanism as applied to Limbs.

(Please see the next Londoniad.)

J. R. FOSTER & CO.,



UPHOLSTERRERS' TRIMMING MANUFACTURERS,
PATENTEES OF THE DRESDEN CORNICE FRINGE,
2, Gutter Lane (one door from Cheapside),
London, E.C. Factories, 3, Winsley Street,
and 58, Castle Street, W.

And th' Art Muse, the minstrel did accost her,
Inspire the lay for the great House of Foster.
Th' standard of its might is like a sky unfurl'd,
They supply 2000 firms in ye "New World."
Our large establishments send home to Winsley Street.
For all is perfect there, and few will dare compete

With our practical West End gentlemen of taste,
 For in all Colour; lovely in Design and chaste.
 Tassels, yea, and all within their lengthened line
 Where myriad forms aspire to life divine.
 While the triple chaplet them for threads, &c., entwines,
 Fringes, Gimps, Laces, Tassels, Blind and Picture-lines.
 Our illustrious House thro' embroidered Vallances imparts
 A new glory even to the Society of Arts
 Thro' the Silk Hangings, thought wrought in enchanted land by elf, I
 H... which won the Gold Isis Medal at the Adelphi,
 They being too expensive for the Palace at Pimlico,
 I sent them to Queen Ta-pa-ta-mee in ONTARIO.

The finest piece of embroidery in England they did for me—MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Please see the next LONDONIAD.

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF SOLID LEATHER TRUNKS IN THE WORLD.

M. H. SELLER,



SOLID LEATHER PORTMANTEAU, HAT-CASE,
 AND BAG MANUFACTURER, 23 and 24, Buck-
 ingham Street, 6 Doors from the Strand.
 Near Charing Cross Station.

 One of my principal Agents is W. STEER & Co., 64, Strand.

It was remark'd to me by a scion of Sam(uel) Weller,
 For a certain kind of sewed Leather we go to Preller,
 But for Trunks and Bags to the practical M. H. Seller.
 He was already renowned thro' either hemisphere.
 Ere he became Thaumaturgus of ye great house of Steer.
 Let those who may choose from Bencough, Southgate, Millard, Lake, Day,
 And 1,000 others, I choose him who beareth the sway
 In London, and with whom none may compare in any way.
 Each shoppy man seems willing a myriad oaths to take
 That the goods he exhibits himself specially did make.
 And thus he "piles on th' agony" till th' hearer's head doth ache.
 These are pretending Manufacturers, who do but ape
 Him, in all the good, substantial, and eke lovely in shape.
 And list! Wherever gloriously flies the British Flag,
 Home-land or Colony, all hie hither for Trunk or Bag.
 At every Exhibition from th' rising to th' setting day,
 These Goods Medals of Honour and First Prizes bore away.
 Hence our Great Families visiting London, affiance
 Have in Him, while all the adventurous Sons of Science
 In my Triumphant Hero place implicit reliance.
 The Globe revolving, "trumpet-tongued" (Shakespeare) is a teller
 To our time, I to after ages of M. H. Seller.
 And because his deeds are acknowledged in all climes as the best,
 We send to him all our Orders from the advancing West.

Please see the next LONDONIAD.

* * I have some large Pioneer Orders but the Debentures are not yet matured.

LETTER FROM OUR NATIVE PRINCE.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "LONDONIAD."

Tentorium Principalis. Hecatompopylo-inter-Hecatonesi-Kanata.

April 12th, 1877.

MY DEAR JAMES,

I should have been glad of the picture, but what is the good when you cannot know the price of a thing? (There is a slight peculiarity in this phraseology. Our Prince means to say that however much he should like to become the possessor of a certain Pictorial Work of Art, it were vain to strive at aught like negotiation when there is either no stated price affixed or mentioned, or that the price thereof fluctuates so often and so inordinately that you must necessarily be at a loss one day as to the propositions likely to be offered on the next. This alludes to a picture by a Genoese Artist, which I had described to our Native Prince, and of whose history I had long ago become acquainted. I accordingly went to Mr. R. Brooks, Palæotechnic Gallery, 106, New Bond Street, W. One day three thousand pounds were asked for it, two or three days afterwards I called again, and one thousand five hundred pounds was the price. No reason was given for the alteration of the price, and so like Robert Burns, I was inclined to say "I'll gang nae mair to yon town." This difference in the assumed value of a small picture, namely £1,500, would go to pay for a beautiful Renaissance screen belonging to Mr. Clare, formerly of Great Marlborough Street, which I intend to introduce into St. Tammanund's. I have waited for a considerable time in order that young Mr. Rogers of Maddox Street, W., might be able to find time to visit this piece of Italian Workmanship, and report upon it, as he alone will be entrusted with its restoration should such be required. It were small praise bestowed upon his eminent father to say that he stood at the head of London in his Art: he was the best and greatest of an illustrious line of Grinling Gibbon Carvers, and of a consequence infinitely removed, far in advance of all the High Art Carvers of our Age, to whatever country they may have belonged, those glorious pilasters which he personally prepared for the Author of the LONDONIAD, and upon which he was engaged for two years, are the joy and wonder of connoisseur and dilettante.) The donors all say it was a great negation of self-interest when considering that you might have had 18 per cent. (10 for negotiating and 8 interest for the expenditure) upon the transaction, that you declined introducing the Viaduct statue into Toronto (This is the reason, I would not run a risk of having my memory cursed for centuries through the introduction of a frightful abortion; it might suit the taste of—

"Dull cits and thick-skull'd Aldermen."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

OF

"A codfish vendor turned Lord Mayor."

THOMAS OTWAY.

But personages of taste would abhor, and no honourable gentleman even in a mere business point of view would lend his aid to accelerate an age of decadence, J. T. S. LIDSTONE.) The Colonel was here in the fall (Autumn) and said that Messrs. Johnson Brothers in '75 (1875) had formed their firm into a Limited Company, and after the information vouchsafed, together with their books—the Gates were perfect Works of Art, as all the rest were Illustrations of true Science—said that he felt a strong liking to enter in as a member and would introduce many U. E.'s. Can you tell whether or not the list is closed, they would be the proper personages to carry out our Exhibition plans, if you would lend a helping hand towards the arrangement of the financial, (I have anticipated those questions in various parts of the present LONDONIAD, J. T. S. L.) You say the cheque is already pretty much worn. You have full power, and please renew it at leisure (pleasure?) (This alludes to a sum of one thousand dollars kindly given by our Prince for the advancement of the

Young Men's Home, near Islington Green. The freehold of which hath been secured and paid for.) It was left to me to use the same as I might think best. It was broadly suggested that the same was really intended as a donation, but I said no, the enlightened and generous descendant of the great Tecumseh shall not stand in utter isolation as a donor, besides the shares are being rapidly taken up, and at a certain stage in the progress of the same, I will lay his money out in shares, J. T. S. LIDSTONE.)

I wish you could spare yourself for a season to come out, and go as unpaid representative in the ONTARIO Districts, for Fire Enginery, reciprocity being done away with, the present revenue laws, I say, acting thereupon, would declare themselves prohibitory; but if they were ever so much in our favour, we (the Aborigines) would certainly not avail ourselves of them so far as the ordering of such from an objectionable source (this means from the Yankees, J. T. S. L.), although we have neither the power of utterance, the business tact, nor the general wisdom to make our desires known or to idealise them as you have, our feelings are strong in the matter of rejection and appreciation (rejection of Yankee manufactures and appreciation of the British). I, like you, kept the Newcastle-upon-Tyne testimonial in my purse, and showed it so often that it became almost indistinguishable (all the above alludes to the Merryweather Fire Engines). I suppose your Electric (bell) man, to use your own simile, was foiled with lightning and went astray, like the son of Phoebus, finding it unmanageable. (I have chosen Mr. Zimdars, it will save a great deal of trouble; we ordered some from Julius, it was sent to its destination incomplete. I personally took it back to be perfected. I called and called again, and, although the work had been paid for, when I called in a prospective time, obliviousness of the matter was professed by your Philosophical Instrument maker, and I not being over anxious to practice in that peculiar cycle of science, willingly put up with the loss.—J. T. S. L. I shall soon have a specimen of Mr. Zimdars' work in my possession, and will invoke the aid of Dr. Oronhytekh to illustrate the same verbally and in public. So no more, *vide* Gray—

“—— of Julius London's lasting shame.”)

We feel altogether blest in being possessed of the knowledge that our warning apparatus is to be derived from Sir Goldsworthy: he should be called beside this Diamond-worthy. It was a good triumph of foresight that animated you in choosing a practical Shirtmaker, and not one whose business is mixed up with ties and scarfs; no enmity need exist between your protégé and the Co. of — because if you so arrange matters they can work in each other's hands; there is a wide field here. The other parties (our Prince means those quondam suppliers living in Massachusetts) have no hold on us here. Have you kindly asked concerning the Lead, Plumbago, &c.? Here we are very rich (I made an appointment with the firm in St. Mary Axe. I came up by express train from the Midlands to keep that appointment, but neither of the principals were there. Since then I have received from them over twenty price list circulars one time with another, but not any notice explanatory of the appointment not being kept. I therefore took no notice of them. I may mention here, however, that those persons whom I did see were both intelligent and gentlemanly.) As for this Bold- ing you were right in not noticing his note. (I leave him to his fate with dirty face Lewis. As for Thomas Bouffier, Esq., Banker, and Proprietor of the Brannon Patent, there is not a more honourable and sagacious gentleman in my large circle of acquaintance. He had at one time Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds in his keeping of our Colonial money, and had it been as many millions we should all have felt very comfortable in the premises. And speaking personally I do not think that those South Molton Street people ever saw 250,000 farthings. Mr. Eisert I found to be far above the ordinary level of human intellect, and I hope yet to see him in great affluence, and owner of all the fame that he deserves. I let him have the price of the New Dominion Jug by way of Honorarium. He, too, is in the present LONDONIAD. (The above are answers to certain questions asked by Prince Alesandre in his letter, more anon.—J. T. S. L.) Is Mr. Dixon all right with Lloyds? (I do not clearly comprehend this question, but I have chosen his pumps instead of the Whitecross Street people, the Limehouse ditto, the Newgate Street people.

Tylor I had no objection to upon the score of respectability; but Barnett and Son, of Forston Street, do all our Colonial work in Diving Apparatus.—Please see a former LONDONIAD. But I could not take them for pumps after what I said in regard to Mr. Dixon. Your pulseometer men, and a dozen other pump men, may be good, but I am sure that as in choosing my pump, I have pleased myself very well, he will satisfy all the desires of our craft owners upon our upland seas. I desire here and now to make this remark, on account of the similarity of names—TYLER and TYLOR—business was done with the former, which was intended to have been done with the last-named firm. The consequence is, that a lot of Brass Cocks, be polite, Miss Yankee—no rooster—paid for a long time ago, I never thought it worth while to take away. All our people have a taste for the Decorative Arts, which has been evinced by not only the peculiar styles practised by the different tribes, but every Orator and Warrior, whether Chief or not, could speak a language without moving his tongue. And now that the tide of a more Orient civilisation hath spread over these territories of our Ancestors, the more enlightened visitors to our Wigwams, Villages and Encampments will readily acknowledge that a love of the Arts of Design and a true knowledge of the adaptation of colours, still, as ever in the days of their ancestors, animates the descendants of those original Proprietors of the country of the setting sun.—(Messrs. Carlisle and Clegg are my Heroes here.—J. T. S. L.)

I have to ask you for a peculiar favour. I know you have it in MS., for it was reported at the time of the delivery of our Meeting of the Races. I will only trouble you for the Portrait Paragraph. If you please, we shall all feel happy in having a copy sent, if you would set a transcriber at it, as I wish to offer the same for a theme in my Great-Grandfather's endowment. (I cause the part here spoken of to be printed in the present LONDONIAD, and I desire that Mr. Henderson, whose name appears therein, be associated in memory therewith.—J. T. S. L.) I saw the Mighty Chiefs of Pre-historic ages, who had, long ago, resolved themselves into elements, re-assume their pristine forms, from wandering in the Myriad-age (cycle of probation), thro' bright days over uninhabited lands and realms of storm, delighted at the deed of Manito, thro' which was revealed unto them the Portraits of our Pioneers of British origin (who were) friends of their descendants; their serialized habitations became alive and moved, so at their owners' will, partook of the animation of the Portraits which in joyousness leaped from their impressio,—

“O, qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt!”

HORACE.

Commingle in rapture they almost blended their beings;

Such music before was never made,

But when of old the Sons of Morning sung.”

(MILTON'S *Hymn to the Nativity*.)

A burst of Hallelujahs swelled the main of flood, and land, the strain-enchanted sky broke to a Campanile, the Zodiac from its Monotone to Allegro Furioso; Niagara, erst Fortissimo, now rung Contrabasso; Cadenza D'Inganno extraneous modulation and extended harmony; all the forest trees, as leafed with lyres, were transformed to Improvisatori, and the rocks along that shadowy land, now shady no longer but bright with the soul-light of beatified spirits, rang Memnonic; all Nature was rapt to Altissimo; the day passed in—the chain of lakes rolled through a New Creation, Maestoso, con Maesta; the underlayers of Earth were Orphic, exulting awhile, and then spake Misterioso (inward language) Minaccioso, as it were an upheaval, every headland became an Ophicleide, and each little brook meandering under the umbrageous shade emblemled the Opera Di Camera, till Tempestoso Tremendo, the Globe itself rolled Tremolo, then every aqueous plateau sprang heavenwards in Oratorio; here Appassionato flew the drift foam, while the white caps were engaged in Tarantella, ether seemed Arion's home till filled with echoes from the onlooking angels' harping wings, then the clouds to the waves and the waters to the clouds sang Ricordanza and all life with or human or divine joined in symphony). I remember what the great Dr. LA HAYE of UPPER CANADA College said in regard to your magical portraits at

the Meeting of the Races. "Talk of magical banners (he said), and enchanted this and that and the other, there is nothing in the whole force of human intelligence, from the top of time to low-down age, breathed in by us, that can (either) excel, rival, or (even) equal the power of those marvellous Pictures as drawn by our English Friend and High Art Scholar—Mr. LIDSTONE,—the real and the wonderful, the classical and the Occidental—Aboriginal, the language of High Art—affinities of veneration and modes of thought are so fully developed and intimately blended." Tullyarde came panting up to me (one day) in the blaze of (last) August, saying that if he was (destined) to live only in this little (short-timed) life it was hardly worth while to shine for its sanctification in the distant cycles. I thought by the residue of his speech that he meant fame (he is Chief among the Blackfeet, now British Indians, and is a good scholar.—J. T. S. L.). He said (that) he had been three weeks in the bush and was moody all the time, for he couldn't make out where his ancestors were (buried), and that he was so haunted by a certain or a particular verse in your *Canada Revisited* that he was so filled with thoughts (arising therefrom) that he was continually repeating it, when awake it caused him a gentle degree of animation, and when inclined to doze he wrapped himself up in it like (as it were in) a blanket, capote, or a buffalo robe, it was so soothing; he said (moreover) that the chiefs had determined, like the U. E.'s (United Empire Loyalists), henceforth to have adequate memorials established for their Ancestors. I said that I would ask you, and you would tell us all about it, and send some of your people out (he means some of the Author of the *LONDONIAD*'s relatives; I desire here once for all to say that none of them are either Sculptors or Marble Masons, but Builders in the English—which is, too, I believe, the general acceptance of that word; the enlightened reader will please excuse me not illustrating further in parenthesis.—J. T. S. L.). The verse above immediately alluded to, is where you represent a once literary pilgrim, in the days of unexampled prosperity, returning to his early home, in order to reward or acknowledge, as far as might be, the kindness of the loved of his young time.

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH WITH ARDOUR GLOWING,
 SOUGHT I BEYOND TH' WESTERN WAVES,
 BUT O, THE THISTLE DOWN WAS BLOWING
 ABOVE THEIR NEGLECTED GRAVES.

(The substantial company of Lander, and their Intellectual Manager, Squire Pushman, will henceforth produce the means of obviating all of the unseemly in regard to circumstances that might otherwise arise to parallel those already typographically detailed in the above paragraph). * * * (Our Prince here asks a question in regard to a Surveyor, and I desire to say this, that although I cannot have any objection to an auctioneer, when such may be required, yet I do not choose to place in the same catalogue Autolycus, and a Scientific Personage, which most assuredly a Surveyor must be, at the Isca Foundry as Sir Humphrey Davy said of Michael Faraday, "I made the greater discovery.") How does the Christy plant get on? as I think with you that it might do to set in the out islands, and to hinder 2nd growth and underbrush from rising where they are not wanted, and all the time serve for cattle, especially in spring time, and in the new settlements to prevent their lifting (falling thro' weakness) in early spring-time. (Le Symphytum Asperum ou la Consoude Rugueuse du Canada is here spoken of. Thomas, Brother of the Great Hatters, gave me a root which I planted at my mother's place in London, in about two weeks it showed like *Mondomin* in *Hiawatha*. I took it up and cut (the root) it lengthways into about 7 parts, which did not seem to affect it, for each part continued to flourish with its leaves; our domestic animals seem to be fond of its leaves. I did not, however, see any new shoots spring out from the root, but all sustenance seemed derived from the one original root. Mr. Ashburner, of Richmond, Virginia, tells me that he has been very successful in its cultivation; and Mr. Crosnier, in his letter dated Lagarde-Montlieu (Charente Inférieure), 20 Juillet, 1876, gives a detailed account in French, which I herewith send to you, but after all, a country so fertile in grasses as CANADA would not require a substitute that might suit very well an amateur Horticulturist at Home, or which might be the means of spreading Herbage over the arid plains of India (whither,

I believe, it is being sent), a delightful—something to the loathsome repast of the Gaumtee buffalo, whose tainted milk carries down with it the germs of typhoid fever; let us hope that it may be planted in every Collectorate, on every Government farm, and in every garden from Cape Comorin to the Khybur, from Sylhet to Kurrachee.) We were all very sorry to hear of the accident. . . . exclaimed Good—g, with all this noise about sailors and shipping, is there no one to strike a blow at the murderous system of Building? I hope that Mr. Lidstone may meet that fellow at the Hustings, and shake him like a catamount shaking a muskrat; they are accursed, there will ever be a curse upon that pack, and he quoted the words of John Wesley, There is blood in their Houses! in their gardens! on all their walks! their foundations! and their roofs! red with human blood cry to heaven for vengeance! (yes, echoes the LONDONIAD, there is blood upon their heads—upon their souls—everywhere except where it should be—in their hearts, these brick and mortar thugs ought to be treated as garotters, which they are upon the highway of life

O, Protectress of Cities, Fortuna cater low,
And wing'd Nemesis, wheel and helm! pursue yon Waterlow,

Smug Sydney too thy better page shall seek.

BYRON.—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

Please see the WATERLOWIAD.) I do not know why you should have been asked to introduce a Clothier, seeing that we have so many good habilitators ourselves (here the heroes of the LONDONIAD might have been not

Stultz', those who exteriorly decorated Beau Brummell,
He who got so horsey, and like Norman Bill hurt 'self on pummel.

There is, however, something peculiarly ingenuous about Messrs. Poole, of Saville Row, which might have satisfied even Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh himself. Some unfurl their banners in the day of the sun, proclaiming their patrons' name, with trumpets' blare. But in the shadowy hour where are they? Goswell Terrace was besieged for three days and three nights: "Id genus omne"—Striving for a place in that Temple of Fame, ye LONDONIAD. The combatants, however, were kept outside,

"And under open sky,"

while waiting for admission to the Pallmean *levée*, engaged, as your penny-a-liners say, in (acting) the most wonderful drama of modern times, orders had been given for the performance to begin.

The prologue spoken by Foote, written by Garrick.

(FOOTE speaking the words of GARRICK.)

"No blustering Romans, Trojans, Greeks shall rage,
No knights arm'd cap-à-pié shall crowd our stage;
Nor shall our Henrys, Edwards take the field,
Opposing sword to sword, and shield to shield.
With different instruments our troop appears—
Needles to needles shall, and shears to shears.

Each outside shall belie the strife within—
A Roman spirit in a tailor's skin.
A cross-legg'd Cassius, Pompey shall you see,
And the ninth part of Brutus strut in me.
What though no swords we draw, no daggers shake,
Yet can our warriors 'a quietus make
With a bare bodkin!'")

. . . an old Clerkenweller, voyaging up the lakes, staid with me a fortnight . . . he says that the Dr. (Kenealy) will soon become a great power in the land, and on account of him being a poet he will be quoted against his enemies in times to come . . . thank you very much for the quotation, it was so applicable that, although written so long ago, it seemed as if it had been provided for the purpose and it brought down the house!

("I strove to gain
Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn prepare
For clients' wretched feet the legal snare.")

CHURCHILL the Roasiad.

How is fat rascal? how are Ruth and Boas? and how is dear Flora? ("fat rogue" is here meant, a fond name for the congener of Dr. Johnson's Hodge. Our Prince, in his questioning, must have been thinking of the Pope, who used to inquire, "How's that dear old rascal, Paul de Kock?") I suppose a Yankee prude would call him Boss de Rooster. Ruth is what may be called a smart piece of goods, like Biddy Floyd, she "is as hearty as a buck only can't leap so high," she can jump down a flight of stairs at once. Boas is a loving little fellow, and both brother and sister will, no doubt, get on very well, if the old rascal does not initiate those poor innocents into evil ways. He himself, a Lucy Long of the masculine gender, is fond of staying out o' nights. As for Flora, when dear Sappho gave up the ghost, and, as Sir Walter Scott says, slept with the famous dogs of History, we thought that we should never be inclined to have another, but our darling we find very useful, he is a good house dog; always wipes his feet before entering a room; and when the postman comes so delighted to bring in the letters! and when no letters come to us, but his knock is heard at the other houses, barks as if to chide him for remissness. Speak about the Mayor of Leeds, his baby being as good as gold out of Ophir, ours is better than all the diamonds of Golconda—of more heart-felt value to us. I desire to say a word here to the reader in England. This is a little Indian Dog of the Manito (or sacred) breed. Some tourists had lost themselves in the woods (or wild bush): they were bewildered, and the night was coming on, that part of the country was populous in beasts of prey, and when all hope seemed lost, lo! truly,

"A joyous bark;"

WORDS WORTH.

and where the bark of a dog is heard in a wild country, salvation streams upon the wind. Our favourite, then a puppy, for the first time roaming thro' the clearances, re-echoed the noises made by the belated travellers, they coursed their way towards the point from whence the barking or rather yelping arose, and in a few minutes were safe in a Shanty. The name of our little protector is rather a long one, in the North American dialect; but when heard upon the Western rivers, and the winds are interrupting the echoes, it sounds something like Flora Macdonald; hence Flora.) You have sent me out some of the most magnificent things in this world, and I should feel extra elate if you could cause some person of taste to go to Rome to match for me the Hebe Ewers (now at my mother's place in London, Eng., and will soon be in the Young Men's Home at Islington. I ask, why not go yourself, dear Prince? I am sure that a more honourable patron of Art, and one more cognisant of its true principles never passed through the Porta del Popolo. The jug-like vases here alluded to are the most magnificent in England; they came around by Leghorn, so that I may not be sure that they were ever in Rome—but the sculptor was.) Could you get your Madonna of the Rosary copied for me, or would you be willing? (A Murillo, for which the Author of the LONDONIAD strove for twelve years to obtain. I have not promised this "third glory of the world" to any one, here I am free, and you shall have it for your private chapel in St. Tammanund's Cathedral.) St. Sebastian is not a subject suiting Private Collection or Public Hall, but for the purpose intended would be most acceptable. (I began to negotiate for that picture now in the possession of James Dafforne, Esq., and pending such negotiation had despatched couriers throughout the Continent, and finally found that the original, by Correggio, is in the Dresden Museum.) I see the Wolf and the Lamb (Mulready's) is coming up again, I suppose after seeing yours in Repousse, they more than ever took a fancy to the subject; how do you think it would look in Ceramic Art developed together with Penny's best work, that of Sir David Wilkie (our great chaser was for eight years engaged upon these works,—I'll tell you "all about it," in a private letter Good Alesandre.) Had you undertaken the annotation of our

Library Catalogue we should have been highly pleased, as it is, we already owe you a

"Debt immense of endless gratitude."

It was proposed in Council to send certain educated personages to the various countries of Continental Europe, in order that the modes and methods of arranging libraries might be become known to our great races in the West. Now I said, I'll settle that matter in less than five minutes; we'll just look at the Panizzi system in vogue. But then it was left to the Author of the LONDONIAD to decide upon the number of Catalogues to be struck off; the minimum number being 1,000 and the maximum thereof 2,500 to begin with. The following is a copy of the estimate, but certainly I shall not confine myself to one estimate :—

MEMORANDUM.

March 13th, 1877.

GILBERT & RIVINGTON,
PRINTING OFFICE,

52, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, E.C.

(And at 28, Whitefriars Street, E.C.)

"1,500 copies of 16 pp. same size page and type as Baretti's 8vo. demy Italian Dictionary, including good paper and pressing, will cost per 16 pp., £0 6s."

47 sheets = 752 pp., £136 2s.

£136 2s. 0d.
3

J. T. S. LIDSTONE, Esq.

£1,308 6s. 0.

Their brothers of Waterloo Place, Oxford, and Cambridge, became well known to us as the publishers of the Life of John, our Great Bishop of Toronto; we did within the last four or five years, business with them for the amount of sixteen thousand pounds sterling.) I was anxious to know how you got on with that French Communist in regard to book binding. (In reply, with the daughter of Lady Hoare, our friend and neighbour, I must say 'very sadly,' I could not get the two folio volumes out of his hands. Attorney Boydell, belonging to a branch, so he says, of the Alderman who Illustrated Shakespeare, said unto me Don't take him to court, you'll sure to lose, your case, books, and all. After a long search, however, I found the books in possession of one Hooper, somewhere in Soho the covers were stripped off, and there they were, not like Adam and Eve in naked majesty, but looking very sinful and ragged. To make a long story short, I took the case to Mr. Flowers at Bow Street. Louis Genth, in company with this Hooper, had hired a very coarse 5s. lawyer, who said that they wanted me to give them £39 for doing the two books, and said, Mr. Flowers, perhaps, he (Genth) has a lien upon them. I saw how the cat was likely to jump, and I was determined to put an end to this mode of procedure at once, and I said, "Well, let him bind the books, he cannot have any claim upon me until they are finished." This opened up a new scene to Mr. Flowers, and he immediately asked Louis Genth, "Why do you not give the gentleman up his books?" Genth then said that he was waiting for me to advance him certain funds wherewith to buy gold-leaf. I answered by saying, "You know you are already £20 in my debt, and I will not advance you anything more." I perceive, however, now, within the last few moments, that this is the wrong court," his Honour coincided, and we left the court. Now the books in question being the property of a Colonial Government, and I having supplied the seven Provincial Parliaments, together with the various Universities and Collegiate Establishments in British America, with ten tons of books, the largest amount that ever left the British Isles for any country, colonial or imperial, and this being the only contre-tamps experienced by me, through the extended period of the commission or contract if you will, and the two volumes here spoken being as it were unique, viz.: Waring's, "The Arts Connected with Architecture in

Central Italy," and Colnaghi's "Westminster Abbey," I could not but feel some little anxiety in regard thereto, but having experienced "Bayley Justice,"

• Soon may he dance in Niffelheim 'mongst—vide MILTON—"Lapland Witches," with 's congener gone before monkey-faced Shapland—

of which more anon in the Parliamentary Inquiry, I was determined to set a watch on future proceedings, and I hastened to Downing Street; here I introduced the subject at head quarters—not only my own tale, but I had a pamphlet written by James Cowen, Esq., formerly in the army, illustrative of infamy. The eminent personage here alluded to need not be mentioned by name, his family for many generations hath been looked up to with respect and honour in Devonshire, and he could tell me more about the Lidstones than I know myself. A gentleman, an official present, said that he was not at all surprised at what he had read and heard, and it was agreed that a certain well-known barrister should attend to the case concerning which we're now speaking. When the eminent Statesman, unto whom I had appealed, at this juncture said, "But, Mr. Lidstone, why not take the defaulter into your own district." I replied, "That it would be more convenient for the defendant that the case should be heard at St. Martin's Lane." "But he does not seem to study your convenience," he answered. "I certainly should take him there, and I shall be glad to hear of your success at any time." "I took the said Louis Genth to Clerkenwell. Mr. Ricketts made short work of the affair. I received the books, though of course dishabilitated; and thus carried out—although not a publisher—to a successful issue the greatest literary supply undertaking of this or any other age. Those two new historical volumes will be on EXHIBITION at Toronto, Queen City of the West, emanating from my chosen bookbinder, Mr. Egleton, of Cloth Fair.

Have you found out a good designer to carry out your brilliant suggestion of the Prize Maple Leaf, (Harrison, formerly with Hotten, is not sufficiently truthful in a moral point of view, and mother says that Roberts' lot are too mean). I see you have sent "swine Nesley" to Porkopolis, how long will it be before you send thither

"—— baldy Stone and cod-mouthed Cotton."

Peter White almost shook his fibres through his skin after reading your satire on the trio; he said—That's so rich I shall never feel poor again after—, he couldn't finish for he became convulsed with laughter. It was a sad thing that so many intelligent manufacturers, so many nice families should be ruined through sanctimonious Winfield, the Birmingham Bank Robber, no wonder that all men of honour turned away from those "Cambridge Works."

(Those Works fell into the hands of one Atkins, formerly a coal shoveller in the employ of Winfield's, a very ignorant character of brutal organisation, and, as you will at once perceive, should you ever see him open his mouth or hear him "talk." I do not speak disparagingly of a man because he happens to be a coal shoveller; but it will be obvious to all persons with the least development of the perceptive faculty that such an one can not be a Man of Science. I cause the Satire to be reprinted every year, and will now circulate it throughout "the trade" in Britain. Whatever we may have to do in Brass-work goes to John Warner and Son. Vide First LONDONIAD.)

... came out, and we made them as comfortable as we could (here is a great deal of the personal related by our benignant Prince, I will, however, strive to sum it up in the words of Lord Rylestone: "Of the day that they would come, of what they would do, of what they would say, of how they would like CANADA, they never seemed to tire of thinking or speaking.") They are now in the Copper region of Lake Superior.

Have you done anything with rogues Hazard? I did sympathise with Mr. Gale (the Non-Explosive Gunpowder Inventor, who suffered financially thro' them); but you can meet them at Philippi! (I chased them out of Islington and out of Paddington, and now I find one hath "established" himself in Westbourne. More anon! Those fellows, after making a poor mouth to the Author's Mother received several pounds sterling "to buy paper." They lived upon the amount, and afterwards became bankrupts.

I find that Lord Rylestone's adventures have been made the subject of a Novel, and wherein appear the very words spoken by him to my Mother the evening before his departure from England:—

"When I am in Canada I shall remember this lovely scene," said Lord Rylestone, "as one remembers a sweet strain of music, the ideas in a poem, or the beauty of a picture.")

Matiawabie could scarcely contain himself when he heard that you had made a paraphrase of his speech. The Yankee verse tickled him; he said that you had taken in the spirit of that Oration so absolutely, that it was the solace of his soul. Plato met himself walking in a garden; and he wooed his natural past over again, while listening to his harangue turned into poetry, he remembers (contemplates?) the many fine speeches that (must) have been lost, and how two lines alone (all that he wrote) have tended to immortalise the Hunter Statesman (David Crockett) more than all the stump, or Congress oratory, or his exploits on flood or in forest. One verse he is all the time humming, and sometimes he roars it out so loudly that we almost fear (if we were to fear anything in regard to one so often "slain" and "buried") his breaking a blood vessel.

Matiawabie! you came forth as victor again.
How could you fight without light in Lundy lane?
You were all in the dark, and never a spark
To guide you through the ranks of the d——ble Yanks.
I know the vipers of *Hades*, I know them very well,
This nose of mine can always tell Yankee by smell.
Not Indian alone that night against them fought;
Their utter defeat Heaven and Hell as one united wrought.
The Angels of Light through detestation of Evil,
And the fiends lost Yankee might eclipse their Master the devil.

NOTE by the Author of the LONDONIAD.—The North American Indian hath no equivalent for that wicked word so often heard in polite circles of civilised society, the construction of which was so well understood by the learned Donna Inez (a lady too), heroine of Byron's *Don Juan*,—

She liked the English and the Hebrew tongue,
And said there was an analogy between 'em;

* * * * *
'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which means "I am,"
"The English always use to govern d——n."

Instead of Von, Van, Mac, O, 'Ap, Fitz, as among the Dutch, &c., Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English, as a nominal appellative they always use *sacre*, being the French of "the wicked word" (*darned* Yankee. Even Red Jacket himself, who lived "on the other side," always made use of this expression, the Aborigines look upon Yankees

"As the race accurst."

LUIS DE CAMEONS.

And the more highly educated among them, while dilating upon this unlovely genus, always seem to breathe in the spirit of our great dramatist.

"O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption."

RICHARD II., Act iii. Scene 2.

Now, Mrs. Grundy, do not make a long face at what I say; this may not be classic lore, but it is a branch of very useful knowledge.) Influenced by your decision that the Great Exhibition be held not at Halifax, nor at Montreal, nor at Ottawa, but in Toronto, and in 1879, the princes will look to you as director of the Financial operation. My love to all the people in England, to your beloved, kind-hearted Mother, and to yourself, yours at command for things in general and everything in particular, faithfully

ALESCANDRE.

18/5/77. I have just received another note from our British Indian Prince, enclosing one from Tesel-Tecumseh, wherein the Shawnee Sagamore asks the following question of him (which hath been left for me to answer. I was on a visit as invited guest to the Great Linnell. His beautiful residence I had

described in a letter to CANADA, and it would appear that some of our principal people became immediately enamoured of the same), "Has our good friend (the Author of the LONDONIAD) asked Artist how much money at once (cash down) he will take for his place near (London)." (I never had any idea of asking such a question. I might have received much the same answer that Mrs. Proudfoot, of Toronto, gave to inquirers regarding her residence when negotiations came from the Governor's Wife, "I am as worthy to live in my own House as Lady Elgin" (bravo Mrs. Proudfoot, and I say a great sight better), so I may say concerning the best educated among all the sons of Light in England, and as Byron said of Beckford (Fonthill Abbey)—

"One of the most opulent of England's sons,"

and deservedly, although we may truly say, in the words of the French proverb—

"A bon chien il ne vient jamais un bon os."

An English Gentleman is not a Yankee, he does not sell everything for the sake of making a bargain; beside, let us hope that this delightful habitation may remain with his gifted family thro' all prospective generations. The knowledge now vouchsafed to you by me was not inspired by any one of his kindred, nor any one bearing his name. He gave £100 an acre for the surrounding land, and some time ago might have sold it for £1,000 per acre, but by this time I have no doubt the price hath gone up to £3,000 each acre. After writing the above I felt that I need not have been so sensitive as to making an inquiry, for Squire Linnell being like myself, what they call in the Scotch Universities, "A Student of Humanity," and moreover a gentleman of the world, we may not find him unapproachable even upon this subject, pre-supposing of course that his establishment is up for sale.

I a new system of Landscape gardening would invent,
Whereby to spread new wonders 'round his Paradise in Kent,
Glass roofs of Horticultural buildings thro' each indent.

Along the hills would seem
The semblance each of stream.

More worthy would the abode of our Intellectual Prince, the Temple of Pallas, be to have applied unto it the lines from "Cooper's Hill,"

Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud,
To be the basis of that glorious load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports the spheres.

then

"—— That hill———
Of Moloch homicide———"

MILTON.

A poetical biography of our Hero by the Author of the LONDONIAD will be issued in process of time.

Did you think that the Showalls were suitable for your observance? (This alludes to Yardley, and more especially to Drew. No; because, although good as general manufactures, we could still make better ourselves. Had they, however, been Works of Arts, I would have bought the 60, and sent them on. What do you think of your Case, man? (Well, I am not at all sensitive as to the answering of your kind, sympathetic question, although I may not here hope to parallel

"Ariston of Ascalon, whom History hath confessed,
Was friend of Marcus Brutus, who on discovering felt blest
That his good manners were equal to the best."

I have no doubt that by mixing more in enlightened society rust and coarseness will become rubb'd off). * * Konquawis asked me to inquire if you will be kindly pleased to let me know all about it for him, as we can use for notices (to be placed) on the back, and people do not tear them up, but preserve them as a literary curiosity. This alludes to the Author's long and last great Prize

Poem, FRIENDSHIP OF THE CLASSIC AGES, in Dallastype. The following is the estimate:—

DEAR SIR,—I find I have not the block of the reduction of your poem, as I did not think you would want any more copies (having already been supplied with 500,000). However, if you supply me with another original in the sheet—please do not fold it—I will make another block. My price:—For Five Hundred Thousand the price will be Twenty-One Shillings and Sixpence per thousand.

Yours truly,

DUNCAN C. DALLAS.)

To J. T. S. LIDSTONE, Esq.

Have you seen Rhetjeen's Agents? (No. Nor Vian's, nor any of the rest? But as usual I hie to headquarters.

REGENT HOUSE, STARCROSS, DEVON,
18TH DECEMBER, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—I duly received your esteemed favour of 18th ult., and sent it with the Circular to my firm at Southampton. I had intended running up to London to be present at the Royal Geographical Society's interesting meeting last Tuesday, being one of the oldest Fellows; but having taken a severe influenza cold I have been confined to the house for a fortnight, and I have no idea of leaving home at present. Had I gone up I would certainly have called to pay my respects to you, and to thank you for kindly naming my invention in your letters to Canada. I have always taken a great interest in Canada, having been personally acquainted with your great author (Sam Slick), and was present as an invited guest to the Banquet given in his honour at Halifax in 1839. "The Clock-maker again, as I'm alive!" I also had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Howe, Mr. Pemberton, and many others of your beneficial legislators and merchants.

If I can go to London in January, I will certainly hunt you up.

I am, dear Sir,

Wishing you the compliments of the season,

Yours faithfully,

GEO. PEACOCK.

To J. T. S. LIDSTONE, Esq.

We have all heard the quasi Anglo-Highland song

"Our Captain she was a Shentleman,"

but as for our own Captain no one would either take another personage for him, or his production for that of another. . . . Apropos of the *Five Hundred Pounder* I certainly should be disposed to take him, judging from his simile, for a Market-gardener, bad mariner I ween; taking his first meridian from "a gooseberry bush." . . . The Government of Peru ought to rear him a statue as large and valuable as that which ascending glowed heavenward for the hairy and long-clawed King upon that Eastern plain. I intend to place his name upon our Township Map of the New Dominion. ENGLAND REVISITED: An Art Survey of the Home Land. By the author of the LONDONIAD.)

Had Samuel Carter Hall Esq or Squire James Dafforne (to neither of whom have I spoken concerning this subject), ought to do with the "Art Journal," financially I should have invoked their aid towards supplying a certain number of copies at each issue to our newly acquired Province of Manitoba, but as circumstances have lately arisen favourable to the project set on foot by the Chiefs for the Introduction of a British Periodical, that certain number at my suggestion will be supplied by Baron Griffiths to wit 1,500 Copies of "Griffiths' Iron Exchange (each issue)." James Torrington Spencer Lidstone (Author of the 100 LONDONIADS), Friend of Ta-pa-ta-mec, Matiewabiac, Crenevirem, Konquawis, and Alescadre.

. . . was here and said that (the detailed circumstances relating to) the fate of young Clements, which he had read in the papers, gave them such a turn . . . had gone with you thither for the mammoth, but I could not help noticing his expressive countenance and the ingenuousness of manners—in this he was truly his father's counterpart; it would seem that the very loveableness of his nature proved fatal to him.

Squire Rabbitts—it were but the merest tittle-tattle of compliment to say that he ranks as the first in his peculiar line, and London. At Austrian Vienna, amid the assemblage of nations, he bore the palm from all the world, his resources never failing: through many regions flows the gulf stream of his peculiar cycle. His business tact and wisdom have placed him “far removed from” the noisy shallows that environ the mere shoppy man:

“Ne’er roughen’d by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes.”—WM. COWPER.

Brown and Child for the Lower Provinces, Mayor Ford of Kingston, or our Beloved Member for West Toronto, James Beaty, would make good personal Representatives for him in that more extended Britain, the New Dominion of CANADA.

At the meeting of the Creniverem Council in the Hall it was decided that means ought to be taken to introduce British Manufactured Confectionery instead of as hitherto that kind from Massachusetts into Ontario, and that inquiries be made as to the probability of Maple Sugar becoming crystallised by the application of chemical science, and that a ton or so be offered for that purpose by way of Honorarium, to be returned wholly or in part, made up ready for market. . . . There are several firms in London, each good in their way. Mr. Weatherly became known to the Lower Provinces by means of his Periodical. Volckman and Allen manufacture, I hear, for the Home Trade, Castell and Brown, my uncle tells me, are more in the Fruit line, but the most extensive in resource and collateral accessories will be found in connection with the Company which I mentioned to you last year (Messrs. Hill and Jones).

We would leave it to your superior judgment to say would it be well to be over sensitive on this head, remembering the occasion and your own candour. I should say not. The Official Reports must be their own passports wherever the English (language) is spoken. Fowler, Shuttleworth, and Howard, we can easily vie with those (Agricultural Machinery is here alluded to), but this peculiar Patent we have nothing can touch (to equal is here meant. J. T. S. L.), and besides should any other person than the machinery dealer be the means of introducing those Vans, and it being for the acknowledged benefit of certain communities, and being such (Works) as we do not (or as yet are not able to) make ourselves according to a statutory (here is a word I cannot make out or decipher it appears to be “clause” J. T. S. L.) such manufactures are admitted free of the Revenue (Toronto Wheel Works are here spoken of—I can only say that had I been upon the jury in the case referred to I should have felt peculiarly happy in awarding them the Victory.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

That slight contretemps I am quite willing to overlook in view of a Heroic races and a delightful Art, for I feel assured that neither Fentum nor Fordran, Tracy, Staight, nor any of the other names mentioned by you could ever inspire our people so much as the deeds and Name of my City-road hero (notes to the LONDONIAD).

We well remember the song beginning:

In Bunhill Row there lived——

Talk about your Bunhill Holt and somebody, and your Shoreditch shavers and Bond-street—all West End dolts, there is not one of them fit to hold a candle to Our Barnsbury *Scientific* Furniture Manufacturer, from any point of the compass in and near LUDSTOWN, from Camberwell to Kingsland, or making a St. Andrew’s Cross of the Matter, from Barnes to Homerton, and from Deptford to

“——Hampstead’s airy heights.”—Macaulay’s *Armada*.

And were his physical energies equal to his mental I am certain that he would sway the World. Speaking of Furniture Manufacturers I do not introduce any such into the LONDONIAD because TORONTO hath a firm in Jacques and Hay that surpasses any 50 of your cockney Houses put together—

Hydropult tubing I will order from Mr. Birley, member for Manchester, who has kindly sent me his catalogue and his book of poems, containing the *Outward Bound*, &c., so that I shall decline going to Haynes and the other House in Edgware, Slack, Burton, Vardon, or the rest, because for Colonial purposes, export, or residential, I have found best suiting the three Historic City Houses (of Workman Brothers),

End of Answers to Questions in Prince Alexandre’s Letter.

LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDONIAD,

FROM HIS COUSIN, AN INHABITANT OF ALBANY, N. Y., FOR 25 YEARS.

DEAR JAMES,—I thank you for the loan of the two books. The "Beauties of Irving" is a very interesting book. What power of satire he displays, especially in the "Rub-a-dub" letters! But he is rather hard on the poor women and the Dutch; still, no land has produced brighter authors than Faderland. He is very happy in describing the Yankee Politician. The Sleepy Hollow Chapter is not a myth, as I knew many persons who had been there. I was much pleased with the LONDONIAD. What an amazing acquaintance you have with standard authors, ancient and modern, as seen by your numerous quotations; and what a memory you must have to be enabled to call them up as required!

Did not your printer make a mistake on page 84, where Phillischer, in the heading, is described as an Optician, and yet the poetry is about "Lamps and Oils?" I thought there was some mistake.

On page 110 (Irving) you add an (e) to rout, and make a note of inquiry in margin. I think the (e) is not required, as he was referring to a noisy party, and not to a road-way, or route.

Goodness gracious! What have the Yankees done that you lash them so *** throughout your book? But I am glad you inform your readers that "they must not include the dwellers in New York," &c. That's right, for I know there are thousands of persons as good in every way as are to be found in these Dominions.

Thine,
REUBEN.

P.S.—Your old friend Lord Dufferin fell down on the sidewalk at Ottawa on the 14th inst., and broke a rib and sprained his ankle, but doctors think he will soon recover.
R. L.

ANSWER TO REUBEN LIDSTONE, ESQ.

Neither one of us would be disposed to say with Addison regarding one (whom Dr. Samuel Johnson calls "the wretched Budgell") "the man who calls me cousin." I thought of you often as "Reuben, eldest son," *vide* quaint old Fuller in his *Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, eldest son of eldest son, and of your respected consort,

"Susan, honoured Susan."—THOS. GAY.

and at once, with Sir Walter Scott, "perpetrated a rhyme."

May those who pounced on your patrimony
Soon, like black beetles, be stifled in honey.
But you'll find that ere long they'll be bereft
Of their ill gotten gains, and nothing left;
While you will shine th' aural star resplendent,
You having made yourselves Independent.

Unlike those

"Who sail in tempests down the stream of life"—(POPE)

you can now float nautilus-like or halcyon on its calm, brightening waters, unheeding the fabrics that might have been yours, along whose site (Dartmouth) "Brute or Brutus" sailed seven centuries before the Christian era.
What time

"From Troy's famed fields, sad wanderers o'er the main" (HOMER),
he and his followers established their seat of Empire up the Dart at Totenese. But you will live when the present so-called possessor, that gawk Tom O'Co(o)mb, shall have been

"Borne to the tomb
Of all the Capulets."

You fought the battle of life in your early manhood, and you deservedly now enjoy your *Ottum cum dignitate*, yea, to quote from the great Spanish poet—

“In the green season of your flowering youth,”

before you adventured, in the words of that true gentleman and poet, Alfred Street (State Librarian, whose courtesy I, too, experience while passing through)—

“Albany—on the Capitoline hill—Capital City of Capital State, by Hudson Capital River.”

You had spread the substratum whereon was laid the foundation of that temple of Fortuna which only echoes to-day—

“— the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.”

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

These sentiments may tend to illustrate the evil of, but certainly are not written in the spirit of, what the Great Orator, Edmund Burke, calls “*Old Bailey* equivocation.” You, however, can afford to look down upon these things—

“O, valiant cousin, worthy gentleman.”

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

whom I and my Mother both might address in a single line—

“— my cousin! O, my brother's child!”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

In regard to the third section of your welcome letter I can assure you that there was no mistake. I could not introduce the name you mention as that of one being connected with optics, because Sir David Brewster is the Hero Optician of the LONDONIAD, so that you now no doubt will assimilate with your own ideas those of Sir Isaac Newton (you know what Pope, and what Thomson, and what Flammstead and the rest say of him in regard to the harmony and discord of colours, ditto of sounds,) I caused to be printed a Business card to be placed on top of the poem alluded to, and wrote only upon the lamp—a good reading one

“The wee short e

Ayont the task.”—EVAN MCCOLL.

(3rd section.)—Is a species of short hand caligraphy, and marked for future reference. I thought not at that moment of the fall of Rebel angels, of Pharaoh's chariots

“On that Eastern sea.”

nor of Comus, nor of

“A thousand stirring times”

in History, nor of their everlasting records in Literature; I had in “my mind's eye,” the ovations and triumphs by Tiber of old and of Great Discoverers on land and sea, “before and after,” and especially as passing in a mental panorama before me then, the route as being taken by Maximilian in the long, narrow pictorial illustration then in the Kensington Museum, and last not least, the route taken by Lalla Rookh, &c., &c., and so forth, and all the rest of the Soforths.

(4th section.)—The Yankees! they are the only people in the world who abuse us for being English. Like Richard Cœur De Lion's horse, I used to leap right into the midst of “that damned crew,” as witness my Boston Mass Speech. Some of them used to say to me—I guess us doo like you, Mister Canada, some come over from the other side (Canada side) and praise us, and when they go back they (here is a coarse word used generally, but I'll strive to find an equivalent) utter philippics against us. O. is that all? I would say, well, should you ever hear anyone say that I praise you behind your backs any more than I do before your faces, I'll give you leave in my name to call him or her a Story-teller.—I will not now in London use the fiercer word! However, as I am so awfully taken up for time, I'll make this note as short as may be, only premising that I should like you to—indeed I should acknowledge

your kind courtesy if you would be kindly pleased to set your fine genius to work and invent a steam arm for me. It was Miss Kilmansegg, I believe, who had a steam—"I do not know what they call it in England!" Talk about working men here and a working man there shaving a board or scraping a brick, isn't a circumstance to the more than forty parson power required to be exercised in literary life. I'm the working-man. I say unto them I'm working when you are snoring; "but, to your last," as the Artists said to Crispinus. The Yankee—you wonder, dear Reuben, at my muse emulating that heroine of song—

"She hates a Yankee night and morning,
O, Sally Brown."

This will be found quoted by Captain Marryatt Outward-bound for America. I remember, too, that in *Peter Simple* he speaks of

"blood—Yankees."

And as too does Thomas Moore in his *Troopenny Postbag*,

"———— h— Yankee doodles ———"

"Another yet?" yes.

"———— harlequins and clowns with
———— Yankee doodles ——— BYRON'S Beppo.

"The low-minded, vulgar, shallow Yankee."—W. H. HURLEBUT.

"Yankee is made up of about equal parts of irreverence, conceit, and that—moral quality familiarly known as 'brass.'"—J. G. HOLLAND.

Methinks I hear ye say "any more"?—I must answer with Francis in Henry IV. ! Anon! anon!

Yankees! consider their treatment of the Pequod Indians. They would way-lay a native and kill him to become possessed of a pocket-knife. Their preachers of the Beecher type would rob them first as "Heathen," and then rob and murder them as "converts." The Bashi Bazouks are angels of light in comparison with those puritanical psalm-singing ruffians who burnt poor aged women as witches, but they took care that said aged persons were possessed of property which those hypocritical lampooners of the Deity appropriated. Look at their preachers of the Dr. Cotton Mather genus putting infants eight months old to death because they were "the children of heretics;" and here we will remember that the parents and children were white people. Who is that who used to mount on wooden chests in which the wounded and dead were squeezed tightly together, raving of Zion? The Yankee. Who was it that were wont to hunt the Quakers like wild beasts only because they were Quakers? (they the only people that never persecuted). It was the Yankees. They continued this man-hunting for many years. The only excuse for this senseless and ferocious conduct, even in our day, is that the Yankees were suffering under a certain disease. I always say, yes! I know what that certain disease was, and is—a moral mange that hath always affected the Yankees. We will look at the pre-belligerentine era anent North and South, notwithstanding the crocodile tears shed by those unconscionable scoundrels did not ——— concocted for the extension of slavery and ——— purpose of causing the chains to be more firmly rivetted to the slave emanate from Yankeeedom? This is the truth; who will deny this? None. If the Yankee attempts to deny it, let him fling down the gauntlet, and I will bring forth a complete panoply of evidence to support my assertion. It hath been said, "Let there be honour among thieves;" but the Yankees have no code of honour either in dealing with honest men or rogues like themselves. Ask any business man in any other country of the world beside their own what of the Yankee, and you will always hear of him being scouted as a knave. Who was it that one day held out a flag of truce to the great Seminole Chief Osceola, who fighting had kept the Yankees at bay in Florida for nearly twenty years.

And like Virginian Nightingale which seems a living lamp,
His soul still haunts the Flowery Land in ever-glade and swamp.

The Yankees! the Yankees, did that which so-called barbarous nations are supposed not to understand, and therefore such a system would not be acted upon by them, and that which all civilised nations would look upon as so cowardly and mean a transaction, no civilised people hath ever perpetrated that infamy—except the Yankee calls himself civilised. 'Twas thus the ubiquitous warrior in the spirit of confidence went up toward the "flag of truce," all unarmed, he was seized, sent to Washington, and within a fortnight died, poison being administered to him by the emissaries of the Yankee Government—this is the Yankee for you *speaking in deeds*. There is a small article which I will cause to be inserted in this letter, the which, however, I send you in print, delivered at Fishmongers' Hall by Sir George Cartier, Premier of Lower Canada. Tales of avarice, Sir George gave the following among others:

"It hath been revealed to you in more languages than one, that the fishes in the more northerly parts of the Laurentine region make all for the British shores. The Yankees, armed with weapons, were wont to make a sally upon the peaceable *habitants*, and seize their ichthyological goods, and, on being expostulated with, would be met by the Yankee, "I could swallow a Canuck any morning before breakfast" (this word is a Yankee slang term for a French Canadian). Thus we see that while belligerents under letters of marque would always spare the fisher, and even "savages," so far from taking advantage of his isolation on the flood, have always been known to offer instead of to take. How stands the case with the miserable Yankees? A lot of these fellows would get together in some secluded cave, creek, or bay

"Expecting, in grim repose, their evening prey."—GRAY.

Watching, it may be alternately, and playing at pitch-and-toss, chewing tobacco, and ———, I paid a nocturnal visit (my last one) to this part of the lower provinces, about the time that the Colonial Government had determined to put a stop to those outrages once and for ever, I was stepping into the canoe with the rest of the voyageurs when I beheld a form perched upon a shelving rock, with hook and line, fishing. I bawled out to him, "this is a curious time for you to be fishing, and in that manner, when you could get a boat load of fish in a short time about half-a-mile out in the bay." He was an aged patriarch, and he told me

"Dont souvent ses soupirs interrompaient le cours."—LA HENRIADE.

that he had been out all day from before breakfast to supper time with his little, great grandson (as the young men were engaged in working upon the land, and the fish was a ready source from whence to supply their wants till the crops should be ready for market); that they had taken a long, hollow wooden boat nearly three-parts full; but on returning home at sunset some Yankees had stolen, not only the lading but the craft with it, and in order to get time to escape had left them upon an island and beach from whence he had to swim to the shore of the mainland, and then send back for the boy. I gave the old gentleman an order upon the Government Stores for the supposed amount of his loss, and declared that our people should very soon have no more of this. Upon instituting an inquiry, I found that those thieves were from Naragansett, and that they were the Ladrões of Massachusetts—a deacon, a doctor, a colonel, a major, and I don't know how many generals, and these were some of the principal citizens of Belial Boston, who went out there to steal from a poor baby and his great grandsire.

EARL FITZWILLIAM.

MINES AND MINING.

I entertain a great partiality for the Earl Fitzwilliam; whenever the matter shall be investigated, I am persuaded that the noble Earl's, conduct in the business, will be found to have been such as that of all his life has been.—CHARLES JAMES FOX (Speech in the British House of Commons, March 24th, 1795.)

The Article is in type. Please see the next LONDONIAD.

TO THE CANADA DELEGATION IN ENGLAND.
TO THE MORE EMINENT CONNOISSEURS AND DILETTANTI OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND THE COLONIES. TO ALL THE GREATER INSTITUTES OF ART IN, AND
TO THE PRINCIPAL COURTS OF EUROPE.



GEO. ALF. ROGERS,

WOOD CARVING STUDIO AND SHOWROOM,

29, Maddox Street, London, W.

And thou Rogers
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.—BYRON.

“The Master Carver and the Artist.”—DRYDEN.

It is no praise to say that the illustrious father of this gifted family stood at the head in his line—the lovely and exalted Art in England, for the genius of no country in the present and in the past generation hath or had ever approached him in that high degree of mental excellence which re-animated into new life of Art all that lay dormant in the minds of the Historic Families of Britain, he had conversed with and was in personal and constant communication with a greater number of personages eminent for mental culture, and destined to immortality than any other son of England in his time. He was engaged for two years upon pilasters for those Bookcases now at my mother's place in London. Almost the last piece of work which I received from his hands was that famous heliotrope which, after having made the circle of Europe, its glory-cycle, by way of loan, is now attached to the Frame surrounding the Madonna of the Rosary by Murillo, of which my mother is the owner. This wonder work, this fibrous harmony, this parable in wood, this titular ode in timber, may not like the Jolioxochitl of Mexico, “perfume the whole house;” but it does more than this, to the mind capable of holding within its expansion the deed of the Artist it spreads an everlasting glory over—beyond the world of space and time. The son, upon whom may we hope the mantle hath fallen, will in his own good time resuscitate that Renaissance Screen, the most magnificent in England, and of Italian workmanship, price \$15,000, for which I am now engaged in negotiating for St. Tammanund's Cathedral, with that true gentleman of honour, Mr. Clare, formerly of Great Marlborough Street, London (Eng.) Please see the next LONDONIAD.

COCKS, BAUERRICHTER, & CO.,



44, Maddox Street, London, W.

LADIES RIDING HABITS, Improved ULSTERS, RINK, and other COSTUMES, made by first-class workmen, in all the NEW DESIGNS of the day; and Gentlemen of taste, who are really critical and difficult to please, will have an opportunity of proving (at co-operative prices) the superiority of the new system of cutting Coats and Trousers, invented and perfected by J. Cocks.

“The apparel oft bespeaks the man.”—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The reason that I have not hitherto introduced any hablimator into the LONDONIAD is this, there was none whom the muse would condescend to Honour (before the advent of our Intellectual and Scientific costumier) in London.

Hied we erst to our junior partner for each kind of Box,
But as costumiers now we hail him and his partner Cocks.

“He is the whale of hearty Cocks,” as Burns wrote long ago,
And our great Families visiting from ONTARIO

Will go to him and M. Bauerriechter, who form the Co.,
 To last them for long seasons as homeward again they go.
 Ladies' Riding Habits, Improved Ulsters, Rink, other costumes,
 I am sure that to equal theirs no Yankee house presumes.
 'Tis they alone forestall the seasons in their New Designs,
 Crooked legs, ill forms, scarce one remove from wooden blocks,
 Transformed to Apollos Belvidere thro' the might of Cocks.
 Ill-shaped habiliments are the abhor'd of good dog Towser's,
 But his "joyous bark" greets those dressed in Cocks' coat and trousers.
 J. Cocks is the only wight that hath science brought to bear,
 In arraying human forms this many a doleful year,
 And the Bard who always Tensfeldrookh consults,
 Saith J. Cocks is the only name which shall outrival Stultz
 As maker of outer habiliment, sight absorbing Robe,
 Two great streams side by side thro' all the ages of the Globe.



DUNCAN C. DALLAS,
 PHOTOGRAPHIC ENGRAVER, PHOTOGRAPHER,
 ELECTROTYPY, PRINTER, AND PUBLISHER,
 PHOTOLECTRIC ENGRAVING, AND DALLASTYPE,
 362, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

It was to the illustrious Dallas, Mr. Duncan C.,
 That a few years ago went the Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee,
 Who said, Nought under the Banner shroud of blighting Star and Stripe,
 Ever equalled the Beautiful Art cleep'd Dallastype.
 Why wonder at his being placed in the highest position
 In full Council at the International Exhibition;
 The connoisseurs thereof unanimously selected
 Him for 1st President of his Art, thus him elected;
 He with unfeigned joy behold 'mid the acclamations
 Of teeming millions thronging these Imperial Nations,
 While billowy empires join ye rapturous ovations.

I found in dealing with Squire Duncan C., an upright and Honourable gentleman, the UNIVERSITY FIRST PRIZE AND GREAT SCHOLAR POEM, FRIENDSHIPS OF THE CLASSIC AGES, which all my London Heroes of this the 100th LONDONIAD, have seen in its full expansion, and reduce as exemplified by him, so won upon the hearts of our Beloved Aboriginal princes in CANADA, that they beseeched their mental purveyor, whom we English, Irish, and Scotch call "Konquawis the Blessed," to negotiate for another half million copies (please see the estimate in the present, and notes upon other subjects, illustrated by and illustrative of Dallastype in the next LONDONIAD.)

Had Sir Edwin lived to finish my beloved Sappho
 I would not have entrusted the great work to ye Grapho-
 Type (so-called) but with bounding heart and blinding tears, Alas!
 Sappho is gone, and Landseer; I may not hail from Dallas,
 Yet soon for him I'll strike th' lay inspired by Pallas.

The last unfinished work of Sir E. Landseer, was for the Author of the LONDONIAD, and is well known (his poem appears in the first LONDONIAD). I will at an early period publish A LAMENT FOR SAPPHO, introducing therein famous dogs of all ages,—

More! Dallas, thro' many ages famed.
 I see their honour'd, heroic Clansmen of Heart and Brain,
 High toss'd 'bove a stormy Time like sunlit billows o'er the main.
 In far Celtic times they rank'd with "the Mighty of the Isles,"
 And they sleep with nameless chiefs and kings in "Iona's piles."
 (Envious persons with eyn askance and look sinister
 Avail! His Sire was first cousin to the late Minister.)
 Th' splendor o' their deeds erst set Albin Septentrion a-blaze
 —And still echo loch and heather, and time to Fergus' days,
 Ay; and further still, for when Noah entered his ark,
 The Dallas ancestor did in his own curach embark.

POEM BY GENERAL WOLFE.

WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

(Now for the first time printed.)

Inscribed to His Excellency, my kind remembrance, the HONOURABLE RENÉ
EDOUARD CARON, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF LOWER CANADA, called the
Province of Quebec.

Highest of earthly honours, from the great and good to be descended, they
alone against a noble ancestry cry out, who have none of their own.

BEN JONSON.

On Thee Futurity shall cast her eyes,
Laurels already wreathed upon your temples rise

La Henriade Chant vii.

Author of the LONDONIAD' Trans.

Over life's sunniest hour there comes a shade of sadness
'Tis thus though the present be devoid of aught like sorrow,
And all above and around be scenes of seeming gladness,
Griefs of long departed years foreshadow ev'ry morrow.
I was ambitious, and to win an everlasting name,
No other boon, alas, would frowning destiny afford,
Me not salvation's halo; a wild devouring flame;
And my achievements the triumph sole of the deathful sword.
To-morrow in the uncertain twilight of th' morning dawn,
I and these shall have ascended the cloud emblem'g steep,
Britain' Gallia's contending hosts in array of battle drawn,
Who e'er spreads the haze of sunset shall sink to endless sleep.
Ye, inconstant blasts of the wildering Atlantic, fan
Our banners furled or floating over each grassy grave,
Futile the hopes and aims of human kind,—unhappy man!
My brain is lost in fire, my heart I left beyond the wave.
(Had kindly fate ordained me a still lowlier part
Among the unlettered tillers of England' natal soil,
Then had I never known the woes that tear of Him the heart—
Condemned thro' love of fame to spend a sleepless life of toil.
But I in youth had all the glory deeds of ancients learn'd,
And emulation winged my soul, each vein intensely swelled,
Ne'er to be repress'd, my breast with love of adventure burned,
Danger me aye attracted the peaceful and the calm repelled.)
Poor girl! (not too late) your too fond heart must seek another,
You may not welcome more with extacy your "fair-haired James,"
His life-thread broken in its morning; O, lonely Mother,
Weeping when all beside is joy along my Native Thames.
What though Quebec, the long sought object of our ceaseless toils
(Toils never to be by the Muse of History recounted,)
We should gaze on ardorously even then the foeman' coils
Might circle round our host, though we may have those surmounted.
I see the Aborigines and our old Gallic foes
Won't by stratagem in CANADA victories to gain,
Face to face our British warriors they must now oppose
Under open sky rampartless upon the level plain.
I will console myself though my mind over burden'd droops,
Not thro' tremulousness, or thought of meeting them  to ,
For our heroes have oft before met their exulting troops;
Upon erst entrav'ers'd ocean, and eke untrodden land,
But their garrison' are feeble now and in illness pine—
What should be theirs to support goes to the courtier—slave;
Those effete abortions; butterfly kings of "right divine" (!)
Have no fellow-feeling with the generous and brave,
Up! to the conflict, though a-down cataracts of fire roll
Compatriots, we'll dare th' more than Phlegyæsean height,
Thence like embodied tempests' sweep on toward the destin'd goal
And never-ending renown in the steel grey morning light.

Who pull'd those Classic bridges down?—that Mediæval fleet
 High and dry updrew on the land dismantling mast and deck,
 Like theirs be yours and mine, the impossible retreat.
 Companions! life or death be ours the taking of QUEBEC.

I have One hundred and fifty-seven Poems written by General James Wolfe, which came into my possession after the destruction of the castle of St. Lewis by fire. It is known that he was an Orator as well as a Poet, and had he lived to return to England would have published a volume of each in English and in French, that Poem beginning with,

"I lean'd o'er the taffrail and sigh'd o'er my fate."

Is well known in America as well as to the more polite nations of Europe. After his startling interview with William Pitt, prior to his taking the command of forces in CANADA, "that Premier youth," as Robert Burns calls him, remarked: "I was almost led to cancel the commission of the Warrior Orator—the exploits of the future were enacted by him in the present with terrific energy." Pitt meant to say that he was afraid to trust the fiery-haired hero with a command, lest in the undertaking of some hazardous enterprise he should lose his army. There is a legend extant from out of the misty past, a hollow voice is heard, "Tempt not the spirit to thy taking off, and thou shalt become sevenfold king of CANADA"; but

"On Abram's plains the storm of battle grew,
 And tho' O WOLFE! the poet's votive wreath
 Can add no light to thy triumphant death."

W. F. HAWLEY, Quebec.

Yet scattered thro' the Seven Elephant folio vols. of CANADA ILLUSTRATED, by the Author of the LONDONIAD, shall many of thy own effusions be seen giving immortality to a work—

"The signal wonder of Time."

His taste for and devotion to literature were known. While in the army he had paraphrased that which he often repeated from Horace.

"Vixere fortes, ante," &c.

And in the night before his twofold ascension to fame and heaven, he repeated Gray's Churchyard Elegy, remarking in verbal parenthesis, that he would rather have been the author of any single stanza therein than the taker of Quebec, for, said he, and his words I gladly paraphrase,

Such, lights the human character, giving mental culture,
 Beyond such furious names, the Dragon or the Vulture,
 Better to dwell with Sons of Peace unassuming Quakers,*
 Than Cerauni, Thunderbolts, Nicanors, Conquerors, Takers
 Of Cities, Poliorcetes, whose fierce career we trace
 In deep tracks of the world's ruin and slaughter of our Race.

He was, however, a brave gentleman, and an ardent student, like Florio,

"He studied while he dressed.
 Abreges, Dictionnaires, Recueils,
 Mercures, Journaux, Extraits, et Feuilles."

"Noble Montcalm! well thy honoured bier,
 May claim the tribute of a British tear,
 Although the lilies from these ramparts fell,
 Thy name, immortal with Great Wolfe's, shall dwell."

W. KIRBY, Approach to Quebec.

* The Mother of General Wolfe had been brought up amongst Quakers.

"Sweet Florence where art thou?"—BYRON.

I have lately received a letter from CANADA, asking me to be kindly pleased to send out the address of Miss Nightingale, the meaning thereof I believe is this, her permission will be sought in regard to calling a township by her name.

THE LAND RECLAMATION OF ENGLAND.

I publish the Agrarian lex, upon my native Tor;
I swear, back to my countrywomen, and men, to bring land,
Raise the Standard! I'll march the mightier Conqueror
(Over the *Poe* amidst) of the more Glorious England.

The Land! the lands of England shall become public property, then shall the tiller of the soil be amply paid for his labour, and the sons of Art be no longer taxed, mighty sums in millions, that are now lost every year in the worse than Pontine marsh of landed Aristocracy, shall be spread among the people, who will adapt the words from *The Lady of the Lake* to themselves,—

"The stranger came with Iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.

Think'st thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?"

"Awake! arise, or be for ever fallen."—MILTON.

'Rouse! Arouse England from lethargy. The Vampire is drawing the life-blood of the nation, the hordes are battenning upon the flesh and sinews of the English; while our countrywomen and countrymen are dying of hunger in their native streets. O Heaven destroy the cloud of locusts, that living devastate, and dying leave a plague behind them, or soon may we realise the fate of Poland's Patriots in the days of Tallyrand, who were refused graves in the land which was their own from time immemorial.

Please see the Manifesto.

The Author of the LONDONIAD will enter the arena of conflict at an early prospective date.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, entitled "Number 5," is now being set to Music, and all the hurdy-gurdy men in London are to hold a festival, and those who in competition carry off the prizes for grinding the loudest will be commissioned to play the same every morning noon and night in the vicinity of Doctors' Commons.

LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

"Doctor, Dean, Bishop, Glo'ster, and my Lord."

CHARLES CHURCHILL'S *Poems*.

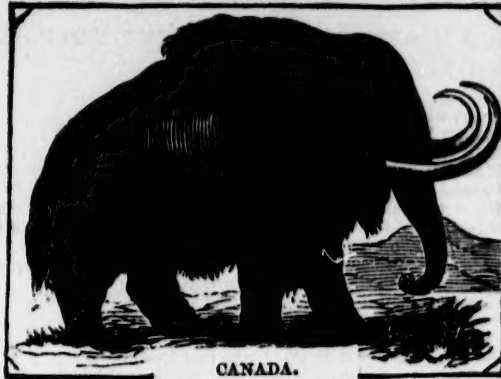
We all know Dr. Ellicott as a worthy Bishop, but that which we value him for most is his being a great Author and a good gentleman, his connection with our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, hath inspired me in inscribing a poem to him. Please see the next LONDONIAD.

LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

"Vivisection," the cruelty of such experiments is strongly insisted on. BRANDE AND COX, D. S. Lit. His speech against vivisection delivered in the summer time of last year, at St. James's Hall (our Noble and Beloved President—please see former LONDONIAD—the Earl of Harrowby in the chair,) We, of course have all read, my reply thereunto in regard to his advocacy of practising upon criminals instead of upon what are called the lower animals will appear in the next LONDONIAD. Virtues are crimes in some countries, and so-called Medical Science, "a delusion and a snare." In a former LONDONIAD, although not a favourite study or theme of its Author, he would fain believe that he had mastered the subject; he hath shown that which, however, was known before to the generous and educated of all countries. To call such a system of Practice, a Science, were a misnomer, that which in one age tended *Aliquem ad honores provehere* (—truly "blushing honours," blushing in blood!) became condemned, and was driven hell-ward in the next and every other age.

But to those Sangrados another story tell
The benignant souls of Syrs Fergusson and Bell.

THE COLONIAL CLUB,



THE YOUNG MEN'S HOME, AND LARGE
TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

(for which the Freehold hath already been secured) now being reared for the reception of our better class of Colonists, near Islington Green, in close proximitous route to every public thoroughfare in the Imperial Capital of the Mother-country (London, England). Reared on the Brannon Patent Principle (which hath been applied after severest tests, &c., upon this and all other known modes, by the great *savans* of our time to St. Paul's Cathedral), it will be found the most decidedly Fire Proof Building in the world, while all that relates to Sanitary Science in its broadest acceptation, ventilation, &c., profusion of water warm and cold, will cause it to rank far above any Hygienic Establishment at the present time known in Europe or America. In Architectural Design the Building, truly Palatial, domed (and flat-roofed, laid out in a garden of choicest native plants and exotics), will be seen afar off by the corner, and from whence, because of the gradual ascent of its site, may be viewed all the districts of London and its environs, in full expansion, bounded only by the horizon.

"No objectionable impost here that tells
With trumpet tongue 'gainst your English hotels,
So that visitors have most truly said,
'We never know when our bills are paid,'"

will meet with any recognition here; while all of the accessorial being brought to bear under our especial supervision, as in the comfort of a family mansion, it may be well supposed that the guests will truly find a home. A peculiar feature in this Magnificent Establishment will be that of intelligent and educated ciceroni to accompany visitors through the capital free of charge. The Building itself will be truly a repository of Art, and any periodical, British or other, will be placed upon the file at the suggestion of any Colonial gentleman, for whose special use there will be a free Library of more than 5,000 volumes, generally in *Belles Lettres*, which I personally place for their kind acceptance. I will at an early prospective period cause a detailed prospectus to be issued. There will be, besides, a large carriage department, a post-office, telegraph do., and bank, in connection with the Colonial Club, Young Men's Home and Large Temperance Hotel.

P.S.—There will be a separate entrance to each suite of apartments, the *cuisine* will be of an unadulterated quality, and, at the same time *recherche* and substantial, and all friends will, at the earliest possible moment, be introduced into honourable society.

N.B.—This will not be looked upon as a mere advertisement. I address our Colonial kinsmen with great respect and affection.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

RESIDENT CANADA FINANCE DELEGATE IN ENGLAND.

21, Goswell Terrace, E.C., London (Eng.); Tomorham and Torquay, Devon;
Selma Hall, Morven; formerly of Toronto, Upper Canada.

June, 1877.

THE DEITY.

"Dei plena sunt omnia."

All Being in its wide extent is but of Him a part,
As in the human Microcosm th' Soul the Head and Heart,
In Him are all the elements, bright, dark, or calm or storm;
He Himself the Universe which is filled by His form,
Th' Past, Present, Future, myriad-age are as one to Him,
Meridian day not dazzling, nor darkest midnight dim,
No distance felt, thro' the world of space and time His glories glow,
Ever the same by far off Thames, as by ONTARIO,
More! thro' where countless as the sands along this inland sea,
Suns and systems—Isle the ocean of Eternity.
I hear His deeds proclaimed in every sound of life,
Thro' th' Desert stillness, and Forest with ev'ry action rife
Or weak or mighty, small or great, the deep, the broad, the high,
As known to Man, are equal in the Universal Eye.
He liveth in depicting skies, glad floods and breathing flowers,
I trace Him too in fruits and grains, in founts and dancing showers,
Od'rous breeze, and lightning tempest, he lives in ev'ry Sense,
In all causation and effect, lo! His Benevolence.
In my youth's pilgrim days I thought, and still think nothing less,
That Nature in animation with all the loveliness
O' material life, was but th' shadow of His Holiness,
Though worshipp'd under various forms in various names,
'Tis Deity that e'er the Name of the Eternal claims,
And still a thousand kindnesses as here concentrated blend
In One sitting by my side, my Companion and my Friend,*
All those glorious Works of Art by Mankind call'd Creations,
Are but from the Source Divine so many emanations.

To make amends for many hundreds of names of personages waiting to appear in the LONDONIAD, I herewith cause to be printed a poem upon the Ruler over All.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

* The likeness of our Dear Sappho was the last work upon which Sir Edwin Landseer was engaged, his name and poem appear in the first LONDONIAD.

There are fifteen more LONDONIADS going through the press, seven of which will be published simultaneously with this, the ONE HUNDREDTH LONDONIAD, which may be called the GREAT BRITISH AMERICAN EXHIBITION EDITION.

I will not admit any thing connected with the liquor traffic into the LONDONIAD, and no Patent Medicines, no Art Treasures from Pawnbrokers, no "Notices of the Press." Trade Marks, when of suitable size, I will admit with pleasure, but other illustrations I rather object to, because I have bound myself to size and weight in regard to this work, so that each edition might be made to appear as uniformly as may be, and each copy to go by POST FOR A PENNY STAMP. Moreover, I have caused a great deal of small type to be used in this the 100th. No shoppy man, however extensive his affairs may be, will be admitted therein. No Knights of the yardstick, nor Barons de Chemisett. No Company or Association of a merely speculative character. I can only admit one in each line, except where something peculiar attacheth itself thereunto.

No Yankee will ever be admitted into the LONDONIAD, a translation of which, in French, German, Italian, Celto-Hibernic, and Gaelic, are now going through the press.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

London (Eng.), June, 1877.